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Rhetorical Reader



J. H. HINDMARSH.

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PREFACE

TO THE SECOND EDITION

MR. WALKER is distinguished from all preceding teachers of Elocution, by his having reduced the Art to a Science. Before his time, this necessary branch of education was taught by imitation only, and without any regard either to rule or principle. Even Mr. Sheridan, the immediate predecessor of Mr. Walker in this interesting portion of polite literature, has neglected to give one rule for the correct modulation of the voice in any given sentence. Mr. Sheridan's "Lectures," and his "Art of Reading," both afford much useful information; but they contain no analysis of the voice, and are wholly silent on the subject of inflexion. Now, upon inflexion depends all beautiful and effective enunciation. A reader may pronounce every separate word of a sentence correctly—he may fully conceive the meaning of his Author, and pay a sufficient attention to emphasis; but unless he observe, and can execute, the necessary inflexion, the full beauty of the period will not be elicited. Take, for example, a sentence from the Liturgy.—"Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord! for in thy sight shall no man living be justified." Now, any reader of tolerable capacity would very properly place the emphatic impulse upon the second adjective pronoun "thy;" but, unless he also give the possessive particle the rising inflexion of the voice, and accompany this inflection with a considerable pause, he will fail to communicate to his hearers the high antithetic beauty of the prayer, namely, "in thy supreme, august, omnipotent comprehension, shall no man living be justified." Mr.

Walker, then, it will be seen, was the highly-gifted individual who has given us a satisfactory analysis of the voice, and taught us the application of inflexion to every variety of sentence. An eminent contemporary teacher, in reference to the authors from whom he had received information on the subject of his profession, has had the candour to make the following declaration : " The chief authors to whom I have been indebted are Doctors Campbell, Johnson, Knox, and Blair ; and Messrs. Walker, Murray, Sheridan, Scott, Thelwall, and Enfield. From none of these authors, however, *Walker excepted*, have my gleanings been very copious.—But of the volumes of Walker, I have made liberal use. I consider them as *inestimable* ; and should scarcely think it possible to be too animated in panegyrising them. I have no hesitation in saying, that one single work of Walker's, ' The Elements of Elocution,' contains a greater portion of really useful elocutionary information, than could be extracted from the aggregate writings of the other authors whom I have named."*

In unison with this generous avowal are my own sentiments. I cannot indeed speak or *think* on the subject of Elocution without involuntarily feeling grateful to Mr. Walker ;—him I consider as my professional parent. To his efforts, in truth, is the British public indebted for more correct and valuable information on this subject, than is to be found concentrated in the volumes of all its other most accomplished philologists : when, therefore, gentlemen who profess a thorough acquaintance with the science, and prefix " principles " of and " guides " to Elocution, to their respective selections, (even though we should not suppose they have either entirely borrowed his system, or brought it forward in an altered or modified form), not only omit all expressions of thankfulness to their venerable Instructor, but even withhold the mention of his *name*, the violation of propriety becomes too palpable to be passed over in silence, and too manifestly unjust to escape without censure. Such

* *Vide* Wade's " Summary of a Course of Lectures."

conduct cannot but be considered as insulting to the living, as it is unjust to the dead. Mr. Walker may have been too minute—he may, in some minor, unimportant parts of his subject, have been incorrect; but still the eye of justice and impartiality will ever regard him as the Father of English Elocution, and consider the failing to acknowledge his claims upon our gratitude, as an obvious dereliction of public duty. The system of Mr. Walker may be improved—it may be amplified or condensed—it admits of occasional modification; but wherever “slides” or “inflections” are employed in any pretended new “mode” or “guide” to Elocution, and his leading principles preserved, that system, whatever it may be *called*, is essentially Mr. WALKER’S. For the very term of inflexion indeed, as applied to English Reading, we are indebted to him; and the withholding of his name, even from this consideration, is childish and reprehensible.

Having thus cursorily glanced at a subject which, in justice to Mr. Walker, and the science which he successfully taught, I could not entirely overlook, I shall conclude these prefatory remarks by briefly advertng to the edition of the “Rhetorical Reader,” now respectfully submitted to the Public. This edition, like the former, contains Mr. Walker’s Rules, though several of them will be found condensed, and some, that could be dispensed with, omitted.* Partly from neglect, and partly from a desire to comply with the wishes of my publishers “to keep the introductory matter within the smallest possible limits,” I entirely omitted the insertion of the separate observations on the reading of verse. But, notwithstanding what has been recently advanced, that the pronunciation of verse is no more than the just pronunciation of prose I continue to agree with Mr. Walker, “that this doctrine is as far distant from truth, as *whining cant* is from true *poetic harmony*.” No man can be a more decided enemy than I am, to every thing like *cant* or *sing-song* in the reading of verse; “but poetry without song, is a body without a soul. The *tune* of

* The *Third* Edition will be found to contain a new, and interesting application of both of the “Circumflexes.”

this song is indeed difficult to hit, but when once it *is* hit, it is sure to give the most exquisite pleasure." To impart to verse that measured, harmonious flow of sound, which distinguishes it from prosaic composition, without falling into a bombastic chanting pronunciation (which renders it disgusting as well as ridiculous), may be considered, says Mr. Walker, as the best general rule; and as a preventive against the psalm-singing cant of the village school, "it will not be improper, *before we attempt to bestow upon verse its poetical graces*, to pronounce it exactly as if it were prose:" but to continue this—to execute our *finished* reading of poetry (particularly rhyming poetry) like *prose*, we must necessarily, where there is a proximate connection, run one line into another—a custom which cannot be too much condemned, as it is completely subversive of the beauty of verse, and, in so far, of poetry itself. I contend therefore—and I submit the position to every dispassionate inquirer—that to distinguish poetry from prose, and to preserve its separate character, "*a pause is absolutely necessary at the end of every line, proportionate to the immediate or remote connection subsisting between the two lines.*" If this be conceded—and who will *not* concede it?—the correct reading of verse is something different from the correct reading of prose; and the proposition, that "the pronunciation of verse is no more than a just pronunciation of prose," substantively falls to the ground.

J. H. H.

PREFACE

TO THE THIRD EDITION.

THOUGH considerably reduced in size, this Edition of the "Rhetorical Reader" will, it is presumed, be found, in *quality*, equal to any "School-Collection" in use.

Notwithstanding its present size, however, the "Reader" will be found to contain, it is hoped, some not uninteresting, as well as instructive, *additions*. Of these additions, five in number, by Dr. Channing of America, the Editor deems it necessary to say a few words. When he had prepared *four* of these Extracts, which respects England's "Seraphic Bard," he hoped to add, as an Appendix to this volume, Selections from the first four books of "Paradise Lost,"—a work, he humbly conceives, rather inadequately appreciated, by the generality of readers on the north side of the Tweed,—hence his object will be apparent for having more than *one* of these delightful Extracts, which are certainly no less remarkable for their critical acumen, than for their beauty and chastity of style.*

Not any of the *peculiar* features which characterize Dr.

* Our admirable critic, "the far-famed Christopher North" (alias Professor Wilson—a poet himself, "second to none," now living) says, with some enthusiasm certainly, but with much propriety: "There are no poets like the poets of BRITAIN. HER children far excel all the rest of mankind—equally in imagination and intellect. What mortal man, in *universality of genius*, ever equalled SHAKESPEARE?—What mortal man, in *majestic wisdom of moral imagination*—that is, 'in the vision and the faculty Divine,' ever equalled Milton?"

Blackwood's Magazine for January, 1835.

Channing's religious tenets being at all visible in these Extracts, the Editor trusts an apology will be unnecessary for having introduced them; and, as regards the paper which relates to the " Mightiest of England's Foes," he assuredly needs make no remark, as the Doctor's opinion of the French Emperor's intentions will undoubtedly find a ready echo in the bosom of every unprejudiced Briton!—Although deprived of sundry pieces of considerable interest, the Editor trusts that this impression will be found superior to the preceding—containing, as it does, several *new* Extracts, which in themselves possess as much merit as any in the *fomer*, whilst they are much better calculated for illustrating the Rules of Elocution. Also, for the sake of adding still further to its usefulness, as a School-Book, some additional Selections, of considerable elocutionary beauty, are marked with Rhetorical Pauses and Inflections.—And, as forming a kind of whole on a subject of paramount importance to the young,—towards the conclusion of the volume will be found a series of extracts from *Matthews, Dr. Olinthus Gregory, Bowdler, Seed*, and a delightful effusion from the graceful Bard of Sheffield (*Montgomery*), which can hardly fail to prove acceptable, if not interesting, to all. As already intimated, the Editor—fully intending to have subjoined to the present work, what he has long considered as a *desideratum* in Scholastic Reading, an Outline of Sacred Epic Poetry—had prepared, from Milton's "Paradise Lost," Montgomery's "World Before the Flood," and Cumberland's "Calvary," an Appendix comprising 40 or 50 pages; but his Publishers—prudently determining to reduce the price of this Edition—have prevented him from fulfilling this intention; and thus the "addition" he contemplated has been limited to those brief Extracts which occur after the "Good Humour and Forbearance of Mr. Wilberforce," at the 358th page.

PERTH ACADEMY,
March, 1835.

PREFACE

TO THE FOURTH EDITION.

IN presenting the *teaching* public with a new and enlarged Edition of the "Rhetorical Reader," the Editor begs briefly to state that he has carefully marked with Emphases, Inflections, and Rhetorical Pauses, *seventy consecutive Selections*, comprehending 130 pages, and necessarily containing a considerable variety of composition; an advantage which, *to this extent*, he believes no other similar publication to possess.

Besides having thus inflected so large a body of Reading, which can hardly fail to prove acceptable to the English Teacher as well as to the Elocutionary Student, he has taken occasion to intersperse among those 130 pages not fewer than three dozen original, and, he trusts, not unimportant, foot-notes—all generally bearing, directly or indirectly, on the great object of his solicitude—the communicating of a pure, unartificial style of graceful, *effective* Reading—but especially referring to "Rhetorical Punctuation," a matter of essential importance in the theory and practice of Elocution; and upon which, in no slight measure, the student's success in Reading and Speaking depends!—He has only to add, that the former impressions of "The Reader" having been considered as deficient in Selections of a light and humorous character, he has endeavoured to remove this defect in the present Edition by introducing a few popular Extracts of a lighter and gayer description, which, in

connection with the prefixed copious outline of *GESTURE*—a desideratum in a class-book—he confidently hopes will render his “Collection,” as a *WHOLE*, more generally acceptable ; and, along with any other humble attractions it may possess, secure for it a tolerable share of public patronage

LONDON, SEPTEMBER, 1845.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Outline of Gesture	xix
Table of the Simple and Diphthongal Vowels	xxiv
 Introductory Outline of Mr. Walker's System of Elocution ..	1
Introduction:—Commencement of Specific Rules	7
The Series—(including its varieties)	15
Interrogation	20
Exclamation	22
Parenthesis	23
Emphasis	24
Antecedent	26
Echo	27
Rhetorical Punctuation	28
 The Dead Ass.....	Sterne 33
Story of Maria.....	Ibid. 35
Liberty and Slavery.....	Ibid. 39
On Satirical Wit.....	Ibid. 40
On Cheerfulness.....	Addison 40
On Sincerity	Tillotson 44
Character of Queen Elizabeth	Hume 46
Additional Note	Sir Walter Scott 48
Character of Mary Queen of Scots	Robertson 49
Additional Note	Sir Walter Scott 51
Siege of Calais	Brooke 52
Description of Keswick Vale	Dr. Brown 56
Celadon and Amelia	Thomson 59
Othello's Address to the Senate	Shakspeare 60
Eliza	Dr. Darwin 62
On Taste.....	Dr. Akenside 64
Pleasures arising from a cultivated Imagination	Ibid. 65

	Page
Morning Hymn	<i>Milton</i> 67
Evening in Paradise	<i>Ibid.</i> 69
Eve's Relation of her Dream	<i>Ibid.</i> 71
Milton's Intellectual Powers	<i>Dr. Channing</i> 73
Estimate of Poetry—Milton's Opinion	<i>Ibid.</i> 75
Objections to Poetry Combated.....	<i>Ibid.</i> 77
Milton's Character as a Poet	<i>Ibid.</i> 79
"The Ruin of England, the settled Purpose of Buonaparte's Heart"	<i>Ibid.</i> 80
Elegy written in a Country Church-Yard	<i>Gray</i> 83
An Epistle to Joseph Hill, Esq.....	<i>Cowper</i> 87
Lines on Anniversary of Liverpool Marine Society....	<i>Rushton</i> 89
Ode on the Burial of Gen. Sir John Moore	<i>Wolfe</i> 20
Scipio's Restoring the Lady to her Lover	<i>Thomson</i> 91
Speech of Rolla, "Pizarro"	<i>R. B. Sheridan</i> 93
Wolsey and Cromwell, a Dialogue	<i>Shakspeare</i> 94
Brutus and Cassius, a Dialogue.....	<i>Ibid.</i> 98
Brutus' Soliloquy	<i>Ibid.</i> 101
Appeal of Brutus	<i>Ibid.</i> 102
Antony's Funeral Oration	<i>Ibid.</i> 103
Quarrel of Brutus and Cassius	<i>Ibid.</i> 106
Coriolanus and Tullus Aufidius	<i>Ibid.</i> 109
Hamlet's Soliloquy on his Mother's Marriage	<i>Ibid.</i> 112
Hamlet's Soliloquy on not revenging his Father's Murder..	<i>Ibid.</i> 113
Hamlet's Soliloquy on Death	<i>Ibid.</i> 114
Soliloquy of the King in "Hamlet"	<i>Ibid.</i> 115
Hamlet's "Instructions"	<i>Ibid.</i> 116
Henry IV.'s Soliloquy on Sleep.....	<i>Ibid.</i> 117
Eulogium on Avoir's Illustrious Bard, "Essay on the Dra- matic Character of Sir John Falstaff".....	<i>Morgan</i> 118
Cato's Soliloquy on the Immortality of the Soul	<i>Addison</i> 122
Prospect from the Summit of Mount Ætna	<i>Brydone</i> 124
The Country near Palermo contrasted with Switzerland..	<i>Ibid.</i> 128
On Reading the Common Prayer.....	<i>Steele</i> 130
On Public Speaking	<i>Addison</i> 132
The Passions—an Ode.....	<i>Collins</i> 134
Monody to the Memory of Mr. Garrick.....	<i>R. B. Sheridan</i> 136
Monody on the Death of Sheridan.....	<i>Lord Byron</i> 140
Mother's Apostrophe to her Sleeping Infant, "Pleasures of Hope"	<i>Campbell</i> 143

CONTENTS.

xv
Page

Capture of Warsaw—Downfal of Poland, "Pleasures of Hope"	<i>Milton</i>	144
Reply to Horace Walpole	<i>Lord Chatham</i>	146
Speech on Employing Indians to fight against the Americans <i>Ibid.</i>		148
Character of the Earl of Chatham.....	<i>Henry Grattan</i>	150
Eulogy on the Right Hon. William Pitt, son of the Earl of Chatham.....	<i>Canning</i>	151
Eulogy on Fox and Pitt	<i>Sir Walter Scott</i>	152
Speech against Warren Hastings	<i>R. B. Sheridan</i>	153
Conclusion of the preceding Speech.....	<i>Ibid.</i>	155
Panegyric on the Eloquence of Sheridan	<i>Burke</i>	157
Eulogium on Marie Antoinette	<i>Ibid.</i>	157
The Common Lot	<i>James Montgomery</i>	158
To-Morrow	<i>Dr. Cotton</i>	159
The Hermit	<i>Dr. Beattie</i>	161
The Good Preacher and Clerical Coxcomb	<i>Cowper</i>	162
To Mary in Heaven	<i>Burns</i>	164
On the Death of a Friend	<i>Dr. Johnson</i>	165
Speech against the Printer and Publisher of the "Age of Reason"	<i>Lord Erskine</i>	168
Eulogium on the Right Hon. Chas. James Fox..	<i>R. B. Sheridan</i>	171
Eulogy on the Right Hon. Rich. Brinsley Sheridan..	<i>Anonymous</i>	174
Cela's Description of a Comet, "Mary Lee"	<i>James Hogg</i>	175
Portia's Speech on Mercy, "Merchant of Venice" ..	<i>Shakspeare</i>	177
Occasional Address on Mr. John Palmer's Death	<i>Roscoe</i>	178
The Dying Christian to his Soul	<i>Pope</i>	179
Prospect of Immortality, "Pleasures of Hope".....	<i>Campbell</i>	180
Beauty compared to a Butterfly.....	<i>Lord Byron</i>	181
Calm succeeding a Storm	<i>T. Moore</i>	182
Hohenlinden	<i>Campbell</i>	183
Bouquet of "Sweets"	<i>Lord Byron</i>	184
Sonnet to the Moon	<i>Charlotte Smith</i>	185
Last Seven Days of Madoc's Voyage to America.	<i>Southey</i>	186
Autumnal Day in America	<i>Ibid.</i>	187
The Alderman's Funeral	<i>Ibid.</i>	188
Character of Mr. Whitbread.....	<i>Anonymous</i>	192
Character of Sir Samuel Romilly	<i>Ibid.</i>	196
Character of the Right Honourable Henry Grattan.....	<i>Ibid.</i>	199
Placidus and Titus—First Selection—"Fall of Jerusalem"	<i>Milman</i>	202
Simon's Soliloquy—Second Selection.....	<i>Ibid.</i>	204

	Page
Simon's Reply to Titus—Third Selection	<i>Ibid.</i> <i>Milman</i> 205
Josephus's Address—Fourth Selection	<i>Ibid.</i> <i>Ibid.</i> 206
Lines on the Death of Henry Kirke Whyte	<i>Lord Byron</i> 208
To "Childe Harold"	<i>Mrs. Elliot</i> 208
Harley's Visit to Bedlam	<i>Henry Mackenzie</i> 210
Harley's Death	<i>Ibid.</i> 212
Story of La Roche	<i>Ibid.</i> 213
Childe Harold's Departure, &c.	<i>Lord Byron</i> 221
The Creek-Indian Chief's Relation, &c.	<i>Tobin</i> 222
The Magdalen—A Fragment	<i>Barry Cornwall</i> 223
Be Kind	<i>Anonymous</i> 224
Love Compared to the Gout, "Tales of the Hall"	<i>Crabbe</i> 225
Apostrophe to Love, The Cotter's Evening Worship. . .	<i>Burns</i> 226
Letter to Mr. Cunningham.	<i>Ibid.</i> 228
Letter to John Francis Erskine, afterwards Earl of Mar. .	<i>Ibid.</i> 230
London, "Babylon the Great"	<i>R. Mudie</i> 233
John Bull, <i>Ibid.</i>	<i>Ibid.</i> 235
Character of Mr. Wilberforce	<i>Anonymous</i> 237
Character of Lord Stowell	<i>Anonymous</i> 239
Character of Lord Eldon, "Babylon the Great"	<i>R. Mudie</i> 242
Character of Lord Erskine, "Babylon the Great"	<i>Ibid.</i> 244
Picture of a Lady's taking "the Veil"	<i>Croly</i> 246
To Jessy	<i>Lord Byron</i> 247
The Sailor-Orphan Boy's Tale	<i>Mrs. Opie</i> 248
The Battle of Waterloo	<i>Lord Byron</i> 249
The Ocean	<i>Ibid.</i> 251
Last Minstrel's Address to his Native Country. . . .	<i>Sir W. Scott</i> 253
Peroration of a Sermon—The Threatened Invasion. . .	<i>Rev. R. Hall</i> 257
On the Death of the Princess Charlotte	<i>Ibid.</i> 259
Solitude.	<i>Lord Byron</i> 264
Affection in Humble Life.	<i>Crabbe</i> 265
Pride of Rank, &c.	<i>Dr. Thomas Brown</i> 268
Duties of Conjugal Relation.	<i>Ibid.</i> 270
Great Evil in Matrimonial Life	<i>Dr. Thomas Brown</i> 271
Duties of a Benefactor—Gratitude	<i>Ibid.</i> 273
The Elder's Death-Bed	<i>Professor Wilson</i> 274
Extract from "Hamlet"—A Dialogue.	<i>Shakspeare</i> 279
Death of Lord Byron	<i>Sir Walter Scott</i> 281
Cruelty to Animals Condemned, &c.	<i>Cowper</i> 284
Natural Equality of Man, &c.	<i>Ibid.</i> 286

Respective Merits of Patriots and Martyrs	<i>Cowper</i>	287
On the Receipt of his Mother's Picture	<i>Ibid.</i>	289
Sir Isaac Newton	<i>Dr. Chalmers</i>	292
Benevolence of the Supreme Being	<i>Ibid.</i>	293
Patriotism—Philanthropy	<i>Ibid.</i>	295
Extract from "The Grave"	<i>James Montgomery</i>	297
Stanzas (supposed to be) on the Death of Princess Charlotte		
	<i>Thompson</i>	299
Rural Funerals—The Grave	<i>Washington Irving</i>	300
The Broken Heart	<i>Ibid.</i>	302
Parliamentary Sketch of Sir Francis Burdett	<i>Anonymous</i>	305
Character of Mr. Hume	<i>Ibid.</i>	307
Fatal Catastrophe in Greenland	<i>James Montgomery</i>	310
Final Depopulation of Eastern Greenland	<i>Ibid.</i>	312
Ode of the Bard, in "Don Juan"	<i>Lord Byron</i>	314
Death of Gertrude, "Gertrude of Wyoming"	<i>Campbell</i>	316
Contemplation of the Divine Being in his Works, "Tom Jones"	<i>Fielding</i>	318
Our Aptness to give a Character of Continuance to our Pre- sent Circumstances, &c. "Rural Philosophy" ..	<i>Ely Bates</i>	320
Effects of Catiline's Eloquence, "Catiline"	<i>Croly</i>	321
Feelings excited by a Long Voyage	<i>Washington Irving</i>	323
The Widow and her Son	<i>Ibid.</i>	325
The Wife	<i>Ibid.</i>	332
The English Country Gentleman	<i>Ibid.</i>	338
Duties of a Wife	<i>Ibid.</i>	340
Visit to a Private Madhouse	<i>M^r Donough</i>	341
The Widow	<i>Ibid.</i>	344
The Orphans	<i>Anonymous</i>	347
A Week's Confinement, "Diary of an Invalid"	<i>Matthews</i>	350
Christianity and Deism Contrasted, "Letters to a Friend on the Evidences of Christianity"	<i>Dr. Olinthus Gregory</i>	351
Progress of a Christian—Death of Calista	<i>Bowdler</i>	353
Reasonableness of Public Worship	<i>Seed</i>	356
Private Prayer Recommended	<i>Ibid.</i>	358
The Stranger and his Friend	<i>James Montgomery</i>	360
Occasional Ode on Education	<i>Ibid.</i>	362
The Daisy in India	<i>Ibid.</i>	363
Robert Burns	<i>Ibid.</i>	364
Geology—Kirkdale Cave	<i>Edinburgh "Scotsman"</i>	366

	Page
The New Member of Parliament	<i>M'Donough</i> 371
The Milk-Maid and Banker	<i>James Smith</i> 374
Address to Mummy in Belzoni's Exhibition....	<i>Horace Smith</i> 375
Music,—A Ludicrous Anecdote	<i>Ibid.</i> 377
Good Humour and Forbearance of Mr. Wilberforce..	<i>Anonymous</i> 378
England and America	<i>Edinburgh Review</i> 380
Difference of Character in the Political Changes of Great Britain and France	<i>Ibid.</i> 382
The Emigrant	<i>Hon. Henry Erskine</i> 383
Deficiency in the Education of Fashionable Women	<i>Sun Newspaper</i> 387
Never give up	<i>Ibid.</i> 388
Tribute to the Memory of Mr. Canning.	<i>Mr. Huskisson</i> 389
Steam-Carriage—Manchester Rail-Road ..	<i>Dr. James Johnson</i> 391
The Chameleon	<i>Merrick</i> 394
How-d'ye-Do and Good-Bye	<i>Anonymous</i> 396
The Captain's Whiskers.	<i>Holcroft</i> 398
Lines addressed to his Sister	<i>Mr. Canning</i> 400
Consultation of Physicians	<i>Anstey</i> 401
Lodgings for Single Gentlemen	<i>Colman</i> 403
The Newcastle Apothecary	<i>Ibid.</i> 405
The Pig	<i>Southey</i> 407
The Three Black Crows	<i>Dr. Byrom</i> 408
The Bashful Man	<i>Anonymous</i> 410
John Gilpin's Journey.	<i>Cowper</i> 414
The Stammerer, altered from Allan Ramsay by.	<i>Thehall</i> 421
The Song of Seventy.	<i>Anonymous</i> 423
English Liberty	<i>Cowper</i> 424
Moloch's Address to the Infernal Powers	<i>Milton</i> 426
Speech of Belial	<i>Ibid.</i> 428
Satan's Soliloquy on first beholding the Sun.	<i>Ibid.</i> 430

G E S T U R E.

GESTURE, or action, may be defined a just and elegant adaptation of the *body* to the *nature* and *import* of the *subject* on which we are speaking. To be perfectly motionless while we are giving utterance to "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," is not only depriving them of their necessary support, but rendering them unnatural and ridiculous. So natural indeed is some degree of action, that it may be affirmed to be impossible for any man to read or speak *with spirit*, without necessarily placing his body in certain significant attitudes, or making some significant motions ! He, therefore, who has not *good* action, is certain to have such as is either awkward or ungraceful. As the correction of faults is the first step towards the attainment of excellence, the pupil should at first be more solicitous to avoid faults than to acquire beauties. (*Cicero*.) If, therefore, there is any thing in the attitude or action of his body in speaking which is either offensive or ungraceful, he ought sedulously to apply himself to correct it. Nothing, for instance, can be in worse taste than what may be called "the parliamentary manner;" the chief peculiarity of which is a jerking forward of the upper part of the body at every emphatic word, while the right hand "saws the air" with one unvaried and ungraceful motion. To *avoid defects*, however, is only the commencement of the pupil's duty. He must inquire what are the best modes of action for the several kinds of public speaking.—Gesture has been divided into three *kinds*: Colloquial, Rhetorical, and Epic.

Colloquial Action is that which is appropriately used by those who deliver public lectures or orations *from a book*. In this situation, the book, when not resting on the desk, should be held in the left hand, and *a little action used with the right*. This action requires principally simplicity and grace ; precision will soon follow ; *magnificence* and *boldness* are necessarily excluded. Being directly opposed to the Epic, it differs essentially from it in the manner of the arm ! Instead of the *whole*

arm being unfolded (as in *tragedy, description*, and sometimes in vehement passages in *oratory*) the upper portion, in Colloquial Action, is barely detached from the side; and the *elbow*, instead of the shoulder, becomes the principal centre of motion;—hence the action is short and less flowing. It may be added, that the eyes should be taken as often as possible *off the book*, and directed to the audience, and that the few last words of every important paragraph should be pronounced *with the eyes directed to one of the hearers*.

Rhetorical Action is that which is suited to all kinds of extemporaneous discourse. It requires energy, variety, simplicity, precision, and grace. In speaking extemporaneously, we should be sparing of the use of the *left hand*, which (except in strong emotion) should hang down by the side. The *right hand*, when emphasis is to be enforced, ought to rise *diagonally* from *left to right*, and then propelled *forward with the fingers open*, and *easily and gracefully curved*; the arm should move chiefly from the elbow, the hand seldom raised higher than the *shoulder*; and, when it has executed its movement, it ought to drop down to the side, *the utmost care being taken to keep the elbow from inclining to the body*. We must be cautious also, in all action except such as describes *extent* or *circumference*, *to keep the hand from cutting the perpendicular line which divides the body into right and left*; but, *above all, we must be careful to let the stroke of the hand, which marks the emphasis, keep exact time with the forcible word*;—thus, Brutus to Cassius in *Julius Cæsar*—

“ When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal-counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts—
Dash him to pieces!”

Here the *action* of the arm, which enforces the emphasis, ought to be so timed, that *the stroke of the hand should be given on the significant word “DASH:”* this will give a concomitant action to the organs of pronunciation; and, in lifting the arm, the *elbow* should move *first*, and be kept constantly *outwards from the body*; the hand should not be bent at the wrist, but kept in a line with the lower arm; and the thumb should preserve its natural distance from the fingers. This preparation for an emphatic stroke *should always begin in due time; the arm gradually ascending with the current of pronunciation, till, at the moment the action is wanted, the hand*

is brought down with a sudden spring, as on the word "DASH."

This downward stroke of the hand (indicative of force; also power and command) is the principal action which is required in rhetorical gesture.

Where *Concession* is implied, one or both hands should be waved gently in a lateral direction, which action seems to say, "I know I am open to attack."—In *Entreaty*, the hands should be clasped fervently together before the breast, and then lowered from their first position.—In *Appeal*, they should be pushed forward, with the palms turned upward; and where a *Description* is to be made, which comprehends any reference to relative situation, length, breadth, depth, distance, space, motion, or manner of action, they will move in a variety of directions, as the picture of the objects in the speaker's mind may prompt.

The *Epic* or *Tragic* style of action requires natural and acquired powers of the highest order. It demands magnificence and boldness, in addition to all the other qualities which belong to rhetorical gesture. The compositions which peculiarly call for it, are tragedy, epic poetry, lyric odes, and sublime description.

Of these three styles of action, the Rhetorical is that which properly belongs to the *pulpit*. The preacher, however, must be aware of adopting either a too bold, or a too diversified style! *Chastity* and *sobriety of manner* belong to the pulpit;—he must be animated and energetical, at the same time serious and dignified; and filled with a deep sense of the importance of his subject. (This feeling alone will command the attention of his hearers!) When the left hand is not in action, (especially at the commencement of his discourse,) it may occasionally rest on the ledge of the pulpit; and the *right* may occupy a similar position on the other side. In the progress of the sermon, however, the preacher must adopt a variety of action, suited to the style and the sentiment of his subject.* In the more earnest

* A uniform monotony or sameness of gesture is as much to be deprecated as a uniform monotony of sound; and, above all, that constantly recurring "see-saw" from "right to left and left to right," still taught and practised in some of our public seminaries. In the absence of all passion, emphasis, or description, the practice of our best actors, as well as nature and common sense, should teach us the propriety of keeping our hands down, or gracefully resting them on some object, until some point of our address (and it will not fail soon to come) occur to demand some necessary and appropriate action. Remember Hamlet's *Instructions*; and, if you put any value on gesture, and wish it to assist, and not to injure your speech, beware of the too frequent use of your hands!—Ed.

and persuasive passages, he may lean on the cushion of the pulpit *with his left arm placed across his breast, and his right in front of it, with the hand and fingers extended forward, and using a gentle action*; or, *he may lean with both arms extended forward, and the hands clasped together*; and, when standing erect, he may turn partially round, in order to fix the attention of every portion of his congregation.

These directions are grounded on the supposition that the discourse is delivered *without notes*; for this is the only mode in which it can be delivered *so as to produce its proper effect*, since it is thus only that the preacher will feel completely at his ease! He who preaches *from notes* will be perpetually embarrassed between his book and his audience;—his action will necessarily be stiff, if not unnatural, and the current of his feelings liable to constant interruption. *The only true style of preaching is that without a book*; and he who wants either courage or perseverance to acquire the power of doing this, (whether *extempore* or *memoriter* is of little consequence,) must lay no claim to the merit of making his profession as useful and efficient *as it may be made*! He who wishes to see good models of pulpit oratory (says Mr. Wood in an admirable note, and speaking from his own experience) must not look for them *at home*, for our English style is *radically bad*;—it is unworthy of us as a polished and enlightened people;—he must turn his steps to *France* and *Switzerland* to behold specimens of sacred oratory, as perfect in their kind as *the speaking of Erskine at the Bar*, or *the acting of Kemble on the Stage*! I mean not to affirm that these preachers, *taken as a body*, are without defects; far from it! I freely acknowledge that in some of them there is a want of that calmness and repose, and of that impressive solemnity which are so essential to the pulpit. But, *some I could name* who unite *in themselves* all that is noble and commanding, with all that is graceful, animated, and affecting! I have myself sat under these men with a degree of edification *for which I shall ever feel grateful*; and I can give no better advice to those who are studying for the Church, than that they should see with their own eyes, and hear with their own ears, these *most instructive models of what a preacher ought to be*!—Before concluding, it may not be unimportant to advert to a practice (now happily less common than it used to be!) namely, *that of requiring boys at school to act plays*. Mr. Walker gives it as his decided opinion, that

the acting of a play is not so conducive to improvement in Elocution as *the speaking of single speeches*.* In the first place, he (Mr. Walker) observes, the acting of plays is, of all kinds of delivery, the most difficult, and therefore cannot be the most suitable exercise for boys at school. In the next place, a dramatic performance requires so much attention to the deportment of the body, so varied an expression of the passions, and so strict an adherence to character, that Elocution is in danger of being neglected;—besides, exact propriety of action and a nice discrimination of the passions (however essential on the *Stage*) are only of secondary importance in a school. It is a plain, open, distinct, and forcible pronunciation which school-boys should aim at; and not that quick transition from one passion to another,—that archness of look, and that *jeu de th'âtre* (as it is called) so essential to a tolerable dramatic exhibition, and which actors themselves can scarcely arrive at.

In short, it is *speaking*, rather than acting, which school-boys should be taught; while the performance of plays is calculated to teach them *acting* rather than *speaking*!†

* Or, we beg to add, appropriately selected *dialogues*. Having found the departure from what is called *the speaking voice*, and the adoption of that tone which varies between the sing-song drawl of the country-clerk and the boisterous bawling which *Hamlet* so pointedly condemns as the greatest enemy to natural, *effective* reading; and having successfully employed *dialogues* as one of the most efficient means for removing the offensive habit, we can fearlessly and *conscientiously* recommend their use to others!—ED. of “R. R.”

† For this copious outline of *GESTURE* (taken from the Rev. J. Wood's valuable “Grammar of Elocution”) the rhetorical student is mainly indebted to Messrs. *Austin*, *Walker*, and *Smart*; vide their respective works, namely, the “*CHIRONOMIA*,” “*ELEMENTS OF ELOCUTION*,” and “*PRACTICE OF ELOCUTION*.”—ED. of “R. R.”

A TABLE

OF THE

SIMPLE AND DIPHTHONGAL VOWELS,

ACCORDING TO THE SCALE OF OUR BEST PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY, WALKER'S.

The a has four sounds; as,

- 1 *ā*—The long slender English *a*, as in *fāte*, *pāper*, *tāpe*, *grāpe*, *crāpe*, *māze*, &c.
- 2 *â*—The long Italian *a*, as in *fâr*, *fâ-ther*, *pa-pâ*, *ma-mâ*, *com-mând*, &c.
- 3 *â*—The broad German *a*, as in *fäll*, *wäll*, *wâ-ter*, *äll*, *cäll*, *mält*, &c.
- 4 *ä*—The short sound of the Italian *a*, as in *fât*, *mât*, *mâr-ry*, *hând*, &c.

The e has two sounds; as,

- 1 *ê*—The long *e*, as in *mê*, *mê-tre*, *mêdium*, &c.
- 2 *ê*—The short *e*, as in *mêt*, *lêt*, *gêt*, *sêt*, &c.

The i has two sounds; as,

- 1 *î*—The long diphthongal *i*, as in *pine*, *grîpe*, *stripe*, &c.
- 2 *î*—The short simple *i*, as in *pîn*, *tît-tle*, *dîg*, *bîg*.

The o has four sounds; as,

- 1 *ô*—The long open *o*, as in *nô*, *nôte*, *nô-tice*, *môre*, *dôor*, &c.
- 2 *ô*—The long close *o*, as in *môve*, *prôve*, *dô*, *wôlf*, &c.
- 3 *ô*—The long broad *o*, as in *nôr*, *fôr*, *ôrb*, *côrd*, &c.
- 4 *ô*—The short broad *o*, as in *nôt*, *gôt*, *hôt*, &c.

The u has three sounds; as,

- 1 *û*—The long diphthongal sound of *u*, as in *tûne*, *Câpid*, *cûre*, *flûte*, *mûte*, &c.
- 2 *û*—The short simple *u*, as in *tûb*, *bût*, *cût*, &c.
- 3 *û*—The middle or obtuse *u*, as in *bûll*, *fûll*, *pûll*, *pûsh*, *pût*, &c.

ôî—The long broad *ô*, and the short *î*, as in *ôll*, *bôll*, *sôll*, &c.*ôû*—The long broad *ô*, and the middle obtuse *û*, as in *thôû*, *pôûnd*, *sôûnd*, &c.*Th*—The acute or sharp *th*, as *think*, *thin*, *thick*, *thought*, *thrash*.*Th*—The grave or flat *th*, as in *this*, *that*, *though*, *these*.

INTRODUCTORY OUTLINE.

THAT a correct delivery is an essential principle in oratory, we have no less weighty authority than that of Demosthenes. When that illustrious Athenian was asked the first three requisites in this fascinating art, he replied, that pronunciation was the *first*, and the *second*, and the *third* great requisite. By which we may understand (in addition to its original signification), not merely the right accentuation of individual words, but a proper enunciation of them in the delivery of a sermon from the pulpit, an oration in the senate, or a speech at the bar.

It is observed that the term *Elocution* originally signified the choice and disposition of words : and some of the best old English writers have used it in the same sense. Since the commencement of the eighteenth century, however, it has been scarcely every used, except to signify *pronunciation*, combining an accurate accentuation of words, taken individually, with a proper and harmonious delivery of them, when they are formed into sentences or a continued discourse.

We are told that the French were the first who used it in this sense ; Addison, and the purest of our writers since his time, have followed them ; and as this signification is perfectly agreeable to the Latin original, and serves to distinguish oratorical from general pronunciation, the alteration may with great propriety be adopted.

That Elocution, in its modern acceptance, is an acquirement of considerable consequence, the history of literature will abundantly confirm. In almost every age and nation, where the efforts of literary genius have gained any ground, this art has been taught, and successfully cultivated.

Cicero justly observes, that address in speaking is *highly useful*, as well as ornamental, even in private life. This opinion seems perfectly reasonable ; for though a want of capacity, or ability, may exclude the majority of people from sitting in Parliament, or appearing at the Bar, or in the Pulpit, does it follow that we should not learn to speak with propriety and elegance our native language ?—a language, in the opinion of the celebrated Mr. Sheridan, the component elements of which are so happily blended, and in such due proportion, as probably to exceed every other in the three great properties of speech, melody, harmony, and expression ; and which alone resembles the ancient Greek, in uniting the three powers of strength, beauty, and grace.

The faculty of speech (it is observed by an ingenious contemporary) is so intimately connected with *every* faculty of the mind, that it is impossible substantially to improve the one, without a similar improvement of the others. Without waiting to investigate the truth of this position, it may be enough to remark, that clearness and precision of language, must be founded in clearness and precision of thought; and it is equally certain that a serious cultivation of elocution as a science, is necessary to the practical exhibition of it in an accurate and graceful delivery.

The art of delivery, which has been called the soul of oratory, is from its nature less capable of being communicated by writing, and has been, therefore, less improved than the other departments of our language; thus, while the principles and practice of composition in every possible variety of style, have been unfolded by many distinguished writers with great precision and detail, the acquirement of this valuable accomplishment (Elocution) has been left in a great measure to the casual efforts of imitation.

The importance of Elocution, however, at length induced several ingenious men to construct a systematic outline of the science; and to describe those variations of voice, which the structure and signification of a sentence seemed to require. Many attempts have been made to exhibit some of those modifications of tone and inflexion, which form the essence of a correct enunciation. The several notes of punctuation, may be considered as so many attempts to facilitate the delivery of language; and if properly adapted, are of considerable importance. Marking the emphatic words, also, in a different character, has been found highly advantageous; but, the most simple, the most significant, and the most useful method, remained to be discovered and promulgated by the late ingenious and learned Mr. Walker—a man who has done as much towards correcting and establishing the pronunciation of our language, as Dr. Johnson has done in reducing to a standard its orthography and signification.

The method discovered by Mr. Walker, consists, chiefly, in distinguishing the voice into two essential turns, or inflexions, the *rising* and the *falling*. The rising inflexion is that upward turn of the voice we generally use at a comma, or in asking a question beginning with a *verb*, as “No’, say you; did he say, no’?” This inflexion has been commonly called a suspension of voice, and is marked with the acute accent, thus (’). The *falling* inflexion is generally used at the *semicolon* and *colon*, and must necessarily be heard in answer to the former question, “He did’;—he said no’.”

This inflexion is employed at the end of almost every sentence, except the definite question, or that which begins with a verb, and is designated by the grave accent, thus (').

These two inflexions of the voice are the axis, as it were, on which the force, variety, and harmony of speaking turn. They may be considered as indicating the great outlines of pronunciation; and, if they can be tolerably conveyed to a learner, Mr. Walker observes, they must be of nearly the same use to him, as the rough draught of a picture is to a pupil in painting. It must be observed, however, that by the rising or falling inflexion, is not meant the pitch of voice in which the *whole* word is to be pronounced, but that upward or downward slide which the voice makes when the pronunciation of a word is concluding.

Words require particular inflexions, either according to the particular significations they bear; or as they are differently arranged, or connected with each other. If the sense of a sentence require the voice to adopt the *rising* inflexion on any particular word, variety and harmony demand the falling inflexion on one of the preceding words; and, on the contrary, if emphasis, harmony, or a completion of sense, require the *falling* inflexion on any word, that immediately preceding almost always demands the *rising* inflexion.

Whenever the sense of a sentence begins to form, and the expectation becomes excited, there the *rising* inflexion must be adopted. An example or two will show the propriety of this general rule.

1st. "As we cannot discern the shadow moving along the dial-plate; so the advances we make in knowledge are only perceived by the distance gone over."

2d. "If, after surveying the whole earth at once, and the several planets that lie within its neighbourhood, we contemplate those wide fields of æther that reach in height as far as from Saturn to the fixed stars, and run abroad almost to an infinitude; our imagination finds its capacity filled with so immense a prospect, and puts itself upon the stretch to comprehend it." In these examples the rising inflexion takes place upon the words "dial-plate" and "infinitude," where the sense of each sentence begins to form.

The falling inflexion, on the contrary, is adopted on that particular word of a sentence where a certain portion of perfect sense is recognized, and the expectation, in part, answered. Thus: "Some men are more apt to consider what they have lost, than what they possess; and to fix their eyes upon those who are richer than themselves, rather than upon others who are under great difficulties."

Again: "The soul (considered abstractedly from its passions) is of a remiss and sedentary nature; slow in its resolves, and languishing in its executions." The falling inflexion in the two latter examples, takes place on the words "possess" and "nature," where each of the sentences might have terminated, without any infringement on the sense of either.*

Upon the whole, it may be observed, that different subjects require different inflexions; that familiar, strong, argumentative subjects require the falling inflexion, as this is expressive of activity, force, and precision; but grand, beautiful, and plaintive subjects (especially of a *negative* character,) slide naturally into the rising inflexion, as this is expressive of awe, admiration, and melancholy.

It will be evident to those conversant with the subject, that we have yet to notice the *monotone*, and the *rising* and *falling circumflexes*, as adopted by Mr. Walker; but as these tones of the voice are of much less general utility than the common inflexions, we shall briefly notice an example of each, and proceed with the more important parts of the subject.

Monotone may be defined to be, a continuation or sameness of sound, upon certain syllables of a word, exactly like that produced by repeatedly striking a bell; such a stroke may be louder or softer, but continues exactly in the same pitch. To certain solemn and sublime passages in poetry, this tone gives a peculiar force and dignity; and, by the infrequency of its use, it also adds to that *variety*, with which the ear is so much delighted. To express this tone upon paper, a horizontal line has been adopted, thus (-).

The grand description of the riches of Satan's throne, in the beginning of Milton's second book of the *Paradise Lost*, affords us an opportunity of exemplifying the use of this tone:

* A correspondent, well acquainted with Mr. Walker's principles, suggests the adoption of the two following ingenious *general Rules*.—ED.

RULE I. Every sentence, or member of a sentence, containing perfect sense, provided it is intended to convey information which is not supposed to be *pre-understood*, be its form positive or negative, must be accompanied with the falling inflexion.

RULE II. (*The converse of Rule first.*) Every sentence, or member of a sentence, containing information which is supposed to be *pre-understood*, be its form what it may, requires the rising inflexion. Of this description, are, in general, negative sentences, though not always; for the Decalogue, for instance, that contains some negatives,—such as "Thou shalt not kill,"—being pronounced by the Almighty, might be said to contain primary information; and a clergyman at the altar personating the Almighty, may be considered as communicating laws *not supposed to be pre-understood*.

High on a throne of royal state, which far
 Outshone the wealth of Ormus, or of Inde;
 Or where the gorgeous east with richest hand
 Show'rs on her kings barbaric, pearl and gold,
 Satan exalted sat.

The monotonous inflexion in this passage commences immediately after the disjunctive "or," and terminates at the adjective "barbaric."

The *rising circumflex* begins with the falling inflexion, and ends with the rising upon the same syllable, and seems as it were to twist the voice *upwards*. This inflexion may be illustrated by the drawing tone we give to some words spoken *ironically*; as the word "Clodius," in Cicero's oration for Milo.

This turn of the voice is marked with the common circumflex inverted; thus, (°). "But it is foolish in us to compare Drusus Africanus, and ourselves with *Clōdīus*; all our other calamities were tolerable, but no one can patiently bear the death of *Clōdīus*."

The *falling circumflex* begins with the rising inflexion, and ends with the falling upon the same syllable, and seems to twist the voice *downwards*. This inflexion is generally used to express *reproach*, and may be exemplified by the peculiar tone we hear on the word "you," in Hamlet's answer to his mother, who says,

Queen. "Hamlet, you have your father much offended!"

Hamlet. "Madam, *you* have my father much offended!" This turn of the voice is expressed by the common circumflex; thus (°).

A moderate attention to these intonations of the voice will be sufficient to show their existence, and the necessity of their *occasional* employment.*

Before concluding these prefatory remarks, and proceeding to the specific Rules of Mr. Walker, it may be laid down as a general rule respecting *emphasis*, that the *positive* member of a sentence uniformly requires the emphatic *falling*, and the *negative* member the emphatic

* The circumflexes are not necessarily confined to express irony and reproach. Where very important antithesis exists (either expressed or understood), they may be employed with peculiar advantage. Where a word has any thing very particular in its meaning, or where, in some instances, it is a repeated word, considerable addition to its significance, as well as to its novelty and effect, will be imparted by pronouncing it with the falling circumflex; and, where any very important emphasis is required, accompanied with the rising inflexion, the rising circumflex, as above described, may be satisfactorily and advantageously substituted for the corresponding simple slide (the rising inflexion). See the word "inconvenience," p. 44.

rising, inflexion. Answers to a few interrogatories will sufficiently illustrate this important rule; and at the same time afford to the pupil a series of exercises, which, if carefully and frequently gone over, will put him in possession of the rising and falling slides of the voice; without the attainment of which it will be impossible ever to acquire an accurate and harmonious delivery.

Examples of Interrogatories.

- Did he do it vo'luntarily, or in'voluntarily?
 He did it vo'luntarily, not in'voluntarily.
 Did he speak it deter'minately, or in'determinately?
 He spoke it deter'minately, not in'determinately.
 Did he do it know'ingly, or un'knowingly?
 He did it know'ingly, not un'knowingly.
 Did he drive guard'edly, or un'guardedly?
 He drove guard'edly, not un'guardedly.
 Did he behave consist'ently, or in'consistently?
 He behaved consist'ently, not in'consistently.
 Was his conduct parliamen'tary, or un'parliamentary?
 His conduct was parliamen'tary, not un'parliamentary.
 Is his accent En'glish, or Scot'tish?
 His accent is En'glish, not Scot'tish.
 Did he act just'ly, or un'justly?
 He acted just'ly, not un'justly.
 Did he say regard', or regard'? *
 He said regard', not regard'. }
 Did he say mind', or mind'?
 He said mind', not mind'.
 Was his manner enga'ging, or forbid'ding?
 His manner was enga'ging, not forbid'ding.
 Did he say child', or child'?
 He said child', not child'.

Of these examples it may be repeated, that the pupil must be completely master before he can expect to make any advancement in the management of the voice, or acquire any thing like a just and elegant delivery.

* When the interrogatory consists of exactly the same word, as in "regard," the best way to exhibit the inflexion is, to prefix a few appropriate words;—thus, "If for our own happiness we have a sincere *regard*, we shall scrupulously obey the precepts of the Gospel:"—we shall scrupulously obey the precepts of the Gospel, if for our own happiness we have a sincere *regard*.

INTRODUCTION :

CONTAINING

SPECIFIC RHETORICAL RULES, EXERCISES,

&c. &c.

RULE I.

*Every period so constructed as to have its two principal members connected by correspondent conjunctions or adverbs, requires a long pause, and the rising inflexion at the end of the first principal member.**

EXAMPLES.

"As we perceive the sha'dow/ to have moved along the di'al, but did not perceive its mov'ing ; so the adva'nces/ we make in lea'rning, (consisting of insensible st'eps,) are on'ly perc'eived/ by the di'stance gone o'ver."

"As the bea'uty of the bo'dy/ must always accompany the health"-of-it, so is decency of beha'viour/ a necessary con-co'mitant/ to vir'tue."

RULE II.

Every period, consisting of two principal parts, and having only the first part to commence with a conjunction or adverb, requires a long pause and the rising inflexion at the end of the first part.

EXAMPLES.

"As in my speculations, I have endeavoured to extinguish pa'ssion and pre'judice, I am still desirous of doing some go'od/ in thi's-particular."

"As no man can enjoy hap'piness/ unless he thinks"-he-en-

* With a view towards diminishing the labour of the teacher, and, at the same time, ensuring a *more perfect* reading of the Examples of the "Specific Rules," the Editor has marked the whole of the *intermediate* pauses and inflections that occur in these Examples ;—an improvement which can hardly fail to be acknowledged. It will be perceived that the principal or *leading* slide (whether rising or falling, and which will require a little *additional* force) is marked throughout *double*, thus " ", and that the rhetorical pause is indicated by a slanting line (/) as after "shadow."

joys-it, the experience of calam'ity/ is necessary to a just sense of be'tter-fortune."

Note.—When the emphatical word in the conditional part of these sentences is in direct opposition to another word in the conclusion, and a concession is implied in the former, in order to strengthen the argument in the latter, the middle of the sentence has the falling, and the latter member the rising inflexion.

EXAMPLES.

"If we have no regard for relig'ion in youth", we oug'ht to have some regard for it in ag'e."

"If we have no regard for our own" character, we ought to have some regard for the character of oth'ers."

In these examples the words "youth" and "own character" have the principal falling, and both periods end with the rising inflexion; but if these sentences had been formed so as to have made the latter member a mere inference from, or consequence of, the former, the general rule would have taken place, and the first emphatical word would have had the rising, and the last the falling inflexion.

EXAMPLES.

"If we have no regard for relig'ion in youth", we have se'l-dom any regar'd-for-it/ in age'."

"If we have no regar'd for our own" character, it can scarcely be expect'ed/ we should have any regard for the ch'aracter of oth'ers."

RULE III.

Periods which commence with participles of the present, or present perfect, tense, consist of two parts, between which must be inserted the long pause and rising inflexion.

EXAMPLES.

"Regarding the morality of the Go'spel/ in no higher point of vie'w/ than as it affects the in'terests of manki'nd in thi's-world, we have the clearest conviction of its incomparable e'xcellence, and are constrained to acknow'ledge/ its divi'ne auth'ority."*

* If we consider the "morality of the Gospel" as affecting also the "interests of mankind" in the world *to come*, then the adverb *even* would be understood,—“this” would require the strong emphasis, and, consequently, the *falling* inflexion.—*See Note.*

"Having already shewn how the fancy is affected by the works of nature, and afterwards considered/ in general/ both the works of nature and of art, how they mutually assist and complete each other, in forming such scenes and prospects as are most apt/ to delight the mind of the beholder; I shall/ in this paper/ throw together some reflections/ on that particular-art/ which has a more immediate tendency/ than any other, to produce those primary pleasures of the imagination/ which have/ hitherto/ been the subject of this discourse."

Note.—When the last word of the first part of these sentences requires the *strong* emphasis, the falling inflexion must be used instead of the rising.

EXAMPLE.

"Hannibal/ being frequently destitute of money and provisions, with no recruits of strength/ in case of ill-fortune, and no encouragement/ even when successful; it is not to be wondered-at/ that his affairs began/ at length/ to decline."

RULE IV.

Every period where the first part forms perfect sense by itself, but is modified or determined in its signification by the latter, requires the rising inflection and long pause at the end of the first part.

EXAMPLES.

1st. "Gratian/ very often recommends the fine taste", as the utmost perfection-of an accomplished man."

In this sentence the first member ending at "taste," forms perfect sense, but is qualified by the last; for Gratian is not said simply to recommend the fine taste, but to recommend it in a certain way; that is, "as the utmost perfection of an accomplished-man."

2d. "Persons of good-taste/ expect to be pleased, at the same-time/ they are informed."

Here perfect sense is formed at "pleased," but it is not meant that persons of "good taste" are pleased in general, but only with reference to the time they are informed. For the same reasons, the same pause and inflexion must precede the conjunction "though," in the following examples.

"I can desire to perceive those things/ that God/ has pre-

pared for tho'se/ that love" him, though they be *such*/ as ey'e,
hath not se'en, e'ar/ hea'rd, n'or/ hath it entered* into the heart
of m'an/ to conce'ive."

"The sound of lov'e/ makes your soft heart aff'aid,
And guard" itself, though but a child invade."

RULE V.

Every member of a sentence forming consistent sense, and followed by two other members, which do not restrain or qualify its signification, requires the falling inflexion.

EXAMPLES.

"It is th'is/ that recommends vari"ety, where the mind is every instant called o'ff/ to something ne'w, and the attention not suffered to dwell t'oo lo'ng/ on any partic'ular-object."

"For this reason/ there is nothing more enlivens a pro'spect, than ri'vers, jet-d'ea'ux, and fa'lls of wa"ter, where the scene is perpetually shifting, and entertaining the sight every m'oment/ with som'ething/ that is ne'w."

In these instances, though the word "water" in the last sentence, and the word "variety" in the preceding example, are marked with a comma only, precision as well as harmony requires the falling inflexion; the first member being a kind of text to the whole sentence, and not so closely connected with the succeeding members, as these last are with each other.

RULE VI.

When sentences have two parts, corresponding with each other, so as to form an antithesis, they are termed "antithetic members;"—the first part always concluding with the emphatic rising inflexion.

EXAMPLES.

"We are always complaining our days are few", and ac'ting/
as though there should be no en'd-of-them."

"The pleasures of the imagin'ation/ are not so gro'ss/ as those of sense", nor so *refined*/ as those of the *understand-ing*."

* It is necessary to notice that, in Scripture-language, the participial termination "ed" is always pronounced as a distinct syllable.

RULE VII.

Every member of a sentence immediately preceding the last, entitled the "penultimate member," requires the rising inflexion.

EXAMPLE.

"Aristotle te'lls us, that the wor'ld/ is a co'py or tra'nscript of those ide'as which are in the mind of the first Be'ing; and that tho'se ideas/ which are in the mind of m'an/ are a tran'script of the wor'ld: to thi's/ we may a'dd, that wor'ds/ are a transcript of those ide'as/ which are in the mind of man", and that wri'ting or prin'ting/ is the tran'script of wor'ds."

Note.—Emphasis, which controls every other rule in reading, forms an exception to this; where an emphatic word is in the first member of a sentence, and the last has no emphatical word, this penultimate member then terminates with the falling inflexion.

EXAMPLE.

"I must therefore desire the re'ader/ to reme'mber, th'at/ by the ple'asures of the imagin'ation, I meant only su'ch/ as aris'e/ originally/ from sight"; and that I divide these ple'asures/ into tw'o-kinds."

RULE VIII.

When the first member of a sentence forms perfect sense, and is followed by two members necessarily connected, the falling inflexion must be placed on the last word of the first member.

EXAMPLE.

"It shall ever be my stu'dy/ to make discoveries of this n'ature/ in human life"; and to settle the proper distin'ctions/ between the virtues and perfec'tions-of-mankind, and those false co'lours and resem'blances-of-them, that shin'e/ alik'e/ in the ey'es of the vul'gar."

Obs.—In this example we may observe, that the falling inflexion might have been placed on the second member, (on "mankind,") if the second and third members had not been necessarily connected by an antithesis; which shows that the falling inflexion requires the member it is placed on, not only to have perfect sense independent of the succeeding member, but at the same time requires the succeeding member to be dependent on a third.

RULE IX.

The concluding word of that portion of a sentence in which is contained a series of concessions, uniformly requires the emphatic rising inflexion.

EXAMPLES.

"You may swell every expen'se, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic/ to the shambles-of every German des'pot; your attempts will be for ever vain and impotent."*

"Painting, poetry, eloquence, and every other art/ on which the genius of man has exercised itself, may be abused and prove dangerous/ in the hands of bad men; but it were ridiculous to contend/ that, on this-account, they ought to be abolished."

RULE X.

Negative sentences, or negative members of sentences, almost always require the emphatic rising inflexion, agreeably to the examples of interrogatories as contained in the outline.

EXAMPLES.

"The religion of the Gospel/ is not a gloomy-religion."

"I cannot, I will not/ join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace."

"Greatness/ confers no exemption from the cares and sorrows of humanity."

It seems proper under this rule to remark, that the adverb "not" ought never to be emphatic but when it is obviously antithetic.

EXAMPLE.

"'Tis immaterial in what way good is done.—No, 'tis not immaterial."

RULE XI.

Every period consisting of two principal parts, and having the first part to commence with a verb in the imperative mood, requires a long pause and the rising inflection at the end of this part.

* In the pronunciation of this adjective too much care cannot be employed to preserve the long open sound of the "o."

EXAMPLES.

"Love your pa'rents and your frie'nds as you ought" to do, and you may safely ca'lculate/ upon a retu'rn-of-their love."

"Let my difficulties and misfortunes in li'fe/ be confined to myse'lf, de'ath (the common frie'nd of the wret'ched) will soon put a per'iod/ to them a'll."

RULE XII.

Declarative sentences, or members of sentences where antithesis is either implied or expressed, uniformly require the rising inflexion.

EXAMPLES.

"I have always preferred cheer'fulness to mirth'."

"He is as good" a man."

"He is as faith'ful a preacher."

"There is the language of em'otions and pas'sions, as we'll as of ide'as."

A part of the admirable speech of Cassius against Cæsar affords a happy illustration of this useful rule.

"Br'utus and Cæ'sar ! What should be in'-that-Cæsar ? Why should that nam'e/ be sounded mo're/ than you'rs ? Write them together :— You'rs is as fai'r-a-name. Sou'nd them :—it doth become the mouth as well". Wei'gh them :—it is as hea'vy. Con'jure with them : Br'utus will start a spirit/ as soon as Cæ'sar."	}	*
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RULE XIII.

Sentences that commence with adjectives, are generally divided into two parts ; the last word of the first part requires the rising inflexion.

EXAMPLES.

"Sensible of the ju'stness of his cau'se, and the pur'ity of his mo'tives, he manfully oppo'sed, and/ u'timately/ surmounted every di'fficulty."

* A peculiar significance of manner should accompany the delivery of this paragraph.

" Conscious of the inferiority of his numbers, and the undisciplined state of many of his troops", he resolved to withdraw his legions/ from before the city."*

* For *Rules* for the Elocutionary punctuation contained in these and the following introductory Examples, see appropriate "foot notes" interspersed among the first 160 pages of "The Reader." Had the idea of making the *intermediate* pauses occurred to him *before* he appended the "Notes," the Editor should have given the most of them *here*, in preference to the pages they now occupy.

INTRODUCTION.

THE word *series*, according to Mr. Walker, signifies an enumeration of nouns, either when consisting of individual words, or when they have qualities or properties annexed to them.

An enumeration of particular nouns consisting of single words is called a *simple** series; when consisting of more than single words, a *compound* series.

The series is further divided into *commencing* and *concluding*.

A series which begins a sentence, and does not end it, is entitled a *commencing series*; and where it finishes a sentence, it is denominated a *concluding series*.

This highly important, but difficult branch of elocution, is introduced for the purpose of pointing out the most harmonious and emphatic variety; and to reduce it to such rules as may help to guide us in the most frequent and obvious cases where the series occurs.

COMMENCING SIMPLE SERIES.

RULE.

When two members commence a sentence, the first must have the falling, and the last the rising inflexion. When three members commence a sentence, the first two have the falling, and the last the rising inflexion; and when four members commence a sentence, the first has the rising, the two middle the falling, and the last the rising inflexion.

EXAMPLES.

“Ex`ercise and tem`perance/ strengthen the constitution.”

* *Obs.*—This series is not rendered compound by the introduction of particles, such as articles, conjunctions, &c. &c.

"Manufac"tures, tra"de,* and a"griculture, naturally employ more than nin"eteen parts of the spe"cies/ in twe"nty."

"In sh"ort, a *modern* Pindaric writer (compared with *Pin'dar*) is like a sister among the Ca'misars/ compared with Virgil's sy'bil; there is the distor"tion, grimace", and out"ward-figure, but nothing of that divine im'pulse which raises the mind above its'elf, and makes the soun'ds/ mor'e than hu'man."

"Me'tals, min"erals, plants", and me"teors, contain a thousand curious pr'operties, whic'h/ are as engaging to the fan'cy/ as to the rea'son."

"Proofs of the immortality of the so'ul/ may justly be drawn from the na'ture of the SUPREME-BEING, whose jus'tice, good"ness, wis"dom, and vera"city, are all conce'rn'd/ in this gre'at-point."

CONCLUDING SIMPLE SERIES

RULE.

When two members conclude a sentence, the last has the falling, and the last but one the rising inflexion. When three members conclude a sentence, the first two have the rising, and the last the falling inflexion;† and when four members succeed each other and conclude a sentence, the first has the falling, the two middle the rising, and the last the falling.

EXAMPLES.

"The constitution is streng'thened/ by ex"ercise and tem"perance."

"A mo'dern Pindaric wr'iter (compared with *Pin'dar*) is like a sis'ter/ among the Ca'misars/ compared with Virgil's sy'bil; the on'e/ gives that divine im'pulse/ which raises the mind above its'elf, and makes the sou'nds/ mor'e than hu'man, while the o'ther/ abounds with not'hing/ but distor"tion, grimac"e, and out"ward-figure."

"There is something very engaging to the fa'ncy, as we'll/

* When two inflexions of the same kind thus consecutively occur, the latter requires *superior* accentual force.

† Where solemnity is required in a concluding series of *three*, the first word must be pronounced with the falling, the middle with the rising, and the last with the falling inflexion.

as to our *réason*, in the contemplation of me^tals, min^eerals, plan^ts, and me^teurs."

"Proofs of the immortality of the so^ul/ may be justly drawn from the nature of the SUPREME BEING: concerned in this gre^at-point/ are his jus^tice, goodⁿess, wis^dom, and ve^ra^city."

An example exhibiting both the commencing and concluding series of four.

"He who resigns the wo^rld, has no temptation from en^vy, ha^tred, ma^lice, an^ger, but is in constant possession of a serene miⁿd; h^e/ who follows the *pléasures*-of-it, (which are in their very nature disappoiⁿting) is in constant search of care^l, soli^citude, remorse^l, and confu^sion."

Note.—When a simple series extends to a considerable length, it may be divided into portions of three, counting from the last; if it be a *commencing* series, pronounce the two first with the falling, and the last with the rising inflexion; and, if a *concluding* series, pronounce the first with the falling, the middle with the rising, and the last with the falling inflexion.

EXAMPLES.

Commencing.

"Love^l, joy^l, peace^l, long-suf^fering, gen^tleness, goodⁿess, faith^l, meekⁿess, tem^perance, are the fruits of the spirit, and against such/ there is no law."

"Me^taphors, enig^mas, mot^toes, par^ables, fa^bles, dreams^l, vi^sions, dramatic writⁱngs, burlesque^l, and all the methods of illu^sion, are comprehended in Mr. Locke's definition of wit, and Mr. Addison's short explan^ation-of-it."

Concluding.

"But the fruit of the Spirit is love^l, joy^l, peace^l, long-suf^fering, gen^tleness, goodⁿess, faith^l, meekⁿess, tem^perance, —against such/ there is no law."

"Mr. Locke's definition of wit (with this short explication) comprehends most of its species; as me^taphors, enig^mas, mot^toes, par^ables, fa^bles, dreams^l, vi^sions, dramatic writⁱngs, burlesque^l, and all the methods of illu^sion."

COMPOUND SERIES.

When the members of a sentence consist of several words, the series is designated compound, and, like the simple series, is divided into *commencing* and *concluding*.

RULE.

A commencing compound series requires every member except the last, to be pronounced with the falling inflexion.

EXAMPLES.

"Moderate ex"ercise, and habitual tem"perance, strengthen the constitu'tion."

"To advise the ig"norant, reli"eve the need"y, com'fort the afflict"ed, are dut'ies/ that fall in our wa'y/ almost every da'y-of our li'ves.

"Labour or e'xercise/ ferm'ents the hu"mours, casts them into their proper chan"nels, throws off redun"dancies, and helps nature in those secret distribu'tions, without which the bo'dy/ cannot subsist with vi'gour, nor the so'ul/ act with cheer"fulness."

"The descriptive part of this al'legory/ is likewise very str'ong, and full of sublim'e-ideas. The figure of death", the regal crow'n/ on his head", his me'nace of Sa'tan, his adva'ncing to the com"bat, the ou'tcry at his birth", are circumstances too no'ble/ to be passed over in si'lence, and extremely su'itable/ to this Ki'ng-of Te'rrors."

"Nature has laid out all her art in bea'utifying the face"; she has tou'ched-it/ with vermi"lion; plan'ted-in-it/ a double row of iv"ory; made it the seat of smi'es and blush'es; lig'hted-it up and enlivened-it/ with the bright'ness of the eyes"; hung it/ on each side/ with curious or'gans of sense"; given it air's and gra'ces/ that cannot be describ"ed; and surro'unded-it/ with such a flow'ing sha'de of hair", as sets all its beau'ties/ in the most agree'able lig'ht."

RULE.

Every member of a concluding compound series except the last but one, requires the falling inflexion.

EXAMPLES.

"Nothing .te'nds/ more pow'erfully/ to strengthen the con-

stitution/ than moderate exercise, and habitual temperance."

"It was necessary for the world, that arts should be invented and improved, books written and transmitted to posterity, nations conquered and civilized."

"Notwithstanding all the pains which Cicero took in the education of his son, young Marcus/ proved a mere block-head; and nature (who it seems was even with the son/ for her prodigality to the father), rendered him incapable of improving/ by all the rules of eloquence, the precepts of philosophy, his own endeavours, and the most refined conversation/ in Athens."

"Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period-of-it/ at an end. The minor/ longs to be at age", then/ to be a man of business, then/ to make up an estate", then/ to arrive at honours, and then/ to retire."

"If we interpret the Spectator's words in their literal meaning, we must suppose that women of the first quality/ used to pass away whole mornings/ at a puppet-show; that they attested their principles/ by patches; that an audience/ would sit out an evening/ to hear a dramatic performance, written in a language/ which they did not understand"; that chairs and flower-pots/ were introduced as actors/ on the British stage"; that a promiscuous assembly of men and women/ were allowed to meet at midnight/ in masks/ within the verge of the court"; with many improbabilities of the like-nature."

Note.—When a conditional or suppositive conjunction commences the series, if there is nothing particularly emphatical in it, the rising inflection on each particular is preferable to the falling, especially if the language be plaintive and tender.

EXAMPLE.

"When the gay and smiling aspect of things/ has begun to leave the passage to a man's heart thus thoughtlessly ungarded; when kind and caressing looks of every object without, that can flatter his senses, has conspired with the enemy within, to betray him and put him off his defence"; when music/ likewise/ hath lent her aid, and tried her power upon the passions; when the voice of singing men and the voice of singing women (with the sound of the viol and the lute) have broke in upon his soul, and/ in some tender notes/ have

touched the secret springs of rap'ture, that moment let us dissect and look into his heart"; see how vain, how weak, how empty-a-thing/ it is".

INTERROGATION.

All questions may be divided into two classes; namely, into such as are formed by interrogative pronouns or adverbs; and into such as are formed only by an inversion of the common arrangement of the sentence. The former has been denominated "the question with the interrogative word," or "the indefinite question," and requires the falling inflexion; the latter is termed "the question without the interrogative word," or "the definite question," and almost always demands the rising inflexion.*

EXAMPLES OF THE INDEFINITE QUESTION.

"How can he exalt his thoughts/ to any thing great and noble, who only believes that (after a short turn on the stage of this world) he is to sink into oblivion, and to lose his consciousness for ever?"

"Where (amid the dark clouds of pagan philosophy) can we find such a clear prospect of a future state, the immortality of the soul, the resurrection of the dead, and the general judgment, as in St. Paul's first epistle/ to the Corinthians?"

Observation.

In this sentence, as in one purely declarative, each member, except the last but one, requires the falling inflexion; the word finishing the last member, requiring only a little additional force: and it may be observed, that all interrogative sentences similarly constructed, must be pronounced according to the rule which relates to the *series* of which they are composed.

EXAMPLES OF THE DEFINITE QUESTION.

"Would it not employ a beauty/ prettily enough, if (instead of eternally playing with his snuff-box,) he spent some part of his time in making one?"

* When the definite question is protracted to a considerable length, and concludes a paragraph, the *falling* inflexion must be used instead of the rising.

"Do we not sometimes feel the most at our ea'se, when we may be treading the confines of some imminent dan'ger?"

"Are we not often the least thou'ghtful, when our situation demands the ut'most se'riousness?"*

RULE.

When interrogative sentences connected by the conjunction or, either expressed or understood, succeed each other, the first ends with the rising, and the rest with the falling inflexion.

EXAMPLES.

"Shall/ we in your person/crown" the author of the public calamities, or shall we destroy" him?"†

"See! Falkland di'es! the vi'rtuous and the just;

See! god-like Tu'renne prostrate on the dust!

See! Sydney ble'eds/ am'd the martial str'ife?

Was this their vir'tue or contem'pt-of-life?"

"Do the perfections of the Almighty lie dor'mant? Does he possess them as if he possessed them not? Are they not" (or understood) "rather in continual ex'ercise?"

Note.—When *or* is used *conjunctively*, the inflexions are not influenced by it; and the usual termination of the definite question is adopted.

EXAMPLE.

"Should these credulous i'nfidels (after a'll,) be in the rig'ht,

* An easy and familiar way of determining whether the interrogation be *definite* or *indefinite*, and consequently whether it require the *rising* or the *falling* inflexion, is, to observe whether it can, or cannot, be answered by a simple negative or affirmative:—if "yes" or "no" will answer it, and make sense, the question is "definite," and demands the *rising* inflexion; if it require more than a monosyllabic answer, it is "*indefinite*," and demands the *falling*. It must be observed, however, that the *immediate* repetition of the *same* question, requires a different inflexion of voice according to its form: Thus we say, when simply putting the definite question, "*Are you going to Col'lege?*"—but, repeating it, we say with emphasis, "*Are you going to Col'lege?*" and putting the *indefinite* question in its simple form, we say, "*When do you go to Col'lege?*"—but, *emphatically*, "*When do you go to Col'lege?*" Thus we perceive the power of emphasis. It ought to be remarked, however, that such a forcible expression of it but seldom occurs.

† The rising circumflex (˘) applied to "crown," and the falling (˘) to "destroy," appear more suitable than the *simple* inflexions.

and this pretended revelation be all a fable; from belie'ving it what harm" could ensue? would it render princes more tyrannical, or subjects more ungo'vernable, the rich more insolent, or the poor more disorderly? would it make worse parents or children, husbands or wives", masters or ser'vants, friends or neighbours? or, would it not make men more vi'rtuous, and, co'nsequently, more *ha'ppy*/ in *e'very-situation*?"

EXCLAMATION.

THE expression of passion or emotion, consists in giving a distinct and specific quality to the sounds we use, rather than increasing or diminishing their quality, or in giving this quality any local direction upwards or downwards. The inflexions the exclamation requires, are exactly the same as the rest of the points; that is, if the exclamation point is placed after a member that would have the rising inflexion in another sentence, it ought to have the rising in this; if, after a member that would have the falling inflexion, the exclamation ought to have the falling inflexion likewise; or, if exclamation is mingled with a question, it requires the same inflexion the question would require, unless the question with the interrogative word is an echo of another question of the same kind, which, in this case, always requires the *rising* inflexion.

EXAMPLES.

"How many *apparent* misfortunes/ have saved a ma'n/ from ruin"!"

"How blessed is the ma'n/ who puts his tru'st/ in God"!"

"How calam'itous are the co'nsequences of sin"!"

An instance that the exclamation may be mixed with interrogations of both kinds, may be seen in the following speech of Gracchus, quoted by Cicero.

EXAMPLE.

"Whither shall I turn"? wretch that I am"! To what place shall I betake" myself? Shall I go to the Ca'pitol? alas"! it is overflow'ed/ with my brother's blood"! or shall I retire to my house"? yet there I behold my mother plunged in m'isery, wee'ping and despair"ing!"

When the exclamation comes immediately after a question, and as it were repeats it, the repeated question, which is really an exclamation, assumes the rising inflexion.

EXAMPLE.

“ Will you for e’er, Athenians, do nothing but walk up and down the city, asking o’ne ano’ther, What news”? What news”? Is there any thing *mo’re new/* than to see a man of Macedonia/ become master of the Athe’nians, and give laws to all Greece/?”

PARENTHESIS.

A parenthesis must be generally pronounced both quicker and in a lower tone of voice than the rest of the sentence,—assuming a kind of monotone,—and conclude with the same pause and inflexion which terminate the member that immediately precedes it. If the sense be suspended, and consequently incomplete, the parenthesis must terminate with the rising inflexion; but where it makes a portion of perfect sense, or concludes a sentence, which does not often happen, the falling inflexion must be adopted.

Examples that require the Rising Inflexion.

“ Notwithstanding all this care of Ci’cero, history informs us that Mar’cus/ proved a mere bloc’khead; and that na’ture (who it seems was even with the so’n/ for her prodiga’lity to the fa’ther) rendered him incapable of improving, by all the ru’les of elo’quence, the pre’cepts of philo’sophy, his ow’n en-dea’vours, and the most refined convers’ation in A’tens.”

“ My firm belief in the Holy Gospel/ is by no means owing to the pre’judices of educa’tion, (though I was religiously educated by the be’st of pa’rents,) but arises from the fullest and most continued reflections of my riper ye’ars/ and understanding:—It forms/ at this moment/ the great consolation of my life, wh’ich, (as a sh’adow,) must pass awa’y, and, without it, indeed, I should consider my long course of hea’lth and prosper’ity (perhaps too long and too uninterrupt’ed to be good for *any-man*) only as the du’st/ which the wind sca’tters, and rather as a sna’re/ than as a ble’ssing.”

Examples that require the Falling Inflection.

“Then went the ca’ptain with the o’fficers, and brought them without vi’olence; (for they feared the pe’ople, lest they should have been sto’ned;) an’d/ when they had bro’ught-them, they set them before the cou’ncil.”

“A man who uses his be’st-endeavours/ to live according to the dictates of vir’tue and rig’ht-reason, has two perpetual sources of cheer’fulness; (in the consideration of his ow’n-nature, and of *that-Being* on whom he has a depen’dance.)”

Note.—Should the parenthesis terminate with an emphatical word, the falling inflexion must be adopted; and when it extends to a considerable length, or requires solemnity, it may be pronounced with a sameness of voice approaching monotony.

The small intervening members, *said I, said he, continued they, &c.* uniformly require the inflexion and pause of the member which precedes them; but in a somewhat higher and feebler tone of voice.

EMPHASIS.

Is that stress we lay on words, which are in contradistinction to other words, either expressed or understood. And hence will follow this general rule: *that wherever there is contradistinction in the sense of words, there ought to be emphasis in the pronunciation of them.*

Emphasis always implies antithesis;—where the antithesis is agreeable to the sense of the author, the emphasis is proper; but where there is no antithesis in the thought, there ought to be none on the words; because, wherever an emphasis is placed upon an improper word, it will suggest an antithesis which either does not exist, or is not agreeable to the sense and intention of the writer.

In antithetical sentences, where the emphatical words are *two* only, the emphasis is said to be *SINGLE*, and admits of the following rule:—

When a sentence is composed of a positive and negative member, the positive requires the falling, and the negative the rising inflexion.

EXAMPLES.

1. "I come to *bu'ry* Cæsar, not to *praise'* him."
2. "You were paid to *fight'* against Alexander, and not to *ra'il'* at him."
3. "It is our duty to *respect'* the precepts of the Gospel, and not to *trif'le* with them."
4. "None more impatiently *suff'er* injuries, than they who are most forward in *do'ing* them."

Note.—When two objects are compared, or when it is the intention of the speaker to declare with emphasis the priority or preferableness of one thing to another, the comparative word has the strong emphasis and falling inflexion, and the word compared has the weak emphasis and rising inflexion.

EXAMPLES.

1. "It is a custom
More honoured in the *breach'* than the *observ'ance*."
2. "He is more *knave'* than *fool'*."

When two words are in contradistinction, and contrasted with *two other* words, the emphasis is called DOUBLE, and requires the falling inflexion on the *first* emphatic word, the rising on the *second* and *third*, and the falling on the *fourth*.

EXAMPLES.

1. "To *err'* is *hu'man*; to *forgive'* *divine'*."
2. "The *pro'digal* robs his *heir'*, the *mi'ser* robs *him'self*."
3. "*Prospe'rity* *gains'* friends, and *adver'sity* *tries'* them."
4. "*One*-murder/ makes a *vil'lain*,
Mil'lions/ a *hero'*."

When three emphatic words are contradistinguished to *three others*, the emphasis is denominated TREBLE, and requires, on the *first* three, the rising, falling, and rising inflexion; on the *last* three, the falling, rising, and falling inflexion.

EXAMPLES.

1. "*Mirth'* is *short'* and *tran'sient*, *cheer'fulness* *fix'ed* and *per'manent*."
2. "*She'* in her *girls'* again is *cour'ted*;
I/ go a *woo'ing*/ with my *boys'*."

3. "A friend/ cannot be known' in prosper'ity; and an en'emy cannot be hid'den in adver'sity."

Note.—The treble emphasis, in the two following examples, though not expressed, is, in Mr. Walker's opinion, clearly implied.

1. "To reign is worth ambition, though in hell;
Better to reign' in he'll than serve' in hea'ven."*
2. "I would rather be the first' man in that vil'lage than the se'cond in Rome'."

General Emphasis.

When composition is animated, and the period draws to a close, it is frequently necessary to lay the emphasis upon several successive words.

EXAMPLE.

—————"What M'EN could do,
Is done alrea'dy; heaven and earth will witness,
If Rome' must' fall', that we' are in'nocent."

—

ANTECEDENT.

PRONOUNS, either personal or adjective, when antecedents, require an accentual force, to intimate that the relative is in view, and in some measure to anticipate the pronunciation of it.

EXAMPLES.

1. "He/ that pursues fame with just claims, trusts his happiness to the winds; but he/ that endeavours after fame by false merit, has to fe'ar, not only the violence of the stor'm, but the le'aks of his ve'ssel."

2. "The weakest reasoners/ are always the most positive in debate; and the ca'use is ob'vious; for they are unavoidably driven to maintain their pretensions by violence, who want arguments and reasons to prove that they are in the right."

* Though the manner of reading this emphatic couplet as here inflected, has, along with Mr. Walker's, the powerful recommendation of GARRICK's approval; nevertheless, I would humbly submit, as the conjunction "than" imparts to the sentence a decidedly negative character, and consequently suggests the propriety of ending it with the rising circumflex, that the period should terminate thus:—"Better to rei'gn in he'll than se'rve in hea'ven!"—ED.

3. "And greater sure *my* merit, who, *to* gain
A point sublime, could such a *task* sustain."

As the antecedent and relative are correspondent words, which ought both to be distinctly marked, in order to show the precise meaning of a sentence, where the relative only is expressed, the accentual force falls upon *it*, the antecedent being understood.

EXAMPLES.

1. "Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does we'll, acts n'obly; an'gels/ could no mo're."
2. "Who lives to na'ture, ra'rely can be po'or;
Who lives to fan'cy, ne'ver can be ric'h."

ECHO.

I HAVE adopted this name, says Mr. Walker, for want of a better, to express that repetition of a word or thought, which immediately arises from a word or thought that preceded it. When in narrative or didactic composition, the *echoing* word is merely pronounced with the rising inflexion, and long pause; but when it implies any degree of passion, as in the following beautiful examples, this inflexion and pause must be accompanied with a high impassioned tone. (For the sake of distinction, the echoing word has been printed in italics.)

1. "Newton was a Christian! *New'ton!* whose mind burst forth from the fetters cast by nature on our finite conceptions—*New'ton!* whose science was truth, and the foundation of whose knowledge of it was philosophy; not those visionary and arrogant presumptions which too often usurp its name, but philo'sophy/ resting on the basis of mathematics, whi'ch, like figures, cannot li'e—*New'ton!* who carried the line and rule to the utmost barriers of creation, and explored the principles by whi'ch (no do'ubt) all created matter is held together and exi'sts."*—*Erskine*.

* That this seems to be the *natural* pronunciation of the echoing word, the Editor begs to state, that several years ago, when in the habit of reciting the admirable speech from which the above example is extracted, and long before he became acquainted with Mr. Walker's system, he used to adopt the tone and inflexion here recommended for its pronunciation.

2. "With 'mysterious reverence' I forbear to descant on those serious and interesting rites, for the more august and solemn celebration of which Fashion nightly convenes these splendid myriads to her more sumptuous temples. *Rites*! which (when engaged in with due devotion) absorb the whole soul, and call every passion into exercise, (except those indeed of love and peace, and kindness and gentleness.) *Inspiring-rites*! which stimulate fear, rouse hope, kindle zeal, quicken dullness, sharpen discernment, exercise memory, inflame curiosity!—*Rites*! in short, in the due performance of which, all the energies and attentions, all the powers and abilities, all the abstraction and exertion, all the diligence and devotedness, all the sacrifice of time, all the contempt of ease, all the neglect of sleep, all the oblivion of care, all the risks of fortune (half-of-which, if directed to their true-objects, would change the very face of the world), all these are concentrated to one-point; a *point*", in which the wise and the weak, the learned and the ignorant, the fair and the frightful, the sprightly and the dull, the rich and the poor, the patrician and plebeian, meet in one common uniform equality: an *equality*,* as religiously respected in these solemnities, in which all distinctions are levelled at a blow, and of which the very spirit is therefore democratical, as it is combated in all other-instances."—*Hannah More*.

RHETORICAL PUNCTUATION.

THE following rules are also extracted from Mr. Walker's "Elements of Elocution and Rhetorical Grammar," and cannot fail to prove interesting to the admirer of correct reading.

RULE I.

When a nominative consists of more than one word,—or of one important word—it is necessary to pause after it. (A slanting line, it will be recollected, indicates the pause.)

* The words "point" and "equality" must also be pronounced with the emphatic rising inflexion, and the word "rites" more emphatical every time it is repeated, and the pause after it longer.

EXAMPLES.

1. "The dec'ays of ag'e/ must term'inate in deat'h."
2. "The expe'rience of cala'mity/ is necessary to a just sense of be'tter-fortune."
3. "Phil'osophy/ makes us w'iser; Chris'tianity/ makes us bet'ter-men."
4. "The go'spel/ is the comforter of the wretched."

Note.—When a sentence consists of a nominative and a verb unattended by adjuncts, no pause is necessary; as, "Alexander wept."

RULE II.

Whatever member intervenes between the nominative case and the verb, is of the nature of a parenthesis, and must be separated from both of them by a short pause.

EXAMPLES.

1. "Tri'als/ in this state of be'ing/ are the lot of m'an."
2. "Ho'nest-endeavours/ if perse'vered-in/ will finally be succe'ssful."
3. Disappoi'ntments and afflic'tions/—however disagr'eeable/—often impr'ove us."
4. "Such is the constitution of men, that vir'tue/—however it may be neglected for a ti'me/—will ultimately be ackno'w-ledged and respec'ted."

RULE III.

Whatever member intervenes between the verb and the accusative case, is of the nature of a parenthesis, and must be separated from both by a short pause.

EXAMPLES.

1. "I knew a person who possessed the faculty of distin-guishing flavours in so great a perfection, that, after having tasted ten different kinds of tea, he would distin'guish—without seeing the co'LOUR-of-it/—the particular sort which was offered him."
2. "A man of a fine taste in wr'iting will dis'cern/—after the same ma'nner/—not only the general beauties and imper-fect'ions of an au'thor, but discover the several ways of thinking and expressing himself, which diversify hi'm/ from all o'ther au'thors."

RULE IV.

When two verbs come together, and the latter is in the infinitive mood, if any word come between, they must be separated from the latter verb by a pause.

EXAMPLE.

“ Whether ’tis nobler in the mind/ to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fo’rtune ;
O’r/ to take ar’ms/ against a se’a of tro’ubles,
An’d/ by oppo’sing, en’d-them ?”

Note.—When the verb *to be* is followed by a verb in the infinitive mood, which may serve as a nominative case to it, and the phrases before and after the verb may be transposed, then the pause falls between the verbs : thus, “ The greatest misery is/ to be condemned by our own hearts.” “ His highest enjoyment was/ to relieve the distressed.”

RULE V.

Nouns in apposition, or words in the same case, where the latter is only explanatory of the former, have a short pause between them, either if both these nouns consist of many terms, or the latter only.

EXAMPLES.

1. “ Ho’pe/, the balm of li’fe/, soothes us under every misfortune.”

2. “ Conte’nt/, the offspring of vi’rtue, dwells both in retirement, and in the ac’tive-scenes of li’fe.”

3. “ Solomon the son of Da’vid/, and the builder of the temple of Jeru’salem, was the richest mo’narch/ that reigned over the Jew’ish-people.”

Note.—If the two nouns are single, no pause is admitted ; as, “ Paul the Apostle ;” “ King George ;” but if the latter consists of many terms, a short pause is necessary ; as, “ Pa’ul—the apostle of the Gen’tiles ;” “ George—king of Gre’at-Britain,” &c.

RULE VI.

Who, Which, when in the nominative case, and the pronoun that, when used for who or which, require a short pause before them.

EXAMPLES.

1. "Death is the se'son/ which brings our affections to the te'st."

2. "Nothing is in vai'n/ that rouses the so'ul : nothing in vai'n/ that keeps the ethereal fire ali've and glo'wing."

3. "A man can never be obliged to submit to any power, unless he can be sa'tisfied/ wh'o is the pe'rson/ who has a rig'ht/ to ex'ercise it."

Note.—There are several words, usually called adverbs, which include in them the power of the relative pronoun, and will therefore admit of a pause before them : such as *when*, *why*, *wherefore*, *how*, *where*, *whither*, *whether*, *whence*, *while*, *till*, or *until*. It must be observed, however, that when a preposition comes before one of these relatives, the pause is before the preposition ; and that if any of these words are the last word of the sentence, or clause of a sentence, no pause is admitted before it ; as, "I have read the book, of *which* I have heard so much commendation, but I know not the reason why. I have heard one of the books much commended, but I cannot tell which," &c. It must likewise be observed, that if the substantive which governs the relative, and makes it assume the genitive case, comes before it, no pause is to be placed either before *which*, or the preposition that governs it.

EXAMPLE.

"The passage of the Jordan is a figure of baptism, by the grace *of which*, the new-born Christian passes from the sla'very of si'n, into a state of fre'edom/ peculiar to the chosen so'ns of Go'd."

RULE VII.

When that is used as a conjunction, it ought always to be preceded by a short pause.

EXAMPLES.

1. "It is in society o'nly/ that we can relish those pure delicious jo'ys/ which embellish and gladden the life of man."

2. "The custom and familiarity of these tongues do sometimes so far influence the expressions in these epistles/ that one may observe the force of the He'brew conjuga'tions"

RULE VIII.

At the end of every line in poetry must be a pause proportioned to the intimate or remote connexion subsisting between the two lines.

A simile in poetry ought always to be read in a lower tone of voice than that part of the passage which precedes it.

Sublime, grand, and magnificent description in poetry, frequently requires a lower tone of voice, and a sameness nearly approaching to a monotone.

In contradistinction to the recorded opinion of a clever Elocutionist on the subject of Rhetorical Punctuation, the Editor of the "Rhetorical Reader" ventures to say, that one of the great secrets, as well as *charms*, in the art of reading and speaking (as in SINGING) is to know "when, and where, and how" to breathe; and that judicious rhetorical pausing constitutes an important, *indispensable* portion of the science. The remaining pauses—neither few in number, nor *minor* in importance—will appear in the course of the work as *foot-notes*.

THE
RHETORICAL READER.

THE DEAD ASS.

STERNE.

AND thi's, said he', (putting the remains of a cru'st/ into his wal'let)—and thi's/ should have been *thy'* portion (said he'), ha'dst thou been ali've/ to have shar'ed it with me. I thoug'ht, by the ac'cent, it had been an apostrophe to his child'; but it was to his A'ss;* and to the very ass/ we had seen dead in the road', which had occasioned La Fleur's misadven'ture. The man/ seemed to la'ment it much'; and, it instantly brought into my min'd/ *Sáncho's*-lamentation for *hi's*; but *h'e* did it/ with more *true* tou'ches of na'ture.

The m'ourner/ was sitting upon a stone bench/ at the door', with the ass's pan'nel and its bri'dle/ on one side', which he took u'p/ from time' to time'—then', laid them down'—look'ed at them, and sh'ook his head'. He then took his crust of bread out of his wal'let again', as if to eat' it; held it some ti'me/ in his ha'nd—the'n/ laid it upon the bit' of his ass's bri'dle—looked wist'fully/ at the little arra'ngement/ he had ma'de—and then', gave a sigh'.

The *simplici'ty* of his grie'f/ drew numbers abo'ut him, and La Fleur/ among the rest', while the horses were getting ready': as I continued sitting in the postchaise', I could see and hear/ over their heads'.

He s'aid/ he had come last from Spain', where he had been from the farthest borders of Franco'nia; and had got so far' on his return home', when the ass died'. Every one/ seemed desi'rous to know', *what* business could have taken so *old* and *poor* a man', so far a jou'rney/ from his own home'.

* "Ass" requires the falling circumflex. See foot note, p. 5, "Introductory Outline."

It had pleased Hea'ven, he said', to bless him with three sons', the finest la'ds/ in all Ge'rmany; but, having in one week lost two of them by the small' pox, and the young'est/ falling ill of the same distemper, he was afraid of being bereft' of them a'll, and made a vow', if Heaven would not take hi'm from him al'so, he would go'/ in gra'titude/ to St. Ia'go/ in Spa'in.

When the mourner got thus far in his sto'ry, he stop'ed, to pay nature her tri'bute—and wept bit'terly.

He said/ Heaven had ac'cepted the condi'tions; and that he had set out from his cot'tage/ with this poor crea'ture, who had been a *patient pa'rtnr* of his jo'urney—that it had eaten the same bre'a'd with him all the way', and was unto *him*', as a *friend*'.

Every body/ who stood about' heard the poor* fellow with concern'—La Fleur' offered him money'—The mourner said/ he di'd not want it—it was not the *va'lue* of the ass—but the *loss*† of him—The ass, he said', he was assured loved him—and, upon this', told them a long story of a mischance' upon their pas'sage, over the Pyrenean moun'tains, which had separated them from each o'ther three days; during which time the ass had sought *hi'm*/ as much as he had sought the *a'ss*, and that neither/ had scarce eaten' nor‡ dru'nk/ till they met'.

Thou hast *one* comfort, friend, said I, at least', in the loss of thy poor beast'; I am sure thou hast been a *mer'ciful* mas'ter to him.—Al'as! (said the mo'urner,) I thought' so, when he was alive/, but no'w he is *de'ad*/ I think' other'wise—I fear the wei'ght of *myself*' and my *afflic'tions* toge'ther, have been too mu'ch for him—they have shortened the poor crea'ture's days', and I fea'r/ I have them to an'swer for.—Shame on the world'! (said I to my'self)—Did we but love *e'ach o'ther*'/ as this poor soul/ loved his *ass*'—'twould be some'thing.

* It may be laid down as a general rule respecting the pronunciation of adjectives, that they ought never to receive a more than ordinary stress of voice—never superior to the substantive, unless they are obviously antithetic.

† “*Loss*,” and “*one*,” are both marked with the falling circumflex, thus .

‡ The legitimate correspondent of *neither* is *nor*.—IRVING.

MARIA.

FIRST PART.

STERNE.

—THEY were the *sweetest* notes/ I ever heard'; and I instantly let down the for'e-glass/ to hear them *more* distinctly — 'Tis Mari'a, said the postillion, (observing I was list'ening) — *Poor* Maria', continued he', (leaning his body on one side to let me see her, for/ he was in a line between us') is sitting upon a bank/ playing her vespers upon her pipe', with her little go'at/ beside her.

The young fellow/ uttered thi's/ with an ac'cent and a look/ so perfectly in tune/ to a *feeling heart*, that I instantly made a vow, I would give him a four-and-twenty sous pie'ce/ when I got to Moulines'.

—And *who*' is poor Maria? said I.

The *love* and *pity* of all the villages aro'und us, said the postillion: it is but three years ag'o, that the sun did not shine upon so *fair*', so *quick-witted*, and *amiable*-a-maid,* and better fate/ did Maria dese'rve, than to have her ban'ns forb'd/ by the intrigues of the curate of the pa'rish/ who pu'lished them—

He was going o'n, when Mari'a (who had made a short pause') put the pipe to her mouth', and began the air again'—they were the *same* notes—yet were ten times *sweeter*. It is the evening service to the Vir'gin, said the young man'—but/ *who* has taught her to pla'y it—or, *how* she came by her pipe', no one knows': we think that Heâven has assisted her in both'; for/ e'ver since she has been unsettled in her mind', it seems her *only* consola'tion—she has never once had the pipe out of her hand', but plays that ser'vice upon it, a'lmost *night* and *day*.'

The postillion delivered this with so much discre'tion and natural eloquence, that I could not help decip'hering something in his face/ *above* his condi'tion, and should have sifted out his his'tory, had not poor Mari'a/ taken such *full* possession of me.

* "*Amiable-a-maid*" may be regarded as one rhetorical word. . .

We had g'ot/ by this tim'e/ almost to the ba'nk/ where Maria was sitting: she was in a thin/* white jac'ket, with her hai'r (all but two tres'ses) drawn up in a silken ne't, with a few olive leaves (twisted a little fantas'tically) on *one* si'de—she was *beau'tiful*; and, if e'ver I felt the *full force*' of an honest heart'-ache, it was the moment I sa'w her——

God he'lp-her !-poor-dam'sel ! above a hundred m'asses (said the posti'llion) have been said in the several parish church'es and con'vents ar'ound-for-her—b'ut, *without effe'ct*: we have still ho'pes (as she is sensible for short in'tervals), that the Vir'gin/ at last/ will restore her to herself; but, her pa'rents (who kno'w her best') are hopeless upon that score, and think'/ her sen'ses/ are *lost/ for e'ver*.

As the postillion spoke this, Maria made a cadence so *me'lancholy*, so *ten'der*, and *que'rulous*, that I sprang out of the cha'ise/ to he'lp her, and found myself si'tting/ betwixt her' and her goat', before I relap'sed/ from my enth'usiasm.

Maria looked wis'tfully/ for some time at me', and th'en/ at her goat',—and then at me'—and then at her goat' ag'ain, and so' on/ alter'nately.

——Well',-Maria,-(said-I-so'fly)——What resem'blance do you fin'd ?

I do entreat the candid reader to believ'e me, that it was from the hum'blest convic'tion of what a bêast man is',—that I asked the ques'tion; and that I would not have let fallen an *unseasonable* plea'santry, in the *venerable* presence of Mi'sery, to be entitled to all the wit/ that ever *Ra'belais* scattered.

Adieu', Maria' !—adieu', poor', hap'less dam'sel !—some time' (but not now') I may hear thy sorrows from thy *own* lips—but, I was deceiv'ed; fo'r/ that mo'ment she took her pi'pe, and told me such a tale of w'oe/ with it, that I rose up', and/† with bro'ken and irre'gular steps', walked softly to my chaise'.

SECOND PART.

When we had got within half a league of Moulines', at a little opening in the ro'ad/ leading to a thick'et, I discovered

* When two or more adjectives come together, it is necessary to pause between them ;—care being taken to give the last the most accentual force.

† Our duty at "and" and "but," in nine cases out of ten, is to take a breath, and keep the voice up.

poor Mari'a/ sitting under a pop'lar—she was sitting with her el'bow/ in her lap', and her he'ad (leaning on one side') within her hand—a small brook/ ran at the fo'ot of the tre'e.

I bade the postillion go on with the chaise to Moulines'—and La Fleur to bespeak my sup'per—and that I should w'alk after him.

She was dressed in white', a'nd/ mu'ch as my friend de-s'cribed her, except that her hair hung loose', which before was twis'ted/ within a silken ne't. She had superadded likewise to her jac'ket a pale-green rib'band, which fell across her shoul'der/ to the waist'; at the end of which/ hung her pipe'. Her go'at/ had been as faith'less as her lover'; and she had got a little d'og/ in lieu' of him, which she kept tied by a strin'g/ to her gir'dle; as I looked at her dog', she drew him towards her with the string—"Thou shalt not leave me, Sylvio," said she'. I looked in Maria's eyes', and saw she was thinking more of her fu'ther/ than of her lov'er/ or/ her little g'oat; for, as she uttered the words', the te'ars/ trickled down her chee'ks.

I sat down close by' her'; and Maria let me wipe them awa'y/ as they fell', with my hand'kerchief. I then steeped it in my own—and then in hers'—and, then in mine'—and then I wiped hers' again'—an'd, a's I did' it, I felt such un-describable emo'tions within' me, as I am sure could not be acco'unted for/ from any' combinations of mat'ter and mo'tion.

I am positive I have a soul'; no'r/ can all the books' (with which materialists have pestered the world') e'ver convi'nce me of the con'trary.

When Maria had come a little to herself, I as'ked her, if she remembered a pale/ thin person of a man', who had sat down betwixt her' and her go'at/ about two years before'? She said, she was unsettled much at that time', but remembered it upon two' accounts—th'at, ill as she was', she saw the person pi'tied her; and next', that her goat had stolen his hand'kerchief, and she had bea'ten him/ for the the'ft—she had wa'shed it (she sa'id) in the brook', and kept it ever since in her poc'ket, to restore'-it-to-him/ (in case she should ever see him ag'ain), wh'ich (she added) he had half pro'mised her. As she told me thi's, she took the handkerchief out of her poc'ket/ to let me se'e it: she had folded it up neat'ly/ in a couple of vine leaves', tied round with a ten'dril—on o'pening it, I saw an S/ marked in one of the cor'ners.

She had since that' (she told' me) strayed as far as Rome', and walked round St. Peter's once—and returned back—that she found her way *alon'e/* across' the Apennines—had travelled over all *Lom'bardy/* without *mo'ney*—and through the flinty roads of *Sa'voy/* without *shoes* : how she had bo'rne it, and how she had got support'ed, she could not t'ell—but/ Go'd/ tempers the wind' (said Mari'a) to *the shorn' lamb*.

Shorn' indeed' ! and to the *quick*, said I ; and, wast thou in my own land', where I have a cot'tage, I would tak'e thee to it, and she'lter thee ; thou shouldst eat of my own bread', and drink' of my own cup—I would be kind to thy Syl'vio—in all thy we'aknesses and wan'derings I would s'eeke after thee, and bring thee back—when the sun went down/ I would say my prayers', and, when I had done', thou shouldst play the evening so'ng/ upon thy pipe' ; nor would the incense' of my sa'crifice be worse a'ccepted, for entering heaven along with tha't of a *broken he'art*.

Nature melted within me', as I uttered this' ; and Maria obse'rv'ing (as I took out my ha'ndkerchief) that it was steeped too much *alrea'dy* to be of u'se, would needs go wash it in the stream'—And where will you dr'y it, Maria ? said I—I will dry it in my *bo'som*, said she—it will do me good'. And is your heart *still* so warm, Mari'a ? said I'.

I touched upon the string' on which hung all her sor'rows—she look'ed/ (with wistful disor'der)* for some time in my face' ; and then' (without saying an'y-thing) took her pi'pe and played her service' to the Virgin'—The strin'g I had touch'ed/ ceased to vi'brate—in a mo'ment or two', Maria returned to herself—let her pipe fall', and rose up'.

And where are you go'ing, Mari'a ? said I. She said, To Moulines'—Let us go' (said I') *together*. Maria put *her* arm within mine', an'd, le'nghthening the string to let the dog fol'low—in *that* o'rder, we entered Moulines'.

Though I hate salutations and greetings in the mar'ket-place, yet/ when we got into the middle of *this/* I stop'ed, to take my *last* lo'ok/ and *last* farewell' of Mari'a.

Mari'a, though not tall', was/ neverthele'ss/ of the *first* order of fine forms'—affliction/ had touch'ed her looks' with some'thing/ that was scarce earth'ly—st'ill she was fe'minine :

* Every illustrative or explanatory adverbial phrase will be improved, if read *parenthetically*.

—and/ so much was there about her of all that the *heart/ wishes/* or the *eye/ looks for* in wo'man, that, could the traces be ever worn out of *her brain'*, and those of *Eliza* out of *mine'*, she should not only eat of *my bread'*, and drink of *my own cup'*, but, Ma'ria should lie' in my bosom', and b'e unto me, as a *daugh'ter*.

Adieu', poor', luck'less, ma'iden !—imbibe the o'il and win'e/ which the compas'sion of a stranger (as he journeyeth on his way') now pours into thy wounds—the Being, who has twice' bruised' thee, *can on'ly/ bind them u'p/ for ever'*.

LIBERTY AND SLAVERY.

STERNE.

DISGUISE thyself/ as thou wilt, still, Sla'very ! *still* thou art a *bitter dr'aught* ; and, though tho'usands/ in all a'ges/ have been made to dr'ink of thee, thou art no *less bitter/* on that acc'ount. It is th'ou LI'BERTY ! thrice swe'et and gracious g'oddes (whom all in pu'blic or in *private* wor'ship), whose taste is gra'teful, and e'ver will be so, till Nature *her'self* shall cha'nge—no tint of words can spo't *thy* snowy ma'ntle, nor chymic power turn *thy* sceptre into *iron*—with *thee* to smi'le upon him (as he eats his cr'ust), the *swai'n* is ha'ppier than his *monarch*, from whose co'urt/* thou art exil'ed Gracious He'aven ! grant me but hea'lth (thou great Best'ower-of-it), and give me but this fair go'ddes/ as my companion ; and shower do'wn thy mi'tres (if it seem *goo'd* unto thy divine pro'vidence) upon *those* he'ads/ which are *ach'ing* for them.

Pursuing these ideas, I sat down close by my ta'ble, a'nd, leaning my hea'd upon my ha'nd, I began to figure to my'self the mi'series of *confine'ment*. I was in a right fra'me for it, and so I gave full sc'ope/ to my ima'gination.

I was going to begin with the *millions* of my fellow-c'reatures, bo'rn to *no inheri'tance but† sla'very* ; but fi'nding

* Our general duty before a personal pronoun, as well as before proper nouns, is to take a breath and keep the voice up.

† As a general rule, when "but" means *except*, and immediately precedes a noun or pronoun, it virtually becomes a preposition—governing the noun or pronoun in the objective case, and always requiring to be pronounced with accentual, almost with *emphatic*, force.

(however affecting the picture was) that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it, did but distract me——

I took a single captive, and/ having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his *grated* door/ to take his picture.

I beheld his body—half was'ted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt *what kind* of sickness of the heart it is/ which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish: in thirty years/ the western breeze/ had not once fanned his blood—he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time—nor/ had the voice of friend or kinsman/ breathed through his lattice. His children—

But here my *heart* began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with *another* part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground/ upon a little straw, in the farthest corner of his dungeon, which was/ alternately/* his *chair* and *bed*: a little calendar of small sticks/ was laid at the head, notched all over/ with the dismal days and nights/ he had passed there—he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and, with a rusty nail, he was etching *another* day of *misery*/ to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light/ he *had*, he lifted up a *hopeless* eye towards the door, then, cast it down—shook his head, and went on with his work of *affliction*. I heard his chains upon his legs/ as he turned his body/ to lay his little stick upon the bundle—He gave a deep sigh—I saw the iron enter into his *soul*—I burst into tears—(I could not sustain the picture of confinement, which my *fancy* had drawn.)

ON SATIRICAL WIT.

ADDISON.

Trust me, this unwary pleasantry of thine will (sooner or later) bring thee into scrapes and difficulties, which/ no after-wit/ can extricate thee out-of. In these allies, too oft, I see,

* Every significant adverb, as well as every adverbial phrase, requires a pause both before and after it.

it ha'ppens, that the person la'ughed-at/ considers himself in the lig'ht of a person in'jured, with all the ri'ghts of such a situation belon'ging-to-him; an'd/ when thou viewest him in that light to'o, and reckonest upon his fri'ends, his fa'mily, his kind're'd and all'ies, and mustertest up with them the many re-cru'its/ which will list under him from a sense of common da'n-ger; 'tis no extravagant a'rithmetic to sa'y, th'at/ for every ten jo'kes, thou hast got a hundred e'nemies; a'nd, till thou hast gone o'n, and raised a swarm of wasps about thine e'ars, and art half stung to dea'th b'y them, thou wilt never be convi'nced it i's so.

I cannot suspect it in the m'an/ whom I este'em, that there is the least spu'r from spleen' or ma'levolence of inten't in these sal'ies. I bel'eve and kno'w-them/ to be truly hon'est and sp'ortive; but, con'sider, that fo'ols cannot distinguish thi's, and that kn'aves/ will not; and thou knowest not w'hat it i's, either to provo'ke the o'ne, or/ make me'rry with the o'ther; whenever they associate for mutual defe'nce, depen'd-upon-it/ they will carry on the wa'r/ in such a man'ner/ aga'inst thee, my dear fri'end, as to make thee heartily sick of i't and of thy li'fe to'o.

Reve'nge (from some baneful co'rner) shall level a tale of dishon'our a't thee, whi'ch/ no i'nnocence of hea'rt or inte'grity of con'duct/ shall set rig'ht. The fortunes of thy ho'use/ shall tot'ter,—thy cha'racter (which led the wa'y to them) shall bleed on every si'de-of-it—thy fa'ith/ ques'tioned—thy works/ belie'd—thy wi't/ forgo'tten—thy lea'rning/ tram'pled on. To wind up the last scene of thy tragedy, Cru'elty and Co'wardice (twin ru'ffians, hi'red and set o'n/ by ma'lice in the d'ark) shall strike to'gether/ at all thy infir'mities and mista'kes;—the bes't of u's (my fri'end) lie o'pen ther'e; and, tru'st me, whe'n (to gratify a private a'ppetite) it is once resolved upo'n, that an in'nocent and help'less-creature shall be sa'crificed, it is an easy ma'tter/ to pick up sti'cks/ enou'gh/ from any thic'ket where it has str'ayed, to make a fi're/ to offer it u'p-with.

ON CHEERFULNESS.

ADDISON.

I HAVE always preferred cheerfulness to mi'rth.* The

* "Cheerfulness," being the positive emphasis, requires the falling slide; "mirth," the negative, has the rising inflection.

latter/ I consider as an *a'ct*, the *for'mer*/ as a *lov'it-of-the-mind*. Mirth is sho'rt and tran'sient; *cheer'fulness* fixed and per'manent. Those/ are often raised into the greatest transports of m'irth, who are su'bject/ to the greatest depressions of *me'lancholy*: on the con'trary, che'erfulness (though it does not give the mind such an *ex'quisite glad'ness*) prevents us from falling into any *de'pths-of-so'rrow*. Mirth is like a flash of li'ghtning, that breaks through a gloom of clou'ds, and glitters for a mo'ment; *che'erfulness*/ keeps up a kind of day'light in the mi'nd, and fills it with a *steady* and *perpetual* se'renity.

Men of austere prin'ciples/ look upon m'irth as too wa'nton and diss'olute for a state of prob'ation, and as filled with a certain *triumph* and *in'solence* of h'eart, that are inconsistent with a life which i's/ every mo'ment/ obno'xious to the greatest dan'gers. Writers of this complexion have obse'rv'd, that the SACRED PE'rson, who was the GREAT PATTERn of perfe'ction, was never seen/ to lau'gh.

Cheerfulness of mind/ is not liable to any' of these exc'ep-tions: it is of a se'rious and compo'sed-nature; it does not throw the m'ind/ into a condition/ improp'er for the present state of hum'anity; and is very conspi'cuous/ in the characters of tho'se/ who are looked up'on/ as the greatest philo'sophers/ among the He'athens, as well as among tho'se/ who have been deservedly esteem'ed/ as saint's/ and ho'ly-men/ among *Christians*.

If we consider ch'eerfulness in three lig'hts, with reg'ard to *our'selves*, to tho'se/ we *converse* with, and, to the 'great *Author* of our be'ing,* it will not a little recommend it'self/ on each-of-these-accounts. The man/ who is possessed of *this* excellent frame of mi'nd, is not only easy in his *tho'ughts*, but a perfect mas'ter of all the *po'wers* and *fa'culties* of his sou'l: his imagina'tion/ is always cle'ar, and his judg'ment/ undistur'bed: his tem'per is e'ven and unr'uffled, whe'ther in *ac'tion* or in *so'litude*. He co'mes/ with a re'llish/ to all those goo'ds/ which *n'ature*/ has provid'ed-for-him, tastes all the pleasures of the crea'tion/ which are *po'u'ed* upon him, and does not feel the *fu'll* weight of those *accidental* e'vils/ which *may*-beka'll-him.

If we consider him in relation to the persons whom he *conve'r'ses* with, /it naturally produ'ces *lov'e* and *good-wi'll* to-

* When any of the various appellations of the Deity occur in reading, the voice should assume a solemn and reverential tone.

wards him. A cheerful mi'nd/ is not only disposed to be a fable and obliging, but raises the same good humour in tho'se/ who come within its influence. A man finds himself pleased (he does not know *why*) with the *cheerfulness*-of-his-companion: it is like a sudden sun'shine, that awakens a sacred delight in the mi'nd, without her attending-to-it. The heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendship and benev'olence/ towards the p'erson who has so *kindly* an *effect*-upon-it.

When I consider this cheerful state of min'd/ in its *third* relation, I cannot but lo'ok-upon-it/ as a constant, habitual gra'titude/ to the Au'thor of na'ture. An inward cheerfulness/ is an implicit praise and thanksgiving to Pro'vidence/ under a'll its dispensations. It is a kind of acquiescence/ in the sta'te/ wherei'n we are placed, and a secret approbation-of the Divine will, in his conduct/ towards man'.

A man/ who uses his *best endeavours*/ to live according to the dictates of vir'tue and right rea'son, has two *perpetual*-sources of cheerfulness, (in the consideration of his own na'ture, and of that Be'ing/ on whom he has a depen'dance.) If he looks into him'self, he cannot but rejoice in that exi'stence/ which is so lately bestowed upon him, and which (after millions of a'ges) will be *still new*, and *still* in its *beginning*. How many *self-congratulations*/ naturally rise in the mi'nd, when it reflects/ on thi's/ its entrance into e'ternity, when it takes a view of those improveable fa'culties, which in a few ye'ars (and even at its *first setting o'ut*) have made so *considerable* a progress, and which/ will be still receiving an increase of perfection, and, co'nsequently, an in'crease of HAPPINESS !* The con'sciousness-of-such-a-being/† spreads a perpetual diffusion of joy/ through the soul of a vir'tuous-man, and makes him look upon him'self every moment/ as *more happy*/ than he knows *ho'w*/ to *conceive*.

The *second* source-of-cheerfulness/ to a *good-mind*/ is its consideration of that Be'ing, o'n whom we have our depen'dance, and in 'whom (though we behold him as *y'et*/ but in

* Nouns ending in *ness* should have the *e* carefully sounded, and the termination should not be pronounced *niss*, as we too frequently hear it. The same rule should be observed in the pronunciation of nouns ending in *ent*.

† It will be observed, as in other similar combinations, that "con-sci-ous-ness-of-such-a-being" is one Rhetorical word, with the accent upon "*con*."

the *first*, *faint*-discoveries of his perfections) we see every-thing/ that we can imagine/ as *great*, *glorious*, or *amiable*. We find ourselves every where upheld by his *goodness*, and surrounded/ with an immensity of *love* and *mercy*. In short/, we depend upon a Being, whose *power* qualifies him to make us happy/ by an *infinity* of *means*, whose *goodness* and *truth*/ engage him to make *those happy*/ who *desire*-it-of-him, and whose *unchangeableness* will *secure* us/ in this happiness to all *eternity*.*

Concluding tone.

ON SINCERITY.

TILLOTSON.

TRUTH and sincerity have all the advantages of *appearance*, and many *more*. If the *show* of any thing/ be *good* for any thing, I am sure the *reality* is *better*; for/ why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that/ which he is-not, but because he thinks it *good*/ to have the qualities/ he pretends to? For/ to counterfeit and to dissemble, is to put on the appearance of some *real* excellency. Now, the best way for a man to *seem* to be any thing, is *really*-to-be what he would *seem*-to-be. Besides, it is often as troublesome to support the *pretence* of a good quality, as to *have* it; and, if a man have it not, it is most likely he will be discovered to want it, and then/ all his labour/ to *seem*-to-have-it, is lost. (There is something unnatural in *painting*, which a *skillful*-eye/ will easily discern from *native* beauty and complexion.)

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for/ where *truth* is not at the bottom, *nature* will always be endeavouring to return, and will betray herself/ at *one* time or other. Therefore, if any man think it convenient to *seem good*, let him be so *indeed*, and then his goodness will appear to every one's satisfaction; for/ truth is convincing, and carries its own light and evidence along with it, and, will not only commend us/ to every man's conscience, but (which is much more) to God, who searcheth our hearts. So that upon all accounts *sincerity* is *true*-wisdom. Particularly/ as to

* Such a tone and modulation should be employed when a lesson is about to be finished, as to show the hearer (without his being told) that the subject is drawing to a close.

the affairs of *this* world, *integrity* hath many advantages over all the artificial modes of dissimulation and deceit. It is much the *plainer* and *easier*, much the *safer* and more *secure* way/ of dealing in the world; it has less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard-in-it; it is the *shortest* and *nearest* way to our end, carrying us thither/ in a straight line, and will hold out, and last longest. The arts of deceit/ continually grow weaker, and less effectual to those/ that practise them; whereas, *integrity*/ gains strength by use, and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by *confirming* his reputation, and encouraging those/ with whom he hath to do, to repose the greatest confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in business, and the affairs of life.

A dissembler must always be upon his guard, and watch himself carefully, that he do not contradict his own pretensions; (for he acts an unnatural part, and, therefore, must put a continual force and restraint upon himself.) Whereas, *he* that acts *sincerely*, hath the *easiest task* in the world; because he follows nature, and is put to no trouble and care/ about his words and actions; *he* needs not invent any pretences *before*-hand, or make excuses *afterwards*, for any thing/ he has *said*/ or *done*;—

But, *insincerity** is very troublesome to manage; a hypocrite/ hath so many-things to attend to, as make *his* life a very *perplexed* and *intricate* thing. A liar/ hath need of a good memory, lest he contradict at *one-time*/ what he said at *another*; but *truth*/ is always consistent with *itself*, and needs nothing/ to help *it* out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips; whereas a *lie*/ is troublesome, and needs a great *many more*/ to make it good.

Add to all this, that *sincerity*/ is the most *compendious* wisdom, and an excellent instrument/ for the speedy dispatch of business. It creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue/ in few words. It is like travelling in a *plain*, *beaten* road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end/ than *by-ways*, in which/ men often lose-themselves. In

* "Insincerity," I've "inconvenience," requires the rising *circumflex*. See page 5 of "Introductory Outline."

a world, whatever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but, the *inconvenience*-of-it/ is perpetual,* because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is-not-believed/ when he speaks truth, nor trusted/ when/ perhaps/ he means *honestly*. When a man hath *once* forfeited the reputation of his integrity, nothing will then serve his turn, neither *truth* nor *falsehood*.

Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion/ to converse *more* with mankind, never more need their good *opinion* or good *word*, it were then no great matter (as far as respects the affairs of *this*-world) if he spent his reputation all at *once*, and ventured it/ at *one* throw;—but, if he be to continue-in-the-world, and would have the advantage of *reputation*/ while he is in it, let him make use of *truth* and *sincerity*/ in all his words and actions; for/ nothing *but this*/ will hold out to the end. All *other* arts *may fail*, but truth and integrity/ will carry a man through, and bear him out, to the *last*.

CHARACTER OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

HUME.

THERE are few personages/ in his-story/ who have been more exposed/ to the calumny of enemies/ and the adulation of friends, than Queen Elizabeth, and yet there scarce is any/ whose reputation/ has been more *certainly* determined/ by the unanimous consent of posterity. The unusual length of her administration, and the strong features of her character, were able/ to overcome all prejudices; and, obliging her detractors/ to abate much of their invectives, and/ her admirers/ somewhat of their panegyrics, have, at last, (in spite of political factions, and, what is more, of religious animosities), produced a uniform judgment/ with regard to her conduct. Her vigour, her constancy, her magnanimity; her penetra-

* The rising circumflex (˘) is required at "inconvenience." This circumflex begins with the falling inflexion and ends with the rising upon the *same* syllable; and while it imparts to the word upon which it is placed a peculiarly significant emphasis, it seems to twist the voice upwards. See page 5.

tion, vigilance, and address, are allowed to merit the highest praises, and appear/ not to have been surpassed/ by any person/ who ever-filled-a-throne: a conduct less rigorous, less imperious, more sincere, more indùlgent, to her people, would have been requisite/ to have formed a perfect-character. By the force of her mind, she controlled all her more active and strong-qualities, and prevented them from running into excess. Her heroism/ was exempted from all temerity, her frugality/ from avarice, her friendship/ from partiality, her enterprises/ from turbulence/ and a vain ambition; she guarded not herself, with equal care/ or equal success, from less-infirmities—the rivalry of beauty, the desire of admiration, the jealousy of love, and the sallies of anger.

Her singular talents for government/ were founded/ equally/ on her temper, and on her capacity. Endowed with a great command over herself, she soon obtained an uncontrolled ascendant over the people; and/ while she merited all their esteem by her real-virtues, she also engaged their affections by her pretended-ones. Few sovereigns of England/ succeeded to the throne/ in more difficult-circumstances, and none/ ever conducted the government/ with such uniform success/ and felicity. Though unacquainted with the practice of toleration, (the true-secret for managing religious-factions), she preserved her people, by her superior prudence, from those confusions/ in which theological controversy/ had involved all the neighbouring-nations: and/ though her enemies/ were the most powerful princes of Europe, the most active, the most enterprising, the least scrupulous; she was able, by her vigour, to make deep impressions on their states; her own greatness (meanwhile) remaining untouched and unimpaired.

The wise ministers and brave warriors (who flourished during her reign) share the praise of her success; but, instead of lessening*-the-applause-due-to-her, they make great addition to it. They owed (all of them) their advancement to her choice; they were supported by her constancy; and, with all their ability, they were never able/ to acquire an undue ascendant over-her. In her family, in her court, in her kingdom/ she remained equally mistress. The force of the

* "Lessening the applause due to her," it will be observed, must be considered as one rhetorical word, having the inflexion placed over the principal accented syllable (less.)

tender passions/ was great over her, but the force of her mind/ was still superior; and the combat/ which her victory visibly cost her, serves only/ to display the firmness of her resolution, and the loftiness of her ambitious sentiments.

The fame of this princess (though it has surmounted the prejudices/ both of faction and of bigotry), yet lies still exposed to another prejudice, which/ is more durable, because more natural; and which (according to the different views in which we survey-her) is capable/ either of exalting beyond measure, or diminishing the lustre of her character. This prejudice/ is founded/ on the consideration of her sex. When we contemplate her as a woman, we are apt/ to be struck with the highest admiration of her qualities and extensive capacity; but/ we are also apt/ to require some more softness of disposition, some greater lenity of temper, some of those amiable weaknesses/ by which her sex/ is distinguished. But/ the true method of estimating her merit is/* to lay aside all these considerations, and to consider her merely as a rational being, placed in authority, and entrusted with the government of mankind. We may find it difficult/ to reconcile our fancy to her/ as a wife or a mistress; but her qualities/ as a sovereign (though with some considerable exceptions) are the object of undisputed applause/ and approbation.

Concluding note: see p. 41.

Additional Note by the Author of Waverley.

Queen Elizabeth/ had a character/ strangely compounded of the strongest masculine sense, with those foibles/ which are chiefly supposed proper/ to the female sex. Her subjects/ had the full benefit of her virtues, (which far predominated over her weaknesses); but her courtiers, and those about her person, had often to sustain sudden and embarrassing turns of caprice, and the sallies of a temper/ which was both jealous/ and despotic. She was the nursing-mother of her people, but she was also the true daughter of Henry VIIIth; and/ though early sufferings and an excellent education/ had repressed and modified, they had not altogether destroyed the hereditary temper of that "hard-ruled King." "Her mind" (says her witty god-son, Sir John Harrington, who had experienced/ both the smiles and the frowns which he describes) "was ofttime

† For the propriety of pausing after the verb *to be*, see Note of Rule IV. page 30.

like the gentle a'ir, that cometh from the western po'int/ in a summer's mo'rn,—'twas sweet and refreshing to a'll/ aroun'd-ne'r. Her spe'ech/ did win all affe'ctions. And aga'in, she could put forth such alter'ations (when obe'dience was la'cking) as left no doubting *whose* daughter she wa's. When she s'miled, it was a pure su'n-shine, that every one did choose to ba'sk in, if he co'uld ; but/ an'on/ came a st'orm, from a sudden gathering of clo'uds, and the thunder fe'll (in a wondrous manner) on a'll alike."

The mind of England's Eli'zabeth, in sho'rt, was of that fir'm and decided-character/ which soon recovers its natural to'ne. It was like one of those ancient/ druidical m'onuments, called ro'ck-ing-stones. The finger of Cu'pid (*bóy* as he is páinted) could put her feelings in m'otion, but the power of Hércules/ could not destro'y their equi'l'ibrium.

Concluding line.

CHARACTER OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

ROBERTSON.

To all the cha'rms of be'auty, and the* utmost elegance of external f'orm, Mary added those acco'mplishments/ which render their impression irrisis'tible. Poli'te, a'ffable, in'sinuating, sprightly, and capable of spe'aking/ and of w'riting/ with equal ease/ and di'gnity. Sudden, however, and violent in all her atta'chments, because her heart was w'arm/ and unsuspi'cious. Impatient of contradi'ction, because she had been acc'ustomed/ from her in'fancy/ to be treated as a qu'een. No stranger, on s'ome-occasions, to dissimula'tion ; which (in that perfidious court/ where she received her éducation) was r'eckoned/ among the nécessary-arts-of-government.† Not insensible to fl'attery, or unconscious of that ple'asure/ with which almost every wo'man/ beholds the i'nfluence of her own bea'uty. Formed with the qu'alities/ that we lo've, not with the tálents/ that we ad-m're, she was an agreeable wo'man, rather than an illustrious que'en.

The vivacity of her spi'rit (not sufficiently tempered with sound ju'dgment), and the warmth of her h'eart (which was not/ at a'll times/ under the restraint of discr'etion), bet'rayed-

* When the definite article occurs before words that commence with a vowel or silent *h*, it should be sounded nearly like the pronoun *thee*.—Ed.

† "Necessary arts of government," is one rhetorical word.

her/ bo'th into e'rrors and into cr'imes. To say that she was always unf'ortunate, will not account for that long and almost uninterrupted succession of calamities/ which befel' her: we must likewise a'dd, that she was often impru'dent. Her passion for Darnley/ was ra'sh, yo'uthful, and exce'ssive. A'nd, though the sudden transition to the opposite extr'eme/ was the natural effect of her ill-requited lov'e, and of his ingra'titude, in'solence, and brut'ality; yet neither these, nor Bothwell's artful addre'ss and important se'rvice's, can ju'stify-her-attachment to that nobleman. Even the manners of the a'ge (licentious as they we're) are no apology for *this* unhappy p'assion; nor can they induce us/ to look on that tragical and infamous sce'ne/ which followed-upon-it/ with less abho'rrence. Humanity/ will draw a veil over this part of her cha'racter, which it can not app'rove; and may perhaps prompt so'me/ to impute her actions to her situa'tion, mo're than to her disposition; and to lam'ent the unhappiness of the fo'rmer, rather than accu'se the p'erverseness of the lat'ter. Mary's sufferings exce'ed (both in degr'ee and in dura'tion) those tragical distre'sses/ which fancy has feigned to excite so'rrow and commiser'ation; and/ while we sur'vey them, we are a'pt/ altoget'her/ to forget her fra'ilities; we think of her fau'lt's with less indigna'tion; and approve of our te'ars, as if they were shed for a p'erson/ who had attained much ne'arer/ to pu're-virtue.

With regard to the queen's pe'rson, (a circumstance not to be omitted in writing the history of a fe'male-reign) all contemporary a'uthors agre'e/ in ascri'bing to Ma'ry the utmost beauty of coun'tenance and ele'gance of sh'ape of which the human fo'rm/ is ca'pable. Her h'air was black, tho'ugh (ac-cording to the fashion of that a'ge) she frequently wore bor-rowed lo'cks, and of different co'lours. Her ey'es/ were a dark gre'y, her comple'xion/ was exquisitely fi'ne, and her h'ands and ar'm's/ remarkably d'e'licate, both as to sh'ape and co'lour. Her st'ature was of a h'eight/ that rose to the maje'stic. She dan'ced, she walk'ed, she ro'de, with e'qual grace'. Her taste for m'u'sic was ju'st: and she both su'ng/ and play'ed upon the lu'te/ with uncommon sk'ill. No m'an (says Br'antome) ever beheld her person without admiration and lov'e, or will read her hi'story/ without sorro'w.*

Concluding tone.

* This sentence, agreeably to Rule X., page 12, terminates with the rising inflexion.

Additional Note by the Author of Waverley.

Her face, her form, have been so deeply impressed upon the imagination, as (even at the distance of nearly three centuries) to remind the most ignorant and uninformed reader of the striking traits/ which characterize that remarkable countenance, which seems/ at once/ to combine our ideas of the majestic, the pleasing, and the brilliant, leaving us to doubt/ whether they express/ most happily/ the queen, the beauty, or the accomplished-woman. Who is there (at the very mention of Mary Stuart's name) that has not her countenance before him, familiar/ as that of the mistress of his youth, or the favourite daughter of his advanced age? Even those/ who feel themselves compelled to believe all (or much of what her enemies laid to her charge) cannot think/ without a sigh/ upon the countenance/ expressive of any thing/ rather/ than the foul crimes/ with which she was charged while living, and which/ still continue to shade, if not to blacken-her-memory. That brow, so truly open and regal—those eye-brows, so regularly graceful, which yet were saved from the charge of regular insipidity/ by the beautiful effect of the hazel eyes/ which they over-arched, and which/ seem to utter a thousand-histories—the nose, with all its Grecian precision of outline—the mouth/ so well proportioned, so sweetly formed (as if designed to speak nothing but what was delightful to hear)—the dimpled chin—the stately/ swan-like neck, form a countenance, the like of which/ we know not to have existed in any other character/ moving in that high class of life, where the actress (as well as the actors) commands general/ and undivided attention. It is in vain to say that the portraits/ which exist of this remarkable woman/ are not like each other; for, amidst their discrepancy, each/ possesses general features/ which the eye/ at once/ acknowledges as peculiar to the vision/ which our imagination has raised/ while we read her history for the first time, and which/ has been impressed upon it/ by the numerous prints and pictures/ which we have seen. Indeed/ we cannot look upon the worst of them (however deficient in point of execution) without saying that it is meant for Queen Mary; and no small instance it is/ of the power of beauty, that her charms/ should have remained the subject/ not merely of admiration, but of warm and chivalrous interest, after the lapse

of such a length of tim'e. We know/ that/* by far the most, acute of tho'se/ wh'o (in la'tter d'ays) have adopted the unf'a-
vourable view of Mary's ch'aracter, lo'nged (like the executioner
before his dreadful task was perfo'rmed) to kiss the fair hand of
h'er/ on whom he was about to perfo'rm/ so horrible a du'ty. } Concluding tone.

SIEGE OF CALAIS.

BROOKE.

EDWARD III. (after the battle of Cre'ssy) laid siege to Calais. He had fortified his ca'mp/† in so impregnable a manner, that all the efforts of France/ proved ineffectual/ to raise the siege, or throw su'ccours/ into the ci'ty. The ci'tizens (under Count Vienne, their gallant go'vernor) made an admirable defe'nce. France/ had now put the sickle into her second ha'vest, since E'dward (with his victorious a'rmy) sat down before the tow'n. The eyes of all E'u'rope/ were intent on the is'sue. At le'ngth, fa'mine/ did more for Edward/ than a'rms. After suffering unheard-of ca'lamities, they resolved to attempt the enemy's ca'mp. They boldly sallied forth; the Eng'lish/ joined bat'tle; an'd, after a long and desperate eng'agement, Count Vie'nn'e/ was taken pris'oner, and the citi'zens (who survived the slaught'er) retired within their ga'tes. The comm'and/ dev'olving upon Eustace St. Pierre (a man of mean bi'rth, but of exalted v'irtue), he offered to capitulate with E'dward, provi'ded/ he permitted them to depart with life and li'berty. E'dward (to avoid the imputation of cruelty) consented to spare the bu'lk of the pleb'eians, provi'ded/ they delivered up to him six of their principal citi'zens/ with halters about their ne'cks (as victims of due ato'nement for that spirit of rebel'lion/ with which they had inflamed the v'ulgar.‡) When

* It will be observed, that when "that" is a conjunction, it requires a pause both before and after it.

† Whilst "of" in general must be pronounced as a component part of the word which *precedes* it, as "approbation-of," "sensible-of," &c. every other preposition, without exception, requires a pause before it.

‡ It will be obvious to the general reader, in the *absence of antithesis* (which is, either when expressed or understood, the *parent* of all *emphasis*) that some words naturally require more accentual force than *others*;—among these, "the verb" stands prominently forward as claiming our *first* attention; next the *noun*, *adjective*, &c.; thus easily and gradually diminishing in force, down to the *particles*.

his m'essenger (Sir Walter Ma'uny) deli'vered the te'rms, con-sterna'tion and pale dis'may were impressed on every cou'n'tenance. To a long and dead s'ilence, deep sighs and groans succe'eded, till Eustace St. Pierre (getting up to a little e'minence) th'us addressed the assem'ly :—" My fri'ends, we are brought to great straits this da'y. We must either yi'eld/ to the terms of our cruel and ensna'ring-conqueror, or give u'p/ our tender in'fants, our wiv'es, and da'ughters, to the bloody and brutal lu'sts of the violating so'ldiers. Is there any expedient l'eft, whereby/ we may avoid the guilt and infamy of delivering up tho'se/ who have suffered every misery w'ith you, on the o'ne-hand, or the desolation and horror of a sacked ci'ty, on the o'ther ? There is, my friends, there is o'ne expedient left ; a gra'cious, an e'xcellent, a *god-li'ke* expedient l'eft. Is there any here to whom vir'tue/ is dearer than *li'fe* ? Let him offer himself an obl'a'tion/ for the s'a'fety of his peo'ple ! He shall not fail of a blessed approba'tion/ from that po'wer who/ offered up his only Son/ for the salvation of manki'nd." He spo'ke ;—but a universal s'ilence ensu'ed. Each m'an/ looked aro'und/ for the example of that vir'tue and magnani'mity/ which all wished to approve in them'selves, though they wanted the resol'u'tion. At length St. Pierre resu'med—" I doubt not/ but there are many h'ere/ as rea'dy, n'ay, mo're-zealous of this martyrdom than I can be ; though the sta'tion/ to which I am raised by the captivity of Lord Vi'enne, imparts a ri'ght to be the *fi'rst*/ in giving my life for your sa'kes. I give it fre'e'ly ; I give it *chee'rfully*. Who comes ne'xt ?" " Your so'n," (exclaimed a youth not yet come to matu'rity.) " Ah ! my ch'ild !" (cried St. Pier're) " I am then twi'ce sa'crificed. But n'o ; I have rather given thee being a se'cond-time. Thy years are fe'w, but *fu'll*, my so'n. The victim of vir'tue/ has reached the utmost pu'rpose and go'al of morta'lity. Who ne'xt, my frie'nds ? This/ is the hour of *her'oes*."—" Your ki'nsman," cried John de A'ire.—" Your ki'nsman," cried James Wis'sant. " Your ki'nsman," cried Pe'ter Wissant.—" A'h !" (exclaimed Sir Walter Mauny, bursting into te'ars,) " why was not I a citizen of C'alais !" The sixth vic'tim was still wa'nting, but was quickly supplied by lo't, from nu'mbers/ who were now emulous of so ennobling an exa'mple. The keys of the ci'ty were then delivered to Sir Wa'lter. He took the six pri'soners/ into his cu'stody ; then ordered the gates to be o'pened, and gave charge to his att'e'dants/ to conduct the remaining ci'ti-

zens (with their fa'milies) through the camp of the En'glish. Before they departed, how'ever, they desired permission to take the last adieu of their deliv'ers. What a pa'rt'ing ! what a sce'ne ! They cro'wded (with their wives and ch'ildren) about St. Pierre and his fellow-prisoners. They embraced ; they clung around ; they fell prostrate before them. They groaned ; they wept aloud ; and the joint clamour of their mo'urning/ passed the ga'tes of the ci'ty, and was he'ard/ throughout the English ca'mp.—The En'glish (by this ti'me) were apprised of what passed within Ca'lais. They heard the voice of lament'ation, and their so'uls/ were tou'ched with compa'ssion. Each of the soldiers/ prepared a portion of his own victuals to welcome and enterta'in the half-famished inh'abitants ; and they load'ed them/ with as much as their present weakness was able to be'ar, in order/ to supply them with su'stenance/ by the way. At length St. Pierre and his fellow-vi'ctims/ appeared under the conduct of Sir Walter and a guard. All the tents of the En'glish/ were instantly emptied. The soldiers poured from all pa'rts, and arranged themselves on each si'de, to beho'ld, to conte'mplate, to admi're, this little band of pa'triots/ as they pas'sed. They bowed down to them on all si'des. They murmured their applause of that virtue/ which they could not but revere/ even in e'nemies ; and they regarded those ro'pes (which they had vo'luntarily assumed about their ne'cks) as ensigns of greater di'gnity/ than that of the British ga'rter. As soon as they had reached the pre'sence—"Mauny," (says the mo'narch,) "are the'se the principal inhabitants of Ca'lais ?" "They ar'e," (says Ma'uny :) "they are not only the principal men of Ca'lais, they are the principal men of Fra'nce, my Lo'rd, if vi'rtue/ has any share in the act of enn'obling." "Were they delivered p'easeably ?" (says E'dward) "was there no resi'stance, no comm'otion/ among the pe'ople ?" "Not in the le'ast, my Lo'rd ; the people would all have pe'rished, rather than have delivered the le'ast of these to your Majesty. They are self-delivered, self-devo'ted, and come/ to offer up their inestimable h'eads/ as an ample equivalent/ for the ra'nsom of tho'usands." Edward was secretly piqued at this reply of Sir Walter ; but he knew the privilege of a *British* subject, and suppressed his resentment. "Expe'rience" (says he) "has ever show'n, that le'nity/ only serves to invite people to new cr'imes. Seve'rity (at times) is indispensably ne'cessary/ to compel s'ubjects to submis'sion by pu-

nishment and example. G'o," (he cried to an officer) "lead these men to execution."

At this instant/ a sound of triumph was heard throughout the camp. The queen/ had just arrived with a powerful reinforcement of gallant troops. Sir Walter Mauny flew to receive her majesty, and briefly informed her of the particulars/ respecting the six victims.

As soon as she had been welcomed by Edward and his court, she desired a private audience.—"My Lord," (said she) "the question I am to enter upon, is not touching the lives of a few mechanics—it respects the honour of the English nation; it respects the glory of my Edward, my husband, my king. You think/ you have sentenced six of your enemies to death. No, my Lord, they have sentenced *themselves*; and their execution/ would be the execution/ of their *own* orders, not the orders of Edward. The stage/ on which they would suffer, would be to them a stage of honour, but a stage of *shame* to Edward; a reproach to his conquests; an indelible disgrace/ to his name. Let us rather disappoint these haughty burghers, who wish to invest themselves with glory/ at our expense. We cannot *wholly* deprive them of the merit of a sacrifice/ so nobly intended, but we may cut them short of their desires; in the place of that death/ by which their glory would be consummate, let us bury them under gifts; let us put them to confusion with applauses. We shall thereby defeat them of that popular opinion/ which never fails to attend *those*/ who suffer in the cause of virtue."—"I am convinced: you have prevailed. Be it so," replied Edward: "prevent the execution; have them instantly before us." They came; when the Queen (with an aspect and accents diffusing sweetness) thus bespoke them:—"Natives of France, and inhabitants of Calais, you have put us to a vast expense of blood and treasure/ in the recovery of our just and natural inheritance: but/ you have acted up to the best of an erroneous judgment; and we admire and honour in you that valour and virtue/ by which we are so long kept out of our rightful possessions. You noble burghers! you excellent citizens! (though you were tenfold the enemies of our person and our throne,) we can feel nothing, on our part, save respect and affection-for-you. You have been sufficiently tested. We loose your chains: we snatch you from the scaffold; and we thank you for that lesson of humiliation which you teach us,

when you sho'w us, that exce'llence is not of blo'od, of tit'le, of station; that vi'rtue gives a dignity super'ior to that of ki'ngs; and that tho'se/ whom the Almi'ghty/ informs with sentiments like yo'urs, are ju'stly and e'minently raised/ above all hu'man distinctions. You are now free to depart to your ki'nsfolk, your co'untrymen, to all tho'se/ whose lives and liberties you have so nobly red'eemed, provided/ you refuse not the to'kens of our este'em. Yet/ we would rather bind you to ours'elves, by every endearing obligation; and/ for this pu'rpose, we o'ffer to you/ your choice of the gi'fts and hon'ours/ that E'dward/ has to besto'w.—Rivals for fa'me, but always friends to vi'rtue; we wish that En'gland/ were entitled to call you *her* so'ns!"—"Ah! my cou'ntry!" (exclaimed Pie'rre) "it is now that I tre'mble-for-you. E'dward/ only wins our ci'ties; but a Phi'lippa/ conquers he'arts."

Concluding tone.

DESCRIPTION OF KESWICK VALE.

DR. BROWN.

IN my way to the North from H'agley, I passed through Do'vedale; and/ to say the tr'uth, was disappo'inted-in-it. When I came to Bu'xton, I visited another or tw'o of their romantic sc'enes; but the'se/ are inferior to Do'vedale. They are all but poor min'iatures of Ke'swick; which/ exceeds them more in gran'deur/ than you can ima'gine; and mo're (if p'ossible) in bea'uty/ than in gra'ndeur.

Instead of the narrow slip of a va'lley/ which is seen at Do'vedale, you have/ at Ke'swick/ a vast amphitheatre, in circumference about twenty m'iles. Instead of a meagre ri'vulet, a noble/ li'ving lake (ten miles round, of an oblong fo'rm) adorned with a variety of wooded is'lands. The rocks indeed of Do'vedale/ are finely wi'ld, poin'ted, and irreg'ular; but the hi'lls/ are both li'ttle and unanima'ted; and the margin of the bro'ok/ is poorly edged with wee'ds, mora'ss, and brush-wood. But/ at Ke'swick, you will (on one side of the lak'e) see a rich and beautiful lan'dscape of cultivated fi'elds, rising to the eye in fine inequ'alities, with noble groves of o'ak (happily disp'ersed) and climbing the adjacent hi'lls (sha'de above sha'de) in the most va'rious and picture'sque-forms. On the opposite sh'ore/ you will find rocks and cliffs of stupendous

height, hanging broken over the lake in horrible grandeur; some of them a thousand feet high, the woods climbing up their steep and shaggy sides, where mortal foot/ never yet approached. On these dreadful heights/ the eagles build their nests; a variety of water-falls/ is seen pouring from their summits, and tumbling (in vast sheets) from rock to rock/ in rude and terrible magnificence; while on all sides of this immense amphitheatre, the lofty mountains rise around, piercing the clouds in shapes/ as spiry and fantastic/ as the very rocks of Dovedale. To this/ I must add the frequent and bold projection of the cliffs into the lake, forming noble bays and promontories: in other parts/ they finely retire-from-it, and often open/ in abrupt chasms or clefts/, through which, at hand, you see rich and cultivated vales; and beyond these (at various distance) mountain rising over mountain; among which, new prospects present themselves in mist, till the eye is lost/ in an agreeable perplexity—

Where active fancy/ travels beyond senses,
And pictures things/ unseen—

Were I to analyze the two places in their constituent principles, I should tell-you, that the full perfection of Keswick/ consists of three circumstances—beauty, horror, and immensity, united; (the second of which alone/ is found in Dovedale.) Of beauty/ it has little, (nature having left it almost a desert); neither its small extent, nor the diminutive and lifeless form of the hills/, admits magnificence; but/ to give you a complete-idea of these three perfections (as they are joined in Keswick) would require the united powers of Claude, Salvator, and Poussin. The first/ should throw his delicate sunshine over the cultivated vales, the scattered co'ts, the groves, the lake, and wooded islands: the second/ should dash out the horror of the rugged cliffs, the steep's, the hanging woods, and foaming water-falls; while the grand pencil of Poussin/ should crown the whole/ with the majesty of the impending mountains.

So much for what I could call the permanent-beauties of this astonishing-scene. Were I not afraid of being tiresome, I could now dwell as long on its varying or accidental-beauties. I would sail round the lake, anchor in every bay, and land you on every promontory and island. I would point out the perpetual change of prospect; the woods, rocks, cliffs, and mountains, by turns vanishing or rising into view; now

gaining on the sig'ht, hanging over our he'ads/ in their full dimensions, beautifully dre'adful; and no'w (by a change of situation) assuming new romantic shapes; retiring and les'sening on the e'ye, and insensibly losing themselves/ in an azure mis't. I would remark the contrast of light and shade, produced by the mo'orning and e'vening-sun; the on'e/ gilding the we'stern, the o'ther/ the e'astern-side of this immense amphitheatre; while the vast sha'dow/ projected by the mo'untains/ buries the opposite part/ in a deep and purple glo'om, which the e'ye/ can hardly pe'netrate. The natural variety of colouring/ which the several objects produce, is no less won'derful/ than pleasing; the ruling tints in the va'lley/ being those of a'zure, gre'en, and go'ld; yet ever va'rious, arising from an intermixture of the la'ke, the wo'ods, the gra'ss and corn-fie'lds: the'se/ are finely contrasted by the grey rocks and cli'ffs: and the who'le/ heightened by the yellow streams of li'ght, the purple hu'es and misty a'zure of the mo'u'ntains. Sometimes/ a serene air and clear sky/ disclose the tops of the highest hills; at o'ther-times/ you see the clouds involving their su'mmits, re'sting on their si'des, or descending to their ba'se, and rol'ling/ among the va'lleys/ as in a vast fur'nace. When the winds are high, they roar among the cliffs and ca'averns/ like peals of thu'nder; th'en,-too, the clouds are seen in vast bo'dies/ sweeping along the hills in gloomy gre'atness, while the la'ke/ joins the tu'mult, and tos'ses like a sea. But in ca'lm-weather, the whole scene becomes ne'w; the la'ke is a perfect mir'ror, and the la'ndscape/ is in all its bea'uty: isla'nds, fie'lds, woo'ds, roc'ks, and mo'untains, are seen inv'erted, and floating on its surface. I will now carry you to the top of a cli'ff, wh'ere (if you dare approach the ri'dge) a new scene of asto'nishment/ presents its'elf; where the va'lley,* lak'e, and i'slands, seem lying at your fe'e't; where this expanse of wa'ter/ appears diminished to a little po'ol (amidst the vast and immeasurable o'b'jects/ that surr'ound it); for here/ the su'mmits of more distant hills/ appear beyond tho'se you have already se'en; a'nd, rising behind each other/ in successive ranges and azure groups-of crag'gy and bro'ken-steeps, form an immense and awful pic'ture, which can only be expre'ssed/ by the image of a tempe's-

* Though giving "valley" the *rising* slide may be considered a departure from rule, I feel persuaded the euphony is not diminished by it.—ED.

tuous s'ea of mou'ntains. Let me now conduct you down to the va'lley, and conclude with one circumstance mor'e; which is, th'at/ when I walk by still mo'on-light (at which time the distant water-falls are heard in all the variety of sou'nd/ among these encha'nting-dales), it opens such scenes of d'elicate beauty, rep'ose, and sole'mnity, as exceed a'll descri'ption.

Concluding tone.

CELADON AND AMELIA.

THOMSON.

— Young Celadon
 And his Ame'lia/ were a matchless pair';
 With *equal v'rtue* formed and *equal grace* ;
 The same', distinguished by their *sex*/ alone':
Hers' the mild lus'tre of the blooming morn',
 And *his*' the ra'diance of the risen day'.
 They lov'd; but, such their guileless pas'sion was,
 As in the dawn of time'/ informed the heart
 Of in'nocence and undissembling truth'.
 'Twas frie'ndship, height'ened by the mutual wish':
 The enchanting hope', and sympathetic glow',
 Beamed from the mutual eye'. Devoting all'
 To love', each'/ was to each' a *de'arer* self';
 Supremely hap'py/ in the awakened pow'er
 Of giving joy'. Alone, amid the shades,
 (Still in harmonious in'tercourse) they lived
 The rural day', and talked the flowing heart',
 Or sigh'ed/ and look'ed—*un'utterable* things'.
 So passed their life', (a cle'ar, *un'ited* stream,
 By care unruffled); till, in evil hour',
 The tempest caught them/ on the tender walk',
 Heedless how far', and whe're its mazes strayed,
 While', with each other blest', creative love'
 Still bade eternal E'den/ smile around'.
 Presaging instant fate', her bo'som heav'ed
 Unwon'ted sig'hs; a'nd, stealing oft a look
 Towards the big gloom', on *Ce'ladon*/ her eye
 Fell tear'ful, wetting her disordered cheek':
 In vain assuring love', and confidence
 In He'aven, repress'd her fea'r; it grew', and shook

Her frame/ near dissolu'tion. He perceived
 The *unequal* con'flict, a'nd (as* angels look
 On dying saints) his eyes compas'sion shed,
 With l'ove illumined high. "Fear' not," (he said)
 "Sweet in'nocence! thou stran'ger to offence'
 "And inward storm"! *He*, who yon skies/ involves
 "In frowns of dark'ness, e'ver-smiles on *thee*/'
 "With kind regard'. O'er th'ee/ the secret shaft/
 "That wastes at mid'night, or the *undreaded* hour
 "Of no'on, flies harm'less; and, that very voice,
 "(Which thunders *ter'ror* through the *guilty* heart,)
 "With tongues' of *se'raphs*/ whispers *pe'ace* to *thine*.'
 "'Tis saf'ety/ to be near thee sure, and *thus*/'
 "To clasp perfec'tion!" From his void embrace',
 (Mysterious Hea'ven!) that mo'ment to the ground/
 A blackened corse' was struck' the beauteous maid'.
 But, wh'o can paint the lover as he stood',
 Pierced by severe amaze'ment, hating life',
 Speech'less, and fixed in all the death' of wo'? }
 So', (faint resem'blance!) on the marble tomb', } *Concluding*
 The well-dissembled mourn'er, stooping stands', } *tone.*
 For e'ver si'lent, and for e'ver sad'.

OTHELLO'S ADDRESS TO THE SENATE.

SHAKSPEARE.†

MOST po'tent, grave', and reverend Sig'niors,
 My very no'ble, and approv'd-good mas'ters,
 That I have ta'en away/ this old man's daugh'ter,
 It is most true'; true', I have mar'ried her:
 The very head' and front' of my offend'ing/
 Hath *this* exten't; no more'. Ru'de am I in sp'eech,
 And little ble'ssed/ with the set phrase of peace;
 Fo'r/ since these arms of mi'ne/ had seven years' pith',

* A simile or comparison should be pronounced in a lower tone of voice—something in the way of a parenthesis.

† This mighty master of "The Passions"—this *prince* of dramatic poets—"whom no age or nation can pretend to equal"—died at Stratford-upon-Avon (which had the honour of giving birth to the immortal bard) on the 23rd of April, 1616, aged 52.

Till now' (some nine moons wast'ed) they have used
 Their *de'arest* ac'tion/ in the tented field:
 And little of this great world/ *can* I speak,
 More than pertains' to feats' of bro'ils and bat'tles;
 And, there'fore, little shall I *gra'ce* my cause,
 In spea'king for *mys'elf*. Yet', by your pa'tience,
 I will a round', unvar'nished-tale deli'ver
 Of my whole co'urse of love'; *what drugs', what charms',*
What conjura'tion, and what mighty ma'gic,
 (For such proceed'ings/ I am charged withal'),
 I w'on his dau'ghter with._____

Her fa'ther lo'ved me; o'ft invit'ed me;
 Still questioned me the sto'ry of my life',
 From year' to year'; the bat'tles, sieges', for'tunes,
 That I have pass'ed.
 I ran it through', even from my *bo'yish* days,
 To the very mo'ment/ that he *ba'de-me-tell-it*.
 Wherein/ I spoke of most disastrous chan'ces,
 Of *moving* ac'cidents, by flood' and field';
 Of hair-breadth 'scapes', in the im'minent, *dea'dly* breach';
 Of being ta'ken/ by the insolent foe',
 And so'ld to sla'very; of my redemp'tion thence';
 Of bat'tles, *bra'vely*, *ha'rdly*-fought; of vic'tories
 For which the *con'queror* mo'urn'd/ so *ma'ny fell* :
 Sometimes I told the story of a siege',
 Where'in/ I had to com'bat plagues' and fa'mine;
 Sol'diers/ unpaid'; fear'ful to fight',
 Yet bold' in dangerous mu'tiny. All *the'se* to hear'
 Would Desdemo'na/ seriously incli'ne.
 But still the *hou'se-affairs*/ would draw her thence',
 Whi'ch/ e'ver as she could/ with haste dispatch'
 She'd come again', and, with a greedy ear'
 Devour up my discourse: whi'ch', I observ'ing,
 Took once a pliant hour', and found good means'
 To dra'w from her/ a prayer of earnest heart',
 That I would *all* / my pilgrimage dila'te;
 Where'of/ by par'cels/ she had some'thing he'ard
 But no't distinc'tively. I did consent',
 And often did beguile her of her tears',
 When I did speak of some distress'ful stroke'
 That my y'outh suffered. My story being done',
 She ga've me/ for my pains'/ a world' of *sighs*;

She swore, indeed, 'twas *strange*, 'twas *pa'ssing* strange;
 'Twas *pi'tiful*, 'twas *wo'nd'rous* pi'tiful —
 She wished she ha'd not heard' it—yet she wished
 That Heav'n had made *hèr*/ s'uch a man:—she than'ked me,
 And bade' me, if I had a friend that lov'ed her,
 I should but te'ach him/ *ho'w* to *tell* my sto'ry,
 And *that* would wo'o her. On' this hint, I spake':
 She' loved *mè*/ for the dan'gers/ I had passed';
 And I loved *her*', that she did *pi'ty* them.
Thi's, on'ly, is the wic'hcraft/ I ha've-used.

} Concluding
tone.

ELIZA.

DARWIN.

Now stood Eli'za, on the wood-crown'd height
 O'er Minden's plain', specta'tress of the fight,
 Sought', with bold eye', amid the bloody strife,
 Her dearer s'elf, the part'ner of her life';
 From hill to hill the rushing host pursu'ed,
 And view'ed his ban'ner, or, believed'-she-viewed.
 Pleased with the distant roar', with quicker tread/
 Fast by his ha'nd, one lisp'ing bo'y she le'd;
 And one fair girl', amid the loud alarm'
 Slept on her ker'chief, crad'led by her arm';
 While round her brows'/ bright beams of honour dart',
 And lo've's warm ed'dies/ circle ro'und her heart'.
 —Near, and more near, the *intrepid* be'auty press'ed,
 Saw', through the driving smoke', his dan'cing-crest;
 He'ard the exulting shout', "They run'! they run'!"
 "Great God'!" (she cried) "he's safe'! the battle's won'!"
 —A ball now hisses through the airy tides',
 (Some *fury win'g'd* it, and some *dèmon guides*!)
 Parts the fine locks', her graceful head that deck',
 Wounds her fair ear', and sinks' into her neck';
 The red stream'/ issuing from her azure veins'
 Dyes' her white veil', her ivory bo'som stains'.—
 —"Ah *mè*!" she cri'ed, (and, sinking on the ground,
 Kissed her dear babes', regardless of the wound;)
 "Oh, cease not *yet* to be'at, (thou vital u'rn!)
 "Wait', gushing life', oh wait', my love's return'!

"Hoarse barks the wolf', the vulture screams from far' !
 "The an'gel, *Pity*', shuns the wa'lks of wa'r !—
 "Oh spare, ye war-hounds', spa're* their *tender* age' !—
 "On me', on *mē*," (she cried) "exha'ust your ra'ge' !"
 Then with weak ar'ms, her weeping babes caress'ed,
 And, sig'hing, hid' them/ in her bloo'd-stained vest'.
 From tent to tent the impatient warrior flies',
 (*Féar* in his *he'art*, and *fren'zy* in his *e'yes* ;)
 Eliza's na'me along the camp he calls',
Eliza,* echoes through the canvass walls' ;
 Qui'ck/ through the murmuring gloom', his footsteps tread/
 O'er groan'ing-heaps, the *dying* and the *déad*,
 Vault o'er the plain', and, in the tangled wood',
 Lo' ! dead Eliza', w'elting in her blood' !—
 —Soon hears his listening son the welcome sounds',
 (With o'pen ar'ms/ and spark'ling eyes/ he bo'unds.)—
 "Speak lo'w," (he cries, and gives his little h'and,)
 "Eliza sleeps' upon the *dew-cold sand* ;
 "Po'or/ wee'ping-babe, with bloody fingers press'ed,
 "And tri'ed (with pouting lips) her *mil'kless* breast.
 "Alas' ! we both with cold and hunger quake—
 "Why do you weep' ?—Mamma' will soon awake'.
 —"She'll wake no more' !" (the hopeless mourner cri'ed,)
 Upturned his eyes', and clasped his hands', and sigh'ed ;
 Stretched on the ground/ awhile entra'nced he lay',
 And pres'sed warm kiss'es/ on the life'less clai'y ;
 And then upsprung', with wild', convul'sive start',
 And, a'll the *fa'ther*/ ki'ndled in his hea'rt :
 "O, he'avens !" (he cried,) "my *fírst*/ ra'sh-vow forgi've !
 "*These*/ bind to *ea'rth*, fo'r *THE'SE*/ I pra'y to live' !"
 Round his chill babes/ he wrapped his crimson vest',
 And clasp'ed them, sobbing', to his a'ching breast'.

* The judicious reader will perceive that the circumflex is simply the union of the two inflexions upon the same syllable ;—when it ends with the *falling* slide, as in this example, "spa're," it is denominated the "*falling circumflex* ;" and when it terminates with the *rising* inflexion, as in "Eli'za," it is called the "*rising circumflex*," and necessarily commences with the *falling* inflection.

ON TASTE.

AKENSIDE.

SAY, what is Ta'ste, but the internal powers
 Active and strong, and fe'elingly ali've
 To e'ach/ fine im'pulse ? a discerning se'nse
 Of d'ecent and subli'me, with quick disg'ust/
 From things defo'rmed, or disarr'anged, or gro'ss
 In spe'cies ? Thi's, nor ge'ms, nor sto'res of gold,
 Nor purple sta'te, nor cu'lture can best'ow ;
 But G'od alo'ne, when first his active ha'nd/
 Imprints the secret b'ias of the sou'l.
 He, (mighty Parent !) wi'se and ju'st in a'll,
 (Free as the vital bre'eze, or light of he'aven)
 Reveals the cha'rms* of na'ture. Ask the sw'ain,
 (Who journeys homeward from a summer day's
 Long la'bour) wh'y (forg'etful of his toils
 And due rep'ose) he loiters/ to behold
 The sunshine glea'ming/ as through amber clo'uds
 O'er all the western sky ! Full soon, I we'en,
 His rude expre'ssion, and untutored a'irs,
 (Beyond the power of la'nguage) will unfold
 The form of Bea'uty/ smi'ling/ at his h'eart ;
 How lo'vely ! how comma'nding ! But/ though He'aven/
 In every bre'ast/ hath sown these early se'eds
 Of lo've and admir'ation, ye't in v'ain,
 Without fair Culture's/† ki'nd, paren'tal-aid,
 Without enlivening su'ns and genial show'ers,
 And sh'e'lter from the bl'ast, in vain we h'ope/
 The tender pla'nt/ should rear its blooming h'ead,
 Or yield the h'arvest/ promised in its spring.
 Nor yet will every so'il (with e'qual sto'res)
 Repay the tiller's la'bour ; or attend
 His will, obse'quious, whe'ther/ to produce
 The oli've or the lau'rel. Different mi'nds/
 Incline to different obje'cts : o'ne/ pursues

* No respiration should be taken between the pronunciation of the preposition *of*, and the *noun* or *adjective* which precedes it: thus, "*charms-of*," "*sensible-of*," &c.

† Let it be remembered, that a *noun* in this case, when it precedes an *adjective*, counts as *one*, and requires a slight pause after it.

The va'st al'one, the wo'nderful, the wi'ld ;
 An'other/ sighs for har'mony and gr'ace,
 And ge'ntlest bea'uty. Hence, when lightning fires
 The arch of he'ven, and th'unders rock the gro'und ;
 When furious whi'rlwinds/ rend the howling a'ir,
 And Oc'ean (groaning from his lowest b'ed)
 Heaves his tempestuous bil'lows/ to the sk'y ;
 Amid the mighty upr'oar (while belo'w
 The nations tr'emble) Sh'akspeare/ looks abroad
 From some high cli'ff, supe'rior, and enjoys
 The ele'mental wa'r. But Wa'ller lo'ngs,
 (All on the margin of some flowery stre'am,)
 To spread his careless li'mbs, amid the co'ol
 Of plantain sha'des, and/ to the listening d'eer/
 The tale of slighted vo'ws/ and Love's disd'ain
 Resou'nds, soft warbling, all the li'velong da'y :
 Consenting Z'eephyr si'ghs ; the weeping ri'll/
 Joins in his pla'int, melo'dious ; mu'te the gro'oves ;
 And hi'll and d'ale (with all their e'choes) mo'urn.
 Su'ch/ and so va'rious/are the ta'stes of me'n. (Concluding tone.)

THE PLEASURES ARISING FROM A CULTIVATED IMAGINATION.

AKENSIDE.

O BLESSED of He'ven, who'm/ not the languid songs
 Of L'uxury, (the si'ren !) not the bribes
 Of sordid Wea'lth, nor all the gaudy spoils
 Of pageant h'onour, can sedu'ce/ to leave
 Those e'verblooming sw'eets, wh'ich, from the sto'res
 Of na'ture, fair Imagination c'ulls,
 To charm the enlivened sou'l ! Wh'at ! though not a'll
 Of mortal o'ffspring/ can attain the he'ight
 Of e'nvied li'fe ; though only fe'w/ possess
 Patrician trea'sures, or imperial-st'ate :
 Yet nature's ca're (to all her children ju'st)
 With richer trea'sures/ and an *ampler* st'ate
 Endo'ws/ at la'rge/ whatever happy m'an/
 Will dei'gn to u'se them. *Hi's* the city's p'omp,
 The ru'ral ho'nours — *hi's*. Whate'er adorns

The princely do'me, the c'olumn and the ar'ch,
 The breathing ma'rble, and the sculptured g'old,
 (Beyond the proud *possessor's* narrow cla'im,)
 His tuneful br'east/ enjo'ys. For him the Spring
 Distils her de'ws, a'nd/ from the silken g'em/
 Its lucid le'aves unfo'lds; for hi'm the hand
 Of A'utumn/ tinges every fertile bra'nch
 With blooming g'old, and bl'ushes like the mo'rn.
 Each passing ho'ur/ sheds tribute from her wi'ng;
 And still new beauties/ meet his lonely walk,
 And lo'ves/ unfelt/ attra'ct-him. Not a br'eeze/
 Flies o'er the mea'dow, not a clo'ud/ imbibes
 The setting sun's effu'lgence, not a str'ain/
 (From all the tenants of the warbling sh'ade)
 Asc'ends, but whence hi's/ bosom can partake
 Fresh ple'asure, u'nrepro'ved. Nor then partakes
 Fresh ple'asure o'ny; for/* the atten'tive M'ind,
 (By this harmonious action on her p'owers,)
 Becomes h'erself harmo'nious: wont so o'ft/
 In ou'tward-things/ to meditate the cha'rm
 Of sacred o'rder, soon she seeks at ho'me/
 To find a ki'ndred-order, to exert
 Within he'rself/ this eleg'ance of lo've,
 This f'air/ inspir'ed-delight: her tempered powers/
 Refin'e at le'ngth, and every pass'ion/ wears
 A ch'aster, mi'lder, more attra'ctive-mien.
 B'ut, if to a'mpler-prospect, if to gaze
 On na'ture's-form, wh'ere (negligent of all
 These lesser gr'aces,) she assumes the port
 Of that eternal Ma'jesty/ that weighed
 The world's found'ations; if to th'ese/ the Mind
 Exalts her daring e'ye; then mightier far'
 Will be the cha'nge, and no'bler. Would the forms
 Of servile cu'stom/ cramp her generous p'owers?
 Would sordid p'olicies, (the barbarous growth
 Of ig'norance and r'apine,) bow her down
 To tame pursu'its, to in'dolence and fe'ar?
 L'o! she appeals to na'ture, to the wi'nds
 And rolling wa'ves, the sun's/ unwearied co'urse,

* Whenever "for" means "because," it is a conjunction, and requires
 a pause after it.

The e'lements and se'asons : all/ decla're
 For wha't the eternal Ma'ker/ has ordained
 The po'wers-of ma'n : we fee'l within ours'elves
 His e'nergy divi'ne ; he tells the he'art,
 He/ m'eant, he ma'de us, to beho'd and lo've
 (What h'e beholds and lo'ves,) the general orb
 Of life and be'ing ; to be great like hi'm,
 Ben'eficent and ac'tive. Thus, the man'
 (Whom Na'ture's works can cha'rm) with God himse'lf
 Holds con'verse ; grows famil'iar, da'y by day',
 With his conce'ptions ; ac'ts upon his plan ;
 And for'ms to HIS—the r'e'lish of his so'ul.

} Pronounced
 lower and slower.

MORNING HYMN.

MILTON.*

THE'se/ are thŷ glorious works (Parent of go'od ;)
 A'lm'ighty ! thi'ne this universal fra'me,
 Thus wondrous fa'ir ! thysel'f/ how won'drous the'n !
 Unspe'akable ! who/ sittest above these He'avens,
 To u's invis'ible, or *dim'ly* s'een
 In the'se/ thy *low'est* wo'rks ; yet the'se/ declare
 Thy go'odness/ beyond thou'ght, and po'wer div'ine.
 Spe'ak ! ye, who be'st can t'ell, ye sons of li'ght,
 An'gels ; for/ *y'e* beh'old-him, and with so'ngs
 And choral sym'phonies (da'y without ni'ght,)
 Circle his thro'ne rejo'i'cing ; ye in He'aven,
 On ea'rth, join all ye cre'atures/ to extol
 Hi'm firs't, hi'm las't, him *midst*, and w'ithout e'nd.
 Fairest of sta'rs, (las't in the train of night',)
 If better thou belong not to the da'wn,
 Sure pledge of da'y, that crown'st the smiling morn
 With thy bright cir'clet, pra'ise him in thy sph'ere,
 While da'y ari'ses, that sweet ho'ur of pri'me.

* England's "prophet-bard"—as some one has designated him—John Milton—the glorious, the *all-but-inspired* John Milton (whom Dryden preferred to HOMER,) died in London (where he was born) in 1674, aged 66.

Thou Su'n, (of this great world both e'ye and s'oul,)
 Acknowledge hi'm thy grea'ter ; sound his pra'ise/
 In thy eternal cou'rae, b'oth/ when thou clim'best,
 And/ when high no'on hast gain'ed, and wh'en thou fall'est.
 Mo'on, that now meet'st the orient S'un, now fliest
 With the fixed star's, fixe'd in their o'rb/ that flie's ;
 And ye five/ o'ther wandering fir'es (that move
 In mystic dan'ce, not without s'ong,) resound
 Hi's* pra'ise, wh'o, o'ut of darkness, called up lig'ht. .
 Ai'r, and ye el'ements, (the eldest birth
 Of Nature's wom'h, th'at/ in qu'aternion/ run
 Perpetual cir'cle, multiform, and mi'x,
 And nou'rish all th'ings :) let your ceaseless change
 Var'y to our great Ma'ker/ still new pra'ise.
 Ye m'ists, and exhal'ations, that now rise
 From hi'll or streaming la'ke, dus'ky or gra'y,
 (Till the Sun paint your fleecy skir'ts with g'old,)
 In ho'nour to the world's great Au'thor/ rise ;
 Whether/ to deck with clouds the uncoloured sk'y,
 Or/ wet the thirsty ea'rth/ with falling sh'owers,
 Risi'ng, or fall'ing, still advance his pra'ise.
 His* praise, ye wi'nds, that/ from four quarters bl'ow,
 Breathe s'oft or lo'ud ; and wave your to'ps, ye pi'nes,
 With every pla'nt, in sign of worship wa've.
 Fou'ntains, and ye that war'ble, as ye flow,
 Melodious m'urmurs, warb'ling tune his pra'ise.
 Join voi'ces, all ye living sou'ls ; ye bi'rds.
 (That singing up to Heaven-gate asc'end,)
 Bea'r on your wings, and/ in your no'tes/ his pra'ise.
 Ye that in wa'ters gli'de, and ye that walk
 The ea'rth, and sta'tely trea'd, or low'ly cre'ep ;
 Wit'ness/ if I be s'ilent, mo'rn or e'ven,
 To hi'll or vall'ey, foun'tain or fresh sha'de,
 Made vo'cal by my so'ng, and taught his pra'ise.
 Ha'il, *universal*† Lo'rd ! be bounteous still
 To give us on'ly goo'd : and, if the night
 Have gathered aught of e'vil, or conce'aled,
 Dispers'e it, (as now ligh't/ dispels the da'rk.)

} Lower and slower.

* Pronouns, whether personal or adjective, when antecedents, it will be observed, require accentual force.

† The adjective "universal" should be pronounced slowly, and as reverentially as possible.

EVENING IN PARADISE DESCRIBED.

ADAM AND EVE'S CONVERSATION AND EVENING WORSHIP.

MILTON.

Now came still evening o'n, and twilight gray
 Ha'd/ in her sober li'very/ all things cla'd.
 S'ilence accompanied; for/ bea'st and bi'rd,
 The'y to their grassy couch, the'se to their ne'sts,
 Were slun'k; all/ *but* the wakeful nigh'tingale;
 She/ all night lon'g/ her amorous d'escant sun'g.
 S'ilence was please'd. Now glowed the firmament
 With living sap'phires: He'sperus (that *le'd*
 The starry host) rode bri'ghtest; till the mo'on,
 (Rising in clouded ma'jesty,) at len'gth,
 Apparent que'en, unveiled her peerless lig'ht,
 And o'er the dar'k/ her silver mantle thre'w;

When Ad'am/ th'us to Ev'e: "Fair con'sort, the hour
 Of ni'ght, and all things now retired to re'st,
 Mind u's of lik'e repo'se; since God hath se't
 Lab'our and re'st (as day and night to man
 Succ'essive;) and the time'ly dew of sle'ep
 (Now falling/ with soft/ slumbrous wei'ght) inclines
 Our eye'lids. O'ther creatures/ all day long
 Rove i'dle, unem'ployed, and less need re'st;
 Ma'n/ hath his da'ily work of bo'dy or mi'nd
 Appoi'nted, whi'ch *declares* his dignity,
 And the regard of hea'ven/ to all *his* wa'ys;
 While *other* a'nimals/ una'ctive ra'nge,
 And/ of *their* do'ings/ Go'd takes no acco'unt.
 To-m'orrow, (ere fresh morning streak the East
 With first approach of li'ght,) we must be ri'sen,
 And at our pleasant la'bour/ to re'form
 Yon flowery ar'bours, yonder alleys gree'n,
 Our w'alk at no'on, with branches overgr'own,
 That mo'ck our scant man'uring, and require
 Mo're hands/ than ou'rs/ to lo'p/ their wanton gro'wth:
 Those bl'össoms also, and those dropping gu'ms,
 (That lie bestrown, unsig'htly and unsm'ooth,)
 Ask rid'dance, if we mean to tread with ea'se:
 Meanwhi'le, as Nature w'ills, nig'ht bids us re'st."

To whom thus E've, (with perfect beauty ado'rn'd):
 "My author and disposer! what thou bi'ddest
 Unar'gued/ I obe'y; so Gôd/ ord'ains:
 Go'd is th'y law, tho'u mi'ne; to know no mo're
 Is woman's *happiest* know'ledge, and her pra'ise.
 With thee conver'sing, I forget all ti'me:
 All sêasons, and their ch'ange; a'll/ please ali'ke.
 Sweet is the breath of mo'rn, her ri'sing sweet,
 With cha'rms of earli'est bi'rds; pleasant the su'n,
 When fir'st/ on this delightful lan'd/ he spreads
 His orient bea'ms/ on herb', tree', fruit', and flo'wer,
 Gli'stering with de'w; fragrant the fertile ear'th
 After soft show'ers; and sweet the coming on'
 Of grateful e'vening mil'd; then silent n'ight,
 With th'is/ her solemn bi'rd, and this fair mo'on,
 And the'se/ the ge'ms of he'ven, (her starry tra'in:)
 But, neither breath of m'orn, when she ascends,
 With cha'rm of earli'est bi'rds; nor rising su'n
 On this delightful lan'd; nor frag'rance/ after sho'wers;
 Nor grateful e'vening mil'd; nor silent n'ight,
 With th'is/ her solemn bi'rd; nor walk by mo'on
 Or glittering *sta'r-light*,—without the'e is sweet."

Thus ta'king (ha'nd in ha'nd,) alone they p'assed/
 O'n to their blissful bo'wer:—There arri'ved, both st'ood,
 Both turn'ed, an'd (under open sk'y) adored
 The G'od/ that made both sk'y, air', ear'th, and hea'ven,
 (Which they beh'eld;) the mo'on's resplendent gl'obe,
 And starry po'le: Tho'u also madest the ni'ght,
 (Maker omn'ipotent!) and thou the da'y,
 Which w'e (in our appo'inted work employ'ed,)
 Have fini'shed; happy in our mutual he'lp
 And mutual lo've, (the cro'wn of all our bl'iss,)
 Orda'ined by the'e; and this delicious pla'ce,
 (For u's too la'rge:) where thy abu'ndance/ w'ants
 Parta'kers, and/ uncro'pp'd, fa'lls to the gro'und,
 But/ thou hast pro'mised/ from us tw'o/ a rac'e/
 To fill the ear'th, who sha'll/ with u's/ extol
 Thy goodness in'finite, both when we wake',
 And when we s'eeke (as n'ow) thy gi'ft of sleep.

} Lower
and
slower.

EVE'S RELATION OF HER-DREAM.

MILTON.

Now Mor'n, her rosy steps in the eastern clim'e
 Advancing, sowed the earth/ with orient pe'arl,
 When A'dam wa'ked: so 'cu'stomed, for his sleep
 Was airy lig'ht, from pure digestion br'ed,
 And temperate va'pours bland, which the only sound
 Of lea'ves and fuming ri'lls, Aurora's fan,
 (Lightly disp'ersed,) and the shrill matin so'ng-
 Of bir'ds/ on every bo'ugh. So much the more
 His wonder was to fi'nd/ unwa'kened E've,
 With tresses discompo'sed, and glowing ch'ee'k,
 As thro'ugh unqui'et-rest. He (on his si'de
 Leaning half-raised, with looks of cordial l'ove,)
 Hung over her ena'moured, and beh'eld
 Bea'uty, wh'ich (whether wa'king or asle'ep,)
 Shot forth pecu'liar-graces: then, with vo'ice
 (Mild as when Zep'h'yrus/ on Flora bre'athes,)
 Her hand soft to'uching, wh'ispered th'us — "Awa'ke,
 "My fai'rest, my espoused, my la'test-found,
 "Heaven's la'st/ be'st gift', (my ever-new deli'ght !)
 "Awa'ke: the morning shi'nes, and the fresh fiel'd
 "Ca'lls us. We lose the pri'me, to mark how spring/
 "Our tended pla'nts, how blows the citron gro've,
 "What drops the my'r'rh, and wh'at/ the balmy re'ed;
 "How nature paints her co'lours, how the be'e/
 "Sits on the blo'om, extracting li'quids swe'et."
 Such whispering wa'ked-her, but/ with startled ey'e
 On A'dam: (whom embr'acing) th'us she spo'ke—
 O Sole (in whom my thoughts find all rep'ose,)
 My gl'ory, my perfec'tion; glad I see
 Thy face, and mo'rn retu'ned: for I this nig'ht
 (Such nig'ht/ till this/ I never pa'ssed !) have dre'amed,
 I'f drea'med, no't, as I oft am wo'nt, of the'e,
 Works of day pa'st, or mo'rrow's next de'sign;
 But of offe'nce and trou'ble, which my mind
 Knew n'ever/ till this i'rksome nig'ht. Metho'ught
 (Close at mine e'ar) one called me forth to wa'lk/
 With gentle vo'ice; I thought it thin'e: it said—

"Why sleepest thou, Eve? Now is the pleasant time,
 "The cool, the silent, (save where silence yields
 "To the night-warbling-bird, that/ now awake
 "Tunes sweetest his love-laboured-song) now reigns
 "Full-orbed the moon, and/ with more pleasing light/
 "Shadowy sets off/ the face of things; in vain,
 "If none regard: Heaven wakes/ with all his eyes;
 "Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire?
 "In whose sight/ all things joy, delighted,
 "Attracted by thy beauty/ still to gaze."
 I rose as at thy-call, but found-thee not:
 To find thee/ I directed then my walk:
 And on (methought) alone I passed, through ways/
 That brought-me/ on a sudden/ to the tree
 Of interdicted knowledge: fair it seemed,
 (Much fairer to my fancy/ than by day):
 And/ as I wondering looked, beside it stood
 One shaped and winged/ like one of those from heaven
 By us/ oft seen; his dewy locks distilled
 Ambrosia; on that tree/ he also gazed;
 And, "O fair plant," (said he,) "with fruit surcharged,
 "Deigns none/ to ease thy load, and taste thy sweet,
 "Nor God, nor man? Is knowledge so despised?
 "Or envy, or what-reserve/ forbids to taste?
 "Forbidden who will, none/ shall from me withhold
 "Longer thy offered good; why else set here?"
 This said, he paused not, but/ with venturous arm/
 He plucked, he tasted: me/ damp horror chilled
 At such bold words, (vouched with a deed so bold.)
 But he/ thus overjoyed: "O fruit divine,
 "Sweet of thyself, but much more-sweet/ thus cropped;
 "Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit
 "For gods, yet able to make gods of men:
 "And why not gods of men, since good, (the more
 "Communicated,) more abundant grows,
 "The author not impaired, but honoured more?
 "Here, happy-creature, fair/ angelic Eve,
 "Partake thou also; happy though thou art,
 "Happier thou mayst be, worthier/ canst-not-be:
 "Taste this, and be/ henceforth/ among the gods
 "Thyself a goddess; not to earth confined,
 "But sometimes in the air, as we; sometimes

"Ascend to h'eaven, (by merit th'ine,) and see
 "What li'fe the go'ds live the're, and s'uch/ live tho'u."
 So say'ng, he drew ni'gh, and to me h'eld,
 (Even to my mo'uth) of that same fruit held pa'rt/
 Which he had plu'cked: the plea'sant/ sa'voury smell
 So quic'kened ap'petite, that I' (metho'ught)
 Could n'ot/ but tas'te. Forthwith up to the clo'uds/
 With him I f'lew, a'nd/ underne'ath/ beheld
 The earth outstretched i'mmense, a prospect wi'de
 And va'rious: wondering at my fli'ght/ and cha'nge
 To this high exaltation; suddenly
 My gu'ide was go'ne, and I' (metho'ught) sunk do'wn,
 And fell aslee'p: but, O! how gla'd I wa'ked,
 To fi'nd this/ but a dre'am!

}
 Concluding
 voice.

MILTON'S INTELLECTUAL POWERS.

DR. CHANNING.

IN speaking of the intellectual qua'lities of Milton,* we may begin with obser'ving, that the very splendour of his poetic fam'e/ has tended to obs'cure or conce'al the extent of his mi'nd, and the vari'ety of its e'nergies and attai'nments. To ma'ny/ he seems only a po'et, when/ in truth/ he was a profound sch'olar, a man of vast compass of thou'ght, imb'ued th'oroughly/ with all an'cient and mo'dern-learning, and able to ma'ster, to mo'uld, to impre'gnate/ with his own intellectual po'wer, his gre'at and va'rious-acquisitions. He had not learned the superficial doctrine of a la'ter d'ay,—that p'oetry/ flourishes mo'st/ in an uncultivated s'oil, and that ima'gination/ shapes its brig'htest-visions/ from the mists of a superstitious age; and he had no dread of accumulating know'ledge, lest it should opp'ress and smo'ther his ge'nius. He was conscious of th'at/†

* It may be considered as a general rule that the *concluding* word of a portion of a sentence commencing with a *preposition*, "*in, on, of,*" &c., (as in the case of the adverb and conjunction) requires the *rising* inflection.

† When "*that*" occurs as a *demonstrative* pronoun (as in this instance,) it uniformly requires accentual force; when as a *conjunction* or *relative*, it requires no force,—the "*a*" being merged almost into the sound of *u*:—Example, "I recollect that⁽¹⁾ the same circumstance that⁽¹⁾ occurred to me, occurred also to *that* individual."

(1) Pronounced nearly as if spelt *thut*.

with'in him/ which could quicken a'll kno'wledge, and wíe'ld-it with ea'se and míght; which could give fres'hness to old tru'ths, and har'mony to discordant thoug'ts; which could bind tog'éther (by living ties and mysterious affinities*) the most rem'ote discoveries; and rear fabrics of glo'ry and be'auty/ from the rude maté'rials/ which other mí'nds/ had colle'cted. Milton had that universa'lity/ which marks the hígh'est-order of ín'tellect. Though accu'stomed (almost from ínfancy) to drink at the fountains of classical lí'terature, he had nothing of the pédantry and fastí'diousness/ which dí'sdaín all other dra'ughts. His' healthy mí'nd/ delígh'ted in gé'níus, on whatever soíl or in whatever a'ge-it-burst-forth/ and poured o'ut its fu'lness. He' understood/ too well/ the rígh'ts and dígnity, and prí'de of creative ímagína'tíon, to lay on it the laws of the Gréek or Róman-school. Parnasus/ was not/ to hí'm/ the ónly/ hó'ly ground of gé'níus. He felt that p'oetry/ was as a uníversal pré'sence. Great minds were/ ev'erywhere/ hí's kindred. He felt the enchántment of Oriental fíctíon, surrendered himself to the strange creations of "A'raby the Ble'st," and delighted still more in the romantic spí'rit of ch'ívalry, and in the tales of wo'nder/ in whích/ it was embo'died. Accordíngly/ hí's p'oetry/ remínds us of the ó'cean, whích a'dds/ to its own bo'undless-ness contributions from all r'égions/ under hea'ven. Nor was it only in the department of ímagína'tíon/ that his acq'uísítions were vást. He travelled over the who'le-field of kno'wledge, (as far as it had then been expl'ored). His various philological attai'nments/ were used to put him in possession of the wí'sdom/ sto'red in all co'untries where the ín'tellect/ had been cu'ltivated. The natural philo'sophy, metaph'ysics, e'thics, hí'story, theo'logy, and political s'cience of hí's/ ow'n and fo'rmer-times, were famí'liar-to-hím. Never was there a more unconfined mí'nd, and we could cite Mí'lton/ as a practical example of the benefits of that uníversal cu'lture of ín'tellect, whích forms on'e dí'stí'ctíon of our tí'mes, but whích so'me dre'ad/ as unfríe'ndly to original thoug't. Let such remem'ber, that MÍ'ND ís'/ in its own ná'ture/ díffu'sive. Its

* Let me here repeat, for the subject is of paramount importance, that every portion of a sentence in the form of a simile or comparison,—every illustrative adverbial phrase, and every clause directly or collaterally descriptive, or explanatory, may be read *parenthetically* with great advantage.

o'bject is the u'niverse, which is strictly o'ne, (or bound together by infinite conn'ctions and corresp'ondencies); and accor'dingly/ its natural progress is from o'ne/ to ano'ther-field of thought; and/ wherever original po'wer (creative g'enius) exists, the mi'nd (far from being distra'cted or opp'ressed by the variety of its acquis'itions) will see more and more co'm-mon be'arings/ and hidden and beautiful analogies in all the o'bjects of kno'wledge—will see mutual lig'ht/ shed from tru'th to tru'th, and will comp'el-us (with a king'ly-power, whatever it underst'ands,) to yield some tribute of pro'of, or illustr'ation, or sple'ndour, to whatever to pic/ it would unfo'ld.

ESTIMATE OF POETRY—MILTON'S OPINION.

DR. CHANNING.

OF a'll God's gifts of i'ntellect, Milton esteemed po'etical-genius the m'ost transce'ndent. He este'e'med it/ in himse'lf/ as a kind of inspir'ation, and wrote his great works/ with something of the conscious dig'nity of a pro'phet. We agr'ee with M'ilton/ in his e'stimate of po'etry. It seems to us the divi'nest of all a'rts, fo'r/ it is the brea'thing or expres'sion-of that principle or se'ntiment, which is de'epest and subli'mest in human n'ature; we me'an of that thi'r'st or aspira'tion, to which no mind is who'lly a stra'nger, for something pu'r'er and lo'velier, something more po'werful, lo'fty, and thr'illing, than ordinary and re'al-life affo'rds. No doctrine is more com'mon/ among Chr'istians/ than that of ma'n's immort'al'ity, but/ it is not so generally understo'od, that the ger'ms or prin'ciples of his whole fu'ture-being/ are now' wrapped up in his so'ul, (as the ru'diments of the future plant in the se'ed.) As a necessary resu'l't of this constit'u'tion, the so'ul (possessed and moved by these mig'hty/ though i'nfant e'nergies) is perpetually stretch-ing beyo'nd/ what is pre'sent and vi'sible, struggling against the bounds of its e'arthy prison-h'ouse, and seeking reli'ef and jo'y/ in imaginings of unse'en and ide'al-being. Thi's-view of our n'ature (which has never been fu'ly developed, and which goes further/ towards explaining the contradictions of human li'fe/ than all o'thers) carries us to the very found'a-tion and so'urces-of-poetry. He/ who cannot inte'rpret (by his own co'ncsciousness) what we have now sa'id, wants the

truë key to wo'rks of ge'n'ius. He has not penetrated those sacred recesses of the so'ul, where poetry is bo'rn and no'u-rished, and inhales immortal vi'gour, and wings herself for her æ'eavenward-flight. In an intelle'ctual na'ture, (framed for progress and for hig'her-modes of b'e'ing,) there must be creative e'nergies, powers of ori'ginal and e'ver-growing tho'ught; and po'e'try is the fo'rm/ in which these e'nergies/ are chiefly ma'nifested. It is the glorious prerogative of this ar't, that it "makes all things ne'w," for the gratification of a di'vine inst'inct. It inde'ed finds its e'lements/ in what it actually se'es and expe'riences, (in the worlds of ma'tter and mi'nd;) but/ it comb'ines and blen'ds-these/ into new fo'rms/ and ac-cording to new a'ffinities; breaks do'wn (if we may so s'ay) the distin'ctions and bou'nds of na'ture; imparts to material o'b'jects li'fe, and se'ntiment, and emo'tion, and invests the mind with the po'wers and splen'dours-of the ou'tward cre'a-tion; descri'bes the surrounding u'niverse in the co'lours/* which the passions throw o'ver it, and depicts the min'd/ in those modes of repo'se or agita'tion, of ten'derness or sublime emo'tion, which manifests its thi'r'st/ for a more po'werful and jo'yful exi'stence. To a man of a li'teral and prosa'ic char-acter, the mind may seem law'less/ in these wo'rkings; but/ it observes hig'her-laws/ than it transgre'sses, (the law's of the immortal in'tellect;) it is trying and devel'oping its best fa'culties; a'nd/ in the o'b'jects/ which it descri'bes, or in the emo'tions/ which it aw'akens, anticipates those states of pro-gressive po'wer, sple'ndour, bea'uty and ha'ppiness, for whi'ch/ it was crea'ted.

We accordingly believe that p'oetry (far from in'juring soci'ety) is one of the great instruments of its refi'nement and exalta'tion. It lifts the mind above o'r'dinary-life, gives it a res'pite from pressing ca'res, and awakens the consciousness of its affi'nity/ with what is p'ure and no'ble. In its legi'timate and hig'h'est e'fforts, it has the same t'endency and aim/ with Christia'nity; tha't is, to spir'itualize our na'ture. Tru'e; poetry has been made the in'strument of v'ice, the pan'der of ba'd-pas-sions; b'ut/ when genius thus sto'ops/, it dim's its fi'res, and parts with mu'ch of its po'wer; and/ even when poetry is enslaved to lice'ntiousness or misan'thropy, she cannot who'lly forget her

* The relative pronouns, in whatever case they occur, require a *pause* before them, except when preceded by *of*; as "of whom," "of which," &c.

su'e vocation. Stra'ins of pure fe'eling, tou'ches of ten'derness, mages of i'nnocent happiness, sym'pathies with suffering virtue, bursts of sco'rn or indigna'tion at the h'ollowness of the wor'ld, pa'ssages/ tru'e to our moral na'ture, often escape in an imm'oral-work, and sho'w us/ how ha'rd it is/ for a gi'fted spirit/* to divorce itself who'lly/ from what is go'od. Poetry has a natural all'iance/ with our bes't-affections. It delights in the bea'uty and sublim'ity of the outward crea'tion and of the sou'l. It indeed p'ortrays (with terrible e'nergy) the exce'sses of the pa'ssions; but they are pa'ssions/ which show a mighty na'ture, which are full of p'ower, which command a'we, and excite a de'ep/ though shu'ddering-sympathy. Its great te'ndency and pu'rpose, i's, to carry the mind beyo'nd and abov'e the bea'ten, du'sty/ wea'ry-walks of o'r'dinary-life; to lift it into a pu'rer e'lement, and to breathe into it more profo'und and ge'nerous emo'tion. It reveals to us the lo'veliness of na'ture, brings back the fres'hness of you'thful fe'eling, revives the rel'ish of simple p'leasures, keeps/ unquenched/ the enth'u'siasm/ which warmed the spring-time of our be'ing, refin'es youthful lo've, strengthens our interest in human na'ture/ by vi'vid delinea'tions of its te'nderest and lo'fliest fe'elings, spreads our sym'pathies/ over all clas'ses of soc'ety, kni'ts-us (by ne'w-ties) with univ'ersal be'ing, and (through the brightness of its prophetic vis'ions) helps fai'th/ to lay ho'ld/ on the fu'ture-life.

OBJECTIONS TO POETRY COMBATED

DR. CHANNING.

WE are aware, that it is objected to po'etry, that it gives wrong views and excites fa'lse expecta'tions-of-life, peoples the mind with sha'dows and illu'sions, and builds up imagina'tions on the ruin's of wi'sdom. That there i's-a-wisdom, against which po'etry wars, (the wisdom of the se'n'ses, which makes physical co'mfort and gratifica'tion the supreme g'ood, and wea'lth the chief interest of li'fe) we do not den'y; nor do

* It will not be forgotten, that every *infinitive mood* requires a pause before it, as well as every *preposition* except "of," which is almost always pronounced in the same breath with the word that precedes it;—as "conscious-of," &c.

we deem it the lea'st-service/ which poetry renders to m'an-kind, that it rede'ems them/ from the thra'ldom of this ea'rth-born pru'dence.* Bu't, passing over this t'opic, we would observe, that the complaint against p'oetry, (as abounding in illu'sion and decep'tion) is/ in the m'ain/ grou'ndless. In many p'oems/ there is more of tru'th/ than in many his'tories and philoso'phic the'ories. The fictions of g'enius/ are often the ve'hicles of the sublimest v'erities, and its fla'shes/ often open new re'gions of tho'ught, and throw ne'w-light/ on the m'ysteries of our be'ing. In p'oetry/ the let'ter is fa'lsehood, but the spi'rit/ is often profoundest-wisdom. And/ if truth thus dwells in the boldest fictions of the p'oet, much more may it be expected in his delinea'tions of li'fe; for the pr'esent li'fe (which is the fir'st-stage of the immortal m'ind) abounds in the mater'ials of p'oetry, and it is the high office of the bard/ to dete'ct this divine e'lement/ among the grosser la'bours and ple'a'sures of our earthy be'ing. The present li'fe is not who'lly pros'aic, pre'cise, tam'e, and fi'nite. To the gif'ted-eye/ it abounds in the poe'tic. The affec'tions/ which spread be-yond oursel'ves and stretch fa'r/ into futu'rity; the workings of mighty pa'ssions, which seem to arm the so'ul/ with-an-almost-superh'uman en'ergy; the innocent and irrepre'ssible jo'y of in'fancy, the blo'om, and buo'yancy, and daz'zling-h'opes of youth; the throbbings of the hear't, when it first wakes to lov'e, and dreams of a ha'ppiness/ too vas't for ear'th; wo'man/ with her be'a'uty, and gra'ce, and gen'tleness, and fu'lness of feel'ing, and dep'th of affe'ction, and her blu'shes of pu'rity, and the ton'es and lo'oks/ which only a mo'ther's-heart/ can insp'ire;—the'se/ are all poe'tical. It is not tru'e/ that the p'oet/ paints a li'fe/ which does not ex'ist. He only extracts and concen'trates (as it w'ere) li'fe's ethe'real e'ssence, arr'es'ts and conden'ses/ its volatile fra'grance, brings toge'ther/ its scat-tered be'a'uties, and prolongs its more refi'ned/ but evane'scent jo'ys; a'nd/ in th'is/ he does we'll; fo'r/ it is good to fe'el that

* In this example we perceive the restraining power of the strongly-qualifying word "but." Though there is a period after "prudence," it manifestly requires to be pronounced with the rising voice, agreeably to the principle of the first general Rule. And here it may be observed, that sentences immediately preceding all such strongly modifying words as *but, nevertheless, while, whilst, whereas, &c.*, (whatever punctuation the word may have that precedes them) require, in general, the rising inflection, as in the example now instanced.

lif'e/ is not who'll'y usurped by cares for subsis'tence, and phys-
 i-cal grati'fications, but adm'its (in measures which may be
 inde'finitely enlar'ged) senti'ments and deli'ghts/ worthy of a
 hi'gher bei'ng. This power of p'oetry/ to refine our views of
 life and happi'ness/ is m'ore/ and mo're ne'eded/ as soc'iety/
 adva'nces. It is needed to withstand the encroachments of
 heartless and artificial man'ners/ which make civiliz'ation/ so
 tam'e and unin'teresting. It is needed to counteract the tendency
 of physical sci'ence, wh'ich (being now sought, n'ot as for'merly/
 for intel'lectual gratifica'tion, b'ut/ for multiplying bo'dily c'om-
 forts,) requires a new dev'elopment of imagina'tion, tas'te, and
 p'oetry, to preserve men from sinking into an earth'y, mat'e-
 rial, epicure'an-life. Our remar'ks/ in vindication of p'oetry/
 have extended beyond our o'iginal desi'gn. They have had
 a hig'her-aim/ than to assert the di'gnity of Mil'ton as a po'et,
 and tha't-is, to ende'ar and recomm'end this divine a'rt/ to a'll
 who reve'rence/ and would c'ultivate and refi'ne their na'ture.

Concluding tone.

MILTON'S CHARACTER AS A POET.

DR. CHANNING.

IN delineating Milton's cha'racter/ as a po'et, we are saved
 the necessity of looking fa'r/ for its disti'guishing-attributes.
 His na'me/ is almost identified with subli'mity. He is/ in
 tru'th/ the subli'mest-of/ me'n. He ris'es, not by ef'fort or d'is-
 cipline, b'ut/ by a native ten'dency and a godlike in'stinct/ to
 the contemplation of ob'jects of gra'ndeur and aw'fulness.
 He always m'oves/ with a cons'cious-energy. There is no
 subject so va'st or terr'ific, as to repel or intim'idate-him.
 The overpowering grandeur of a th'eme/ kin'dles and attra'cts-
 him. He enters on the description of the infer'nal-regions/
 with a fearless tr'e'ad, as if he f'elt/ within him'self/ a power/ to
 erect the prison-house of fallen sp'irits, to encircle them
 with flam'es and hor'rors/ worthy of their cr'imes, to call forth
 fr'om them/ sho'uts/ which should "tear hell's co'ncave," and
 to emb'ody in their chi'ef/ an archa'ngel's e'nergies and a de-
 mon's pri'de and hate. Even the stupendous conception of
 Sa'tan/ seems never to oppr'ess his fa'culties. This cha'facter
 of p'ower/ runs through a'll-Milton's-works. His descriptions
 of na'ture/ show a free and bo'd-hand. He has no need of

the m' minute, grap'hic-skill, which we prize in Cow'per or Cr'abbe. With a few stro'ng or delicate to'uches, he im'pre'sses (as it w'ere) his own mi'nd/ on the sce'nes/ whi'ch he would des'cribe, and kindles the imagina'tion of the gi'fted-reader/ to clothe them with the same radiant h'ues/ under whi'ch/ they app'eared/ to his ow'n.

This attribute of p'ower/ is universally felt to char'acterize Mil'ton. His subli'mity/ is in every man's mo'uth. Is it felt that hi's poetry/ breathes a sen'sibility and ten'derness/ hardly surpa'ssed by its su'blimity? We apprehend that the gra'n-deur of Mil'ton's mind/ has thrown some shade over his mi'lder-beauties/; and thi's/ it has do'ne/ not only by being more strik'ing and impo'sing, bu't/ by the tendency of vast mental é'nergy/ to give a certain ca'l'mness to the expre'ssion of te'n'derness and de'ep-feeling. A gr'e'at-mind/ is the master of its o'wn enth'usiasm, and does not often break out i'nto those tu'mults, which pa'ss/ with ma'ny/ for the sig'ns of profou'nd-emotion. Its sensibi'lity (though more intense and end'uring) is more self-pos'sessed, and less pertu'rbed/ than tha't of other me'n, and is/ the'refore/ less observ'ed and f'elt, except by thos'e/ who under'stand (through their own con'sciousness) the wor'kings and u'tterance of g'e'uine fee'l'ing.*

“THE RUIN OF ENGLAND, THE SETTLED PURPOSE OF BUONAPARTE'S HEART.”

DR. CHANNING.

WILL it be said that the conqueror has too much work at ho'me/ to care for Ame'rica? He has inde'ed work at ho'me; bu't (unhappily for this co'untry) that work ever brings u's/ to his vie'w. There is one w'ork, one o'b'ject, which is ever

* “Of Mil'ton's po'e'try, it would require a tongue like his ow'n/ to speak the pra'ise;—it invigo'rates the under'stan'ding; it pu'rifies the affe'ctions; it lifts up the he'art, to Go'd:—‘V'irtue/ goeth o'ut of it.’ E'v'er will it end'u're to put to sha'me tho'se/ who pervert the noblest gi'ft-of H'eaven/ to lo'w and sen'sual-abu'se! Ever will it remain a triumphant memo'rial/ that the lamp of ge'n'ius/ shines with the brightest lu'stre/ when it is fe'd/ with the pu'rest-oil!”—*Quarterly Review*, No. LXXI., June, 1827.

present to the mind-of Napole'on.* It mingl'es/ with all his thought's. It is his dream by night, his care/ by day. He did not forget it on the shores of the Baltic, or the banks of the Danube.† *The ruin of England/* is the first, the most settled purpose-of his heart. That nation/ is the only barrier/ to his ambition. In the opulence, the energy, the public-spirit, the liberty-of-England, he sees the only obstacles to universal domination. England once fallen, and the civilized world/ lies at his feet. England erect, and there is one asylum for virtue, magnanimity, freedom, on'e-spark/ which may set the world on fire; on'e-nation/ to encourage the disaffected, to hold-up/ to the oppressed/ the standard-of revolt. England/ therefore/ is the great object of the hostile fury-of the French-emperor. England/ is the great-end of his plans; and his-plans (of course) embrace all nations, which come in contact with England; which love/ or hate her, which can give her support, or contribute to her downfall. *We* then, (we may be assured) are not overlooked by Napoleon.† We are a nation/ sprung from England. We have received from her our laws, and many of our institutions. We speak her language, and/ in her language/ we dare to express the indignation/ which she feels at oppression. Besides, we have other ties/ which connect us with England. We are a commercial people; commercial by habit, commercial by our very situation. But/ no-nation can be commercial without maintaining some connection with England, without having many common interests with her, without strengthening the foundations of her greatness. England is the great emporium of the world; and the conqueror knows/ that it is only by extinguishing-the commerce-of the world, by bringing every commercial nation/ to bear his yoke, that he can fix a mortal wound/ on England. Moreover, we are the neighbours of some of the most valuable English colonies, and can exert an important influence/ on those channels of her commerce, those sources of her opulence.

Can we then suppose that the ambitious, the keen-sighted-Napoleon/ overlooks *us* in his schemes of universal con-

* This celebrated proper name is become *Anglicised*, and has, agreeably to rule, the accent on the *penultimate*.

† Negative sentences, and negative members of sentences, it will be recollected, generally require the rising inflection.

quests; that he wants nothing of u's, and is content that we should prosper and be at peace, because we are so distant from his throne? Has he not already told us/ that we must embark in his cause? Has he not himself declared war-for-us/ against England? Will it be said, he wants not to conquer us, but only wishes us to be his allies? *Allies of France!* Is there a man/ who does not shudder at the thought? Is there one/ who had not rather struggle nobly, and perish under her open-enmity, than be crushed by the embrace of her friendship, — *her alliance?* To show you the happiness* of her alliance, I will not carry you back to Venice, Switzerland, Holland. Their expiring groans/ are almost forgotten amidst later outrages. Spain, Spain is the ally/ to whom I would direct-you. Are you lovers of treachery, perfidy, rapacity, and massacre? Then aspire after the honour/ which Spain has forfeited, and become the ally of France.

Let me here observe, that the contrast of England with France (in point of *morals* and *religion*) is one ground of hope (to the devout mind) in these dark/ and troubled times. On this subject, I have heard but one-opinion from good men, who have visited the two countries. The character of England/ is to be estimated particularly from what may be called the *middle class* of society (the most numerous class in all nations, and more numerous and influential in England/ than in any other nation of Europe. The warm piety, the active benevolence, and the independent and mainly thinking (which are found in this class) do encourage me in the belief, that England/ will not be forsaken by God/ in her solemn struggle!†

I feel myself bound to all nations/ by the ties of a common nature, a common Father, and a common Saviour. But/ I feel a peculiar-interest in England; for I believe, that there/ Christianity is exerting its best influences on the human character; that there/ the perfections of human nature (wisdom, virtue, and piety) are fostered by excellent institutions, and are producing the delightful fruits of domestic happiness.

* "Happiness" here is spoken *ironically*, and hence pronounced with the rising circumflex.

† Though the note of admiration is generally pronounced with the falling voice, yet when much pathos is expressed, as in the above beautiful example, the *rising* inflection will produce the more effect.

ness, social o'rders, and general prosper'ity. It is a ho'pe
 (which I could not resign without a'nguish) that the "pr'ayers
 and al'm's" of En'gland "will come up for a mem'orial before
 G'od," and will obta'in for her/ his sure prot'ection/ against the
 co'mmon e'nemy of the civilized w'orld.

Winding up, or
 concluding tone.

From the Sermon on the day of the Public Fast, }
 5th April, 1810.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

GRAY.

THE curfew tolls/ the kne'll of parting da'y ;
 The lowing herd/ winds slowly o'er the le'a ;
 The plow'man home'ward/ plo'ds his weary wa'y,
 And leaves the wo'ld—to dar'kness, and to m'e. } *

Now fades the glimm'ring lan'dscape/ on the sig'ht,
 And all the air/ a solemn stillness ho'lds ;
 Save where the bee'tle/ wheels his droning fi'ght,
 And drowsy tinklings/ lull the distant fo'lds ;

Save that, from yo'nder/ ivy-mantled to'wer,
 The moping owl/ does to the moon compl'ain
 Of su'ch, as wandering/ near her secret bo'wer,
 Mole'st her an'cient/ soli'tary-reign.

Ha'rk ! how the sacred ca'lm/ that breathes aro'und,
 Bids every fier'ce/ tumultuous passion ce'ase ;
 In s'till/ sm'all-accent/ whispering from the grou'nd,
 A grateful ear'nest/ of eternal pea'ce !

Beneath these rugged elm's,/ that yew-tree's sh'ade,
 (Where heaves the turf/ in many a mouldering he'ap,)
 Each/ in his narrow c'ell/ for ever la'id,
 The rude forefa'thers/ of the hamlet sle'ep.

* The observance of the *caesural pause* (which generally occurs at the fourth, but extends sometimes to the sixth or seventh syllable) is essentially necessary to the proper reading of any poetry ; but, in Gray's beautiful Elegy, it is absolutely indispensable ! It occurs in the first verse at "tolls," "herd," "homeward," and "world ;" and the inflections upon the whole, at the end of each line, generally correspond with those in the FIRST VERSE, as here marked.

The breezy c'all/ of incense-br'eathing mor'n,
 The swallow/ twittering from the straw-built sh'ed,
 The cock's shrill cla'ron/, or the echoing hor'n,
 No mor'e shall rous'e-them/ from their lo'wly b'ed.

For the'm no more/ the blazing hearth shall bur'n,
 Or busy house wife/ ply her evening ca're ;
 No children ru'n/ to lisp' their sire's retur'n,
 Or climb his kn'ees/ the envied ki'ss/ to shar'e.

Oft did the harvest/ to their si'ckle yiel'd ;
 Their furrow of't/ the stubborn glebe has bro'ke :
 How jocund did they driv'e/ their team a-fie'ld !
 How bowed the w'oods/ beneath their st'urdy stro'ke !

Let not ambiti'on/ mock their useful to'il,
 Their homely joy's/, and destiny obsc'ure ;
 Nor gra'ndeur h'ear (with a disdainful s'mile)
 The sho'rt and si'mple-annals/ of the po'or.

The bo'ast of her'aldry, the po'mp of po'wer,
 And all that bea'uty, all that we'alth e'er g'ave,
 Awa'it, ali'ke, the ine'vitable-hour :

The paths of glor'y—lead but to the gra've.

Nor y'ou (ye pro'ud) impute to the'se the fa'ult,
 If me'mory/ o'er their tombs no trophies rai'se,
 Wh'ere (through the long-drawn ais'le and fretted v'ault)
 The pealing a'nthem/ swells the n'ote-of prai'se.

Can storied ur'n, or animated b'ust,
 Back to its man'sion/ call the fleeting br'eath ?
 Can honour's voi'ce/ provoke the silent d'ust,
 Or flat'tery/ sooth the d'ull/ col'd-ear of dea'th ?

Perhaps/ in this/ neglected sp'ot is la'id/
 Some heart/ once pregnant with celes'tial fi're ;
 Han'ds/ that the rod of em'pire/ might have sway'ed,
 Or waked to ec'stacy/ the li'ving-lyre :

Bu't/ knowledge to their ey'es/ her ample pag'e,
 R'ich/ with the spoils of ti'me/, did ne'er unr'oll ;
 Chill pe'nury/ repressed their noble rag'e,
 And froze the genial cur'rent/ of the sou'l.

Full many a ge'm/ of purest ray ser'ene,
 The da'rk/ unfathomed-caves/ of ocean b'ear :

Full many a flower/ is born to blush unse'en,
And waste its sweetness/ on the desert-air.
Some vill'age-Hampden/ that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields/ withstood:
Some mute/ inglorious-Milton/ here may rest:
Some Cromwell/ guiltless of his country's blood.
The applause of listening senates/ to command,
The threats of pain and ruin/ to despise,
To scatter plenty/ o'er a smiling land,
And read their history/ in a nation's eyes;
Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues/, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade through slaughter/ to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy/ on mankind;
The struggling pans/ of conscious truth/ to hide
To quench the blushes/ of ingenuous shame;
Or heap the shrine of luxury/ and pride,
With incense kindled/ at the muse's flame.
Far from the madding crowd's/ ignoble strife;
Their sober wishes/ never learned to stray;
Along the cool/ sequestered-vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor/ of their way.
Yet even these bones, (from insult to protect,)
Some frail memorial/ still erected high,
With uncouth rhymes/ and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute/ of a sigh.
Their name, their years, (spelt by the unlettered muse)
The place of fame/ and elegy supply;
And many a holy text/ around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist/ to die.
For who (to dumb Forgetfulness a prey)
This pleasing/ anxious-being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts/ of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?
On some/ fond-breast/ the parting-soul/ relies,
Some pious-drops/ the closing-eye requires;
Even from the tomb/ the voice of nature cries,
Even in our ashes/ live their wonted fires.
For the'e/, who (mindful of the unhonoured dead,)
Do'st/ in these lines/ their artless tale relate,

If chan'ce, (by lonely contemplation l'ed,)
 Some kin'dred-spirit/ shall inquire thy fat'e ;
 Ha'ply (some hoary-headed swain/ may s'ay)—
 " Oft have we see'n-him/, at the peep of da'wn,
 " Brush'ing (with hasty steps) the de'ws a'way,
 " To meet the s'un/ upon the u'pland-law'n.
 " The're/ at the foo't/ of yonder nodding be'ech,
 " That wreathes its o'ld/ fanta'stic-roots so hi'gh,
 " His listless len'gth/ at noon'tide/ would he str'etch,
 " And po're upon the bro'ok/ that babbles by.
 " Hard by yon wo'od, (now smi'lling as in sc'orn,)
 " Muttering his wayward fan'cies/, he would ro've ;
 " Now droo'ping, wo'ful, w'an, (like on'e forlo'rn)
 " Or cra'zed with ca're/ or cros'sed/ in hop'eless love'.
 " One mo'rn I misse'd him/ on the accu'stomed hi'll,
 " Along the hea'th/, and near his favourite tr'ee/ ;
 " Another cam'e/, nor yet beside the rill',
 " Nor up the law'n, nor at the wo'od/ was he' :
 " The next, (with dirges due, in sa'd ar'ray,)
 " Slow through the church-way pa'th/ we saw him bor'ne—
 " Approa'ch, and re'ad (for tho'u-canst-read) the la'y,
 " 'Grav'ed on the st'one/ beneath yon a'ged tho'rn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his hea'd/ upon the la'p of ear'th,
 A you'th to for tune/ and to fa'me unkno'wn.
 Fair Sci'ence frow'ned not/ on his humble bir'th ;
 And Me'lancholy-marked-him/ for her ow'n.
 Lar'ge was his bou'nty/, and his s'oul sincer'e ;
 Heaven did a re'compense/ as largely se'nd,
 He gave to m'isery (a'll he ha'd) a te'ar :
 He gai'ned from He'aven ('twas a'll he wis'hed) a frie'nd.
 No farther seek his me'rits/ to disclo'se,
 Or draw his fra'ilties/ from their dread ab'ode,
 (There they ali'ke in trembling hope rep'ose.)
 The bos'om of his Fa'ther and his Go'd.

* The "Epitaph" should be read in a lower tone of voice, and in such a manner as a good reader would really employ when perusing an inscription in a church-yard.

AN EPISTLE TO JOSEPH HILL, Esq.

COWPER.

DEAR JOSEPH—five-and-twenty y^ears ago—
 (Alas, how time esca^pes!—'tis e^ven so—)
 With frequent in^{ter}course, and always swe^et,
 And always friendly, we were wont to ch^{eat}/*
 A tedious ho^ur—and no^w/ we never me^et!
 As some grave gentleman in Terence sa^ys,
 ('Twas/ the^{re}fore / much the same in an^cient-days),
 Good la^{ck}! we know not what to-mo^rrow brin^gs—
 Strange fluctu^ation of all human thi^{ng}s!
 Tr^ue. Changes will befa^{ll}, and friends may pa^rt,
 But distance oⁿly/ cannot change the he^art:
 An^d, were I ca^lled/ to prove the assertion tr^ue,
 On^e proof should se^rve—a re^ference to yo^u.

Whence comes it theⁿ, th^at/ in the waⁿe-of-life,
 (Though nothing have occur^{ed} to kindle strⁱfe,)
 We find the frien^ds/ we fancied we had woⁿ,
 Though numerous oⁿce, reduced to fe^w or noⁿe?
 Can gold grow worth^{less}/ that has stood the tou^{ch}?
 No—g^old they see^med, but they were never su^{ch}.

Horatio's servant on^{ce}, with bow and criⁿge
 (Swinging the parlour do^or/ upon its hinge,)
 Dreadiⁿg a ne^gative, and overa^wed/
 Le^st he should tre^spass, begged to go abro^ad.
 Go, f^{el}low!—whither?—(turniⁿg short abo^ut—)
 Na^y—stay at ho^me—yo^u're always goiⁿg o^ut.
 'Tis but a step, si^r, just at the street's eⁿd.—
 For wh^at?—An please you, si^r, to see a frieⁿd.
 A fri^{en}d! (Horatio cried, and seem^{ed} to st^art)—
 Yea marry shal^t thou, and with a^{ll} my hea^art.—

* Too much care cannot be paid to the pronunciation of the last word of every line in rhyming poetry, especially when there is no printer's punctuation after it, as in "cheat," where the unskilful reader is almost certain to make no pause, and hastens to run "We were wont to cheat" into the next line, thereby at once injuring both the elocution and the verse;—now, be it remembered, that every such line, though without a point, requires a considerable pause, and, in general, the rising inflection.

And fetch my clo'ak ; fo'r/ though the night be ra'w,
 'I'll see him to'o—the firs't I ever sa'w.

I knew the ma'n, and knew his nature mi'ld,
 And was his play-thing often/ when a chi'ld;
 But/ somewhat at that mo'ment/ pinched him clo'se,
 E'lse/ he was seldom b'itter or moro'se.
 Perhaps his con'fidence just then betra'yed,
 His gri'ef might prom'pt him/ to the speech he m'ade;
 Perhaps 'twas mere good-hu'mour gave it b'irth,
 (The harmless play of pleasantry and mirth.)
 Howe'er it wa's, his lan'guage (in my m'ind),
 Bespo'ke at least a ma'n/ that kn'ew mank'ind.

But, not to moralize too mu'ch, and stra'in
 To prove an evil of which a'll compl'ain,
 (I hate long ar'guments, verbosely sp'un),
 One story mor'e, dear Hi'll, and I have don'e.
 Once on a tim'e, an e'mperor, a wise ma'n—
 (No matter whe're, in Chi'na/ or Japa'n)—
 Decreed/ th'at/ whoso'e'v'er should off'end/
 Against the well-known du'ties of a fri'end,
 Convicted on'ce, should ever after we'ar/
 But ha'lf-a-co'at, and show his b'osom bar'e.
 The punishment importing th'is, (no do'ubt),
 That a'll was naught wi'thin, and a'll foun'd-out.

Oh, happy Brit'ain ! we have not to fear/
 Such hard and arbitrary me'asure he're ;
 Els'e, could a law like th'at/ which I rela'te/
 Once have the san'ction of our triple state',
 Some fe'w (that I have known in days of o'ld)
 Would run most dreadful r'isk of catching c'old ;*
 While yo'u (my fri'end), whatever wi'nd should blo'w,
 Might tra'verse E'ngland/ safely t'o and fro',
 An honest ma'n, close buttoned to the chin',
 Br'oad cloth with'out, and a warm h'eart within'.

* We see here the *power* of emphasis ! If "cold" had not required a peculiarly significant turn of the voice (the falling circumflex) it would, agreeably to rule, have had the *rising inflection*.

LINES ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE LIVERPOOL MARINE SOCIETY.

RUSHTON.

WHAT is li'fe, but an o'cean, precarious as th'ose/
 Which surround this terraqueous ba'll ?
 What is m'an, but a ba'rk, often laden with w'oes,
 What is dea'th, but the harbour of a'll ?
 On our pas'sage—to-da'y/ may be mild and ser'ene,
 And our loftiest ca'nvass be sho'wn:
 While to-mo'rrow/ fierce tempests may blac'ken the sc'ene,
 And our ma'sts by the bo'ard/ may be go'ne.

On *li'fe's* rosy mo'rn (with a prosperous bre'eze,)

 We all our light sa'il/ may displa'y,
 With a cloudless hori'zon/ may sweep at our éase,
 And of *sor'row*/ ne'er feel the salt spr'ay;
 But/ ere' we have reached our mer'idian, the ga'le,
 From the point of ill-for'tune, may blo'w,
 And, the su'n of our be'ing (all cheerless and p'ale)
 May se't/ in the wild wa'ves of wo'e.

Experience (when bound o'er the turbulent w'aves)
 Remembers that *i'lls* may ar'ise,
 And with se'dulous car'e (er'e the danger he br'aves)
 His bark with spare ta'ckle/ supplies.
 So *you** on *li'fe's* o'cean (with provident m'inds)
 Have here a spare an'chor secur'ed,
 With whi'ch (in despite of *adver'sity's* wi'nds)
 The hel'pless/ will one day be moor'ed.

* When the pronoun *you* occurs in the nominative case, it is pronounced full and open, so as to rhyme with *new*; but when in the accusative case, and unemphatic, it must be pronounced as if spelt *ye*. This observation is likewise applicable to the possessive pronoun *your*. When in the nominative case, it is pronounced so as to rhyme with *fewer*; if in the accusative, and unemphatic, it is pronounced as if written *jur*. This sound of the possessive pronoun *your* always takes place when it is used to signify any particular species of persons or things, as, "*your* men of the world," &c. &c. *My*, too, when unemphatic, runs into the familiar sound of *me*.

The personal pronoun *you* should likewise, when unemphatic, be pronounced as in the accusative case, when coming after the auxiliary verbs *are*, *were*, *shall*, *may*, *can*, &c.

When the strong arm of winter/ uplifts the blue ma'in,
 And sno'w-storms, and shi'pwrecks abo'und;
 When hollow-cheeked fa'mine/ inflicts her *fell* pa'in,
 And the *swam'p*/ flings destruction arou'nd;
 When the folly of rulers/ embroils human ki'nd,
 And my'riads/ are robbed of their bre'ath:
 This wise Institu'tion/ shall come o'er the m'ind,
 And may soften the p'illow of de'ath.

The p'oor/ wi'dowed-mourner — the sweet/ pra'tling-throng,
 The ve'teran (whose powers are no more)
 Shall *here* find an ar'm/ to defend them from wro'ng,
 And to chase meagre *w'ant*/ from the doo'r.
This/ is "tempering the w'ind/ to the la'mb newly sho'rn,"
This/ is following the an't's prudent w'ays;
 And, Oh' (blest Institu'tion!) the child ye't unb'orn
 With ra'pture/ shall lisp forth thy pra'ise.

ODE ON THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.*

REV. CHARLES WOLFE.†

NOT a drum was hea'rd, not a funeral n'ote,
 (As 'his corse to the ramparts we h'urried;)
 Not a soldier dischar'ged/ his farewell sh'ot
 O'er the gra've/ where our H'ero was bu'ried.

We buried him dar'kly, at dea'd of n'ight,
 (The sod with our ba'yonets tu'ring,)

* This accomplished general has had few equals. Glasgow has the honour of having been the place of his birth. While little more than thirty, he served with distinguished honour under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, in the West Indies, as *Brigadier-General*. At the close of the disastrous Peninsular campaign of 1808, by the masterly disposition of his troops at *Corunna*, he repelled the formidable attack of the French army; in which unequal contest a cannon ball deprived him of his valuable life, and his country of one of her best and bravest generals, in the forty-eighth year of his age. Sir John Moore was the son of Dr. Moore, the distinguished tourist and author of "*Zeleana*," "*Edward*," &c., and brother to the admiral, who died at an advanced age in 1844.

† The highly-gifted and amiable writer of this beautiful Ode, which Lord Byron so eloquently and deservedly panegyricized, (while the author was yet unknown) was born in Dublin, and died, in the thirty-second year of his age, at the Cove of Cork, in 1823.

By the struggling moo'n-beams,/ misty ligh t,
 And the la'tern/ dimly bur'ning.
 No useless co'ffin/ inclosed hi's br'east,
 Nor in sh'eet/ nor in shro'ud/ we wou'nd-him ;
 But he lay like a wa'rrior, taking his rest,
 With his martial cl'oak/ arou'nd-him.
 Few and short were the pra'yers/ we sa'id,
 And we spoke not a wo'rd of sor'row ;
 But we steadfastly ga'zed on the face of the d'ead,
 And we bi'tterly tho'ught-of the mor'row.
 We tho'ught (as we hollowed his narrow b'ed,
 And smoothed down his lo'nely pi'llow)
 That the fo'e and the stran'ger/ would tread o'er his h'ead,
 And we far away/ on the bil'low.
 Lig'htly they'll talk of the spi'rit/ that's g'one,
 And o'er his cold a'shes/ upbraid h'im ;
 And lit'tle he'll re'ck (if they let him sleep o'n)
 In the gra've/ where a B'riton has laid hi'm !
 But half of our heavy task was do'ne,
 When the clo'ck/ struck the hour for reti'ring,
 And we h'ear'd (by the distant and random g'un)
 That the f'oe/ was suddenly firin'g.
 Slowly and sa'dly we laid him d'own,
 (From the field of his fam'e fresh and g'ory)
 We carved not a lin'e, we raised not a st'one,
 But we left him al'one/ with his glory'.

} Lower and slower.

SCIPIO'S RESTORING THE CAPTIVE LADY TO HER LOVER.

THOMSON.

WHEN, to his glorious/ first essay in war,*
 New Carthage fe'll ; there all the flower of† Spa'in

* We have an instance, in this line, of the absolute power of *Rhythmus*, or, of alternate *emphasis* and *remission* :—" Thesis " (Δ) indicating the heavy pulsation ; and " Arsis, " (·) the light ; by which power the accent in the noun " essay " is changed from the first, to the second syllable, as in the *verb*.

† " Of." This preposition is pronounced as if written *an*, except when

Were kept in h'ostage ; a full fie'ld pres'enting
 For Scipio's gen'erosity/ to shin'e.—A n'oble-virgin,
 (Conspicuous fa'r/ o'er all the captive da'mes)
 Was marked the gen'eral's-prize. She we'pt, and blus'hed ;
 Young, fres'h, and bloo'ming, like the mor'n. An e'ye,
 As when the blue sky trembles through a cl'oud
 Of purest whi'te. A secret charm combined
 Her fea'tures, and infused encha'ntment throu'gh-them.
 Her shap'e was ha'rmony. But/ eloquence
 Beneath her bea'uty fai'ls ; which seem'ed/ on pur'pose/
 By na'ture la'vished-on-her, that mankin'd
 Might see the vir'tue of a he'ro tr'ied
 Almo'st beyond the stre'tch-of hu'man-force.
 Soft as she passed alon'g/ with downcast ey'es,
 (Where gentle sorrow swell'ed, and, no'w and the'n,
 Dropped o'er her modest che'eks/ a trickling te'ar)
 The Roman l'egions lan'guished, and hard wa'r
 Felt more than p'ity ; even their chief himse'lf,
 (As on his high tribu'nal raised he s'at)
 Turned from the dangerous sig ht, a'nd (ch'iding) asked
 His o'fficers, i'f/ by this gi'ft/ they meant
 To clou'd-his-glory/ in its very da'wn.
 She (questioned of her bi'rth) in trembling a'ccents
 (With tears and blus'hes br'oken) told her tale.
 But, when he found her ro'yally-descended ;
 Of her old captive p'arents/ the so'le-joy ;
 And that a hapless/ Celtibe'rian prin'ce,
 (Her lo'ver, and bel'oved) forgot his chai'ns,
 His lost domin'ions, and for her alon'e
 Wept out his tender s'oul ; sudden the hea'rt
 Of this you'ng, co'nquering, lov'ing, godl'ike-Roman,
 Felt all the great divi'nity of vir'tue.
 His wishing yo'uth stood che'cked, his tempting pow'er/,
 Restrained/ by kind huma'nity.—At once
 He for her pa'rents, and her lo'ver ca'lled.
 The various sc'ene ima'gine. How his troops

it either ends a sentence, or occurs before a personal pronoun in the accu-
 sative case, when it assumes the broad sound *ov*.—*Example* : " We never
 know the true value *uv* time till we are deprived *ov* it." *By*, also, has
 been considered as subject to a double sound, as if written *be*, but this
 pronunciation is only admissible in the lighter species of composition, or
 in familiar conversation ; as, *be the by* (" by the by.")

Looked dubious o'n, and wondered what he me'ant ;
 While stretched belo'w, the trembling suppliants lay',
 Racked by a thousand mingling pas'sions—fear,
 Ho'pe, jea'lousy, disdai'n, subm'ission, grie'f,
 Anxi'ety, and lo've/ in every shap'e.
 To thes'e, as different sentiments succee'ded,
 As mixed emo'tions, when the man divi'ne
 Thu's the dread si'lence/ to the lo'ver bro'ke :
 " We both are yo'ung ; both char'med. The right of w'ar/
 " Has put thy beauteous mi'stress/ in my p'ower ;
 " With who'm I co'uld (in the most sa'cred ti'es)
 " Live out a happy life. But kn'ow, that Ro'mans,
 " Their hea'rts, as well as e'nemies, can co'nquer.
 " Then take her to thy so'ul ; and, wit'h-her, take
 " Thy li'berty and king'dom. In retu'rn/
 " I ask but thi's—when you behold these ey'es,
 " These cha'rms/ with tra'nsport, be a frie'nd/ to Rom'e."—
 Ecstatic wo'nder held the lovers mu'te ;
 While the loud cam'p, and all the clust'ering cro'wd/
 That hung aro'und, rang with repeated sho'uts.
 Fam'e took the alar'm, and, through resounding Spai'n/
 Blew fast the fair repo'rt ; whi'ch, mo're than arm's,
 Admi'ring na'tions/ to the Ro'mans gain'ed.

SPEECH OF ROLLA.

KOTZEBUE.—SHERIDAN.

My brave assoc'iates—par'tners of my to'il, my feel'ings, and
 my fa'me ! Can Rolla's wor'ds/ add vigour to the virtuous
 en'ergies/ which inspire your he'arts ? No' ;—yo'u have
 judg'ed (as *I* have) the foulness of the crafty plea/ by which
 these bold inv'aders/ would delu'de-you. *Your* generous
 spi'rit has comp'ared (as *mi'ne* h'as) the mot'ives/ which (in a
 war like thi's) can animate *their* mi'nds and ou'rs. *They* (by
 a strange frenzy dr'iven) fight for po'wer, for plun'der, and
 exte'nded-rule ;—*w'e/* for our co'untry, our al'tars, and our
 hom'es. *They/* follow an adve'nturer/ whom they fea'r, and
 ob'ey a po'wer/ which they h'ate ;—*w'e/* serve a mo'narch/ whom
 we love,—a Go'd whom we ado're. When'e'er they move
 in an'ger/ desola'tion/ tracks their pro'gress ! Wher'e'er they

pause in a'mity, afflic'tion/ mourns their frien'dship. They
 boa'st, they com'e/ but to impr'ove our sta'te, enla'rge our
 thou'ghts, and fr'ee-us/ from the yok'e of er'ror ! Ye's —*the'y*
 will give enlightened freedom to our min'ds, who are them-
 selves the slaves of pa'ssion, a'varice, and pri'de. They offer
 us their protec'tion—Ye's, su'ch protec'tion/ as vu'ltures give
 to lam'bs — co'vering and devou'ring-them. They call on
 us to ba'rter all of goo'd/ we have inherited and pr'oved, for
 the desperate cha'nce of something bet'ter/ which they pro'-
 mise. Be our plain a'nswer thi's : The thron'e/ *we ho'nour/* is
 the *peo'ple's choi'ce* ; the law's/ we re'verence/ are our brave
 fa'thers' le'gacy ; —the faith'/ we fol'low/ teach'es-us/ to liv'e in
 bon'ds of cha'ri'ty/ with all' manki'nd, and di'e/ with hop'e of
 bl'iss/ beyo'nd the grav'e. Te'll your invaders thi's, and tell
 them to'o, we seek no cha'nge ; a'nd/ leas't of all/, such
 cha'nge/ as *the'y/* would bring-us.

WOLSEY AND CROMWELL.

SHAKSPEARE.

Wol. FAREWE'LL, a lon'g-farewell/ to all my grea'tness !
 Th'is/ is the state of ma'n ; to-da'y/ he puts forth
 The tender leaves of ho'pe ; to-mo'rrow/ blos'soms,
 And bears his blushing ho'nours/ thick upo'n him ;
 The thir'd-day comes a fros't—(a kil'ling-frost),
 And/ when he thi'nks (good easy ma'n) full surely
 His grea'tness is a ri'pening, nip's his sh'oot ;
 And the'n/ h'e falls, as I-do. I have ve'ntured,
 (Like little wanton boy's, that swim on bl'adders)
 These many sum'mers/ in a sea of gl'ory ;
 But fa'r/ beyond my d'e'pth : my high-blown pr'i'de/
 At len'gth/ broke un'der me ; and now has le'ft-me
 (Weary and old with se'rvice) to the mer'cy
 Of a rude str'eam, that must for e'ver hide-me.
 Vain po'mp and gl'ory of the world, I ha'te ye !
 I feel my hea'rt new op'ened. Oh, how wretched
 Is tha't-poor-man/ that hangs on prin'ces'-favours !
 There is, (betwixt that smile he would aspir'e to,
 That sweet aspect of prin'ces, and his r'u'in,)
 More pan'gs and fear's/ than wa'r or wo'men-have ;

And/ when he f'alls, he falls like Lu'cifer,
Nev'er to h'ope agai'n.—

Wh'y, how n'ow, Cro'mwell?

Crom. I have no p'ower to spe'ak, Sir.

Wol. What! amaz'ed

At my misfo'rtunes? Can thy* spirit wonder
A great ma'n/ should dec'line?—Na'y, if you w'weep,
I'm fal'len inde'ed.

Crom. How do'es your Grace?

Wol. Wh'y, we'll;

Never so tru'ly happy (my good Cro'mwell.)
I know myself no'w, and I feel with'in me
(A pe'ace/ above all eart'hly di'gnities);
A st'ill, and qui'et-conscience. The kin'g/ has cur'ed me;
I humbly tha'nk his Gra'ce; and, from these sho'uld'ers,
These ruined pil'lars/, out of pity t'aken
(A load would sink a n'av'y) too much hon'our.
O, 'tis a b'urden, (Cro'mwell) 'tis a bu'rden
Too heavy for a man/ that hop'es for hea'ven!

Crom. I'm gla'd your Gra'ce/ has made that right-u'se o'f-it.

Wol. I ho'pe I ha've; I'm able no'w, meth'inks,
(Out of a fortitude of soul I fe'el)
To endure mor'e-miseries, and grea'ter-far,
Than my weak-hearted e'nemies/ dare o'ffer.—

* "Thy." Of the pronunciation(†) of this possessive pronoun, the following rule may be observed: When the subject is raised, or the person dignified, it ought always to be pronounced so as to rhyme with *high*; but, when the subject is familiar, or the person we address without dignity or importance, it may slide into the familiar sound of *the*: thus, we say, "Give me *the* (thy) hand;" "Mind *the* (thy) book," &c.

(†) There are few English words more frequently mispronounced than the word *pronunciation*. A mere English scholar, who considers the word *to pronounce* as the root of it, cannot easily conceive why the *o* is thrown out of the second syllable; and, therefore, to correct the mistake, sounds the word as if written *pronounciation*. Those who are sufficiently learned to escape this error, by understanding that the word comes to us either from the Latin *pronunciatio*, or the French *prononciation*, are very apt to fall into another, by sinking the first aspiration, and pronouncing the third syllable like the noun *sea*. But these speakers ought to observe, that, throughout the whole language, *c*, *s*, and *t*, preceded by the accent, either primary or secondary, and succeeded by *ea*, *ia*, *io*, long *u*, or any similar diphthong, always become aspirated, and are pronounced as if written *she*. Thus the same reasons that oblige us to pronounce *partiality*, *propitiation*, *especially*, &c. as if written *parsheality*, *propisheashun*, *espeshally*, &c. oblige us to pronounce *pronunciation* as if written *pronunsheashun*.

What ne'ws abro'ad ?

Crom. The heaviest and the wor'st
I's/ your displeasure with the king'.

Wol. G'od ble'ss-him !

Crom. The n'ext is, that Sir Thomas Mo're/ is chosen
L'ord Ch'ancellor/ in you'r-place.

Wol. That's somewhat su'dden——

B'ut/ he's a lea'ned-man. May he continue
Long in his Highness' fav'our, and do ju'stice
(For truth's sa'ke and his co'nsience ;) that his b'ones
(When he has run his cou'rse, and sleeps in ble'ssings)
May have a tomb of or'phans' tears/ wep't-on-them !—
What mor'e ?

Crom. That Cr'anmer/ is returned with we'lcome ;
Instal'led/ Lor'd Arch'bishop of Can'tebury.

Wol. Tha't's news/ inde'ed !

Crom. La'st, that the Lady A'ne,
(Whom the King hath in secrecy long m'arried,)
This day was vi'ewed in o'pen/ as his Qu'een,
Go'ing to ch'apel; and the voic'e is n'ow
Only abo'ut her corona'tion.

Wol. There was the we'ight/ that pulled me dow'n :
O Crom'well !

The king/ has gone beyo'nd me; all my glo'ries
(In tha't/ on'e-woman) I have lo'st for e'ver !
No sun shall ever usher fo'rth my ho'nours,
Or gild aga'in/ the no'ble-troops/ that waited
Upon my s'miles. Go', get thee f'rom me, Cro'mwell ;
I am a p'oor/ fa'llen-man, unworthy now'
To be thy lo'rd and m'aster. Seek the ki'ng,
(Th'at-sun/ I pra'y/ may ne'ver-set,) I've to'ld him
Wh'at, and how tr'ue thou art ; h'e will advan'ce-thee ;
Some little memory of me will st'ir-him,
(I know his noble n'ature), not to let
Th'y-hopeful-service/ perish to'o. Good Cr'omwell,
Negle'ct him not ; make use n'ow, and provid'e
For thine o'wn/ fu'ture sa'fety.

Crom. O' my Lo'rd !

Must I then lea'Ve-you ? Must I needs fo'rego
So go'od, so no'ble, and so tru'e a ma'ster ?
Bear wi'tness (all that have not hearts of ir'o'n)
With what a so'rrow/ Crom'well leaves his Lo'rd.

The ki'ng/ shall have my se'vice ; but my pr'ayers/
For ev'er, and for ev'er, shall be yo'urs.

Wol. Cro'mwell, I did not think to shed a te'ar/
In all my mi'series, but thou hast forc'ed me,
(Out of thy ho'nest-truth) to pla'y the wo'man——
Le't's dry our e'yes ; and th'us far/ he'ar me, Cro'mwell,
And when I am forg'otten, (as I sha'll-be,)
And sleep in d'ull/ co'ld ma'rble (where no mention
O'f me must more be he'ard,) say, then, I' tau'ght thee
Say, Wo'lsey, that once trode the waves of gl'ory,
And sounded all the depth's and sho'als of ho'nour,
Found the'e-a-way (out of his wre'ck) to ris'e in ;
(A sur'e and saf'e one, though thy m'aster mis'sed it.)
Mark but my f'all/, and tha't/ which rui'ned me :
Cro'mwell, I cha'rge thee, fling away ambi'tion ;
By tha't-sin/ fell the an'gels ; how can ma'n-then
(Thou'gh the image of his Ma'ker) ho'pe to w'in-by-it ?
Love thys'elf/ las't ; cherish those hea'rts/ that w'ait-thee ;
(Corrup'tion wins not more than ho'nesty.) ~
Still in thy right ha'nd/ carry gentle pe'ace,
To silence e'nvious to'ngues. Be ju'st, and fe'ar not.
Let all the en'ds/ thou ai'm'st-at/ be thy Coun'try's,
Thy Go'd's, and Tr'uth's ; the'n/ if thou fall'est, (O Cro'mwell !)
Thou fallest a bl'essed ma'rtyr ! Serve the Ki'ng——
And pri'thee, lead me in' ——
There take an in'ventory of all I ha've,
(To the last pe'nny, 'tis the Ki'ng's.) My rob'e,
And my in'tegrity to H'eaven, are all'
I dare no'w/ call my o'wn. O Cro'mwell, Cro'mwell,
Had I but served my* Go'd/ with hal'f-the-zeal
I served my Ki'ng, h'e would (not in mine† a'ge)
Have left me na'ked/ to mine e'nemies !

Crom. Goo'd Sir, have pa'tience.

Wol. So I hav'e. Farewe'll
The hopes of cour't ! My ho'pes in He'ven/ now dw'e'll.

* For the sake of due solemnity, "my," before God, should be pronounced so as to rhyme with *high*.

† "Mine." In reading the Scriptures, we are at no loss about the pronunciation of this pronoun, as the dignity and solemnity of the composition invariably direct us to give the *i* its long sound, as in the substantive ; but in Milton and Shakspeare, this pronunciation has an intolerable stiffness, and ought not to be used.

BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

SHAKSPEARE.

Cas. WILL you go see the o'rder of the co'urse ?*Bru.* Not I.*Cas.* I pray-you d'o.*Bru.* I am not ga'mesome ; I do lack some part
Of that quick spi'rit that is in A'ntony ;
Let me not hinder, Ca'ssius, your desires ;
I'll le'ave you.*Cas.* Bru'tus, I do observe you now of la'te ;
I have not from your e'yes that g'entleness
And show of lo've/ as I was wont to h'ave,
You bear too st'ubborn and too stra'nge a hand/
Over your fri'end/ that lo'ves you.*Bru.* Ca'ssius,
Be not decei'ved : If I have veiled my lo'ok,
I turn the trouble of my cou'ntenance
M'erely upon myse'lf. Vexed I am
Of late with pa'ssions of some d'ifference,
(Conceptions only proper to mys'elf ;
Which give some soil perha'ps/ to my beh'aviour ;)
But/ let not/ ther'efore/ my good friends be g'rieved,
(Among which number, Ca'ssius, be yo'u-one ;)
Nor construe any fa'rther my neg'lect,
Than that poor Bru'tus (with himself at w'ar)
Forgets the shews of lo've/ to o'ther-men.*Cas.* Then, Bru'tus, I have much m'istook your pa'ssion ;
By means where'of, this breast of mi'ne/ hath buried
Tho'ughts of great va'lue, wo'rthy cogit'ations.
Tell me, good Bru'tus, can you see your face ?*Bru.* No', Ca'ssius ; for the eye/ sees not its'elf,
But by refl'ection/ from some o'ther-thing.*Cas.* 'Tis ju'st.
And it is very much lame'nted, Bru'tus,
That yo'u/ have no such mir'ror/ as will tu'rn
Your hidden wo'rthiness/ into your ey'e,
That you might see your sha'dow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respe'ct of Ro'me,
(Except immortal Cæ'sar) speaking of Bru'tus,
And groaning underne'ath this age's y'oke,

Have wis'hed that noble Br'utus/ h'ad his ey'es.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, C'assius,
That you would have me seek into my'self
For *th'at*/ which is not *in*-me?

Cas. Ther'efore, good Br'utus, be prepared to he'ar ;
And/ since you kno'w/ you cannot see yourself
So we'll as by refle'ction, I' (your gl'ass)
Will modestly disco'ver/ to your'self
Th'at of yourse'lf/ which y'et/ you know not o'f.
And be not jealous of m'e, (gentle Br'utus :)
Were I a common lau'gher, or did use/
To st'ale/ with ordinary oa'ths/ my l'ove/
To every new protes'tor ; if you kno'w,
That I do *fa'wn* on me'n, and *hug* them ha'rd,
And a'fter *sca'ndal*-them ; or, if you know,
That I profess myself in ba'nqueting
To all the ro'ut ; th'en hold me da'ngerous.

Bru. What means this sho'uting ? I do fear the pe'ople
Choose C'æsar/ for their *ki'ng*.

Cas. A'y, do you *fé'ar* it ?

Then must I think you would not *ha've* it s'o.

Bru. I would not, C'assius ; yet I love him we'll.
But wherefore do you hold me here so lo'ng ?
What is it, that you would impart to me ?
If it be aught toward the *ge'n'eral*-g'ood,
Set Ho'nour in one ey'e, and *Dea'th*/ in the *o'ther* ;
And I will look on De'ath/ indiffe'rently :
Fo'r/ let the gods so speed me, as I *love*
The *na'me* of *Ho'nour*/ mo're than I *fear* *De'ath*.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Br'utus,
As we'll as I do kno'w your o'utward fa'vour.
Well, ho'nour is the s'ubject of my stor'y. —
I cannot tell what yo'u and o'ther men
Think of this l'ife ; b'ut/ for my single *s'elf*,
I had as lief no't be, as li've to b'e
In awe of such a thi'ng as I *my'self*.
I was born free as Cæsar ; so were yo'u ;
We both have fe'd as we'll ; and we can both
Endure the winter's co'ld/ as well as h'e.
For/ once upon a raw and gusty d'ay,
(The troubled Tyber chafing with his sh'o'ores,)
Cæsar sa'id to me, Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me/ into this angry flo'od,

And swi'm/ to yonder p'oint?—Upon the w'ord,
 (Accoutred as I w'as) I plunged i'n,
 And bade him fo'llow; so indeed he di'd.
 The torrent roa'red, and we did b'uffet it
 With lusty si'news; throwing it a'side,
 And ste'mming it/ with he'arts of co'ntroversy.
 B'ut, er'e we could arrive the point prop'osed,
 Cæsar cried, He'lp me, Ca'ssius, or I sink.
 Then, as Æn'eas (our great a'ncestor)
 Did from the flames of Tr'oy/ upon his shou'lder
 The old Anchises b'ear; so from the wa'ves of Ty'ber
 Did I' the ti'red-Cæsar: and this man
 Is now become a g'od; and Ca'ssius/ is
 A wretched cre'ature, and must bend his b'ody,
 If Cæsar c'arelessly/ but no'd on-him.
 He had a f'ever/ when he was in Spa'in,
 And/ when the fi't was o'n-him, I did m'ark
 How he did sha'ke. 'Tis tru'e, this go'd di'd-sha'ke;
 His coward l'ips/ did from their colour fl'y,
 And that same e'ye (whose bend doth a'we the w'orld),
 Did lo'se its lus'tre; I did hear him gro'an:
 Ay and that tongue of hi's, that bade the R'omans
 Ma'rk him, and write his spee'ches in their bo'oks,
 Ala's! it cr'ied—Give me some drink, Tit'inius—
 As a sick gi'rl! Ye g'ods, it doth ama'ze me,
 A man of such a fee'ble te'mper/ shou'ld/
 So get the sta'rt of the majestic w'orld,
 And bear the pa'lm alo'ne!

Bru. Ano'ther general sh'out!

I do believe, that these applau'ses/ are
 For some n'ew-honours that are h'eaped/ on Cæsar.

Cas. Why ma'n, he doth bestride the narrow w'orld
 L'ike a Colo'ssus/; and we petty m'en
 Walk under his huge le'gs, and peep ab'out
 To find ourselves *dishonourable* gra'ves.
 Men at sometime/ are ma'sters of their f'ate:
 The fa'ult (dear Bru'tus) is not in our s'tars,
 But in ou'r'selves, that we are underlings.
 Bru'tus—and Cæsar—what should be i'n-that-Cæsar?
 Why should th'at-name be sounded, more than yo'ur's?
 Write them together; yours is as fa'ir a n'ame:
 Sound them, it doth become the mo'uth as w'ell;
 We'igh them, it is as he'avy; co'njure with them,

Pronounced with a mix-
 ture of dignity and ear-
 nestness.

Spoken contemptively,
 but earnestly.

Bru'tus/ will start a spirit/ as soon as *C'æsar*.
 N'ow, in the name of all the go'ds at on'ce,
 Upon *wh'at* meats/ doth this our Cæsar fe'd,
 That he is gr'own so gre'at? A'ge, thou art sha'med;
 R'ome, thou hast lost *thy breed* of noble bl'oods.
 When could they s'ay, till no'w, that talked of Ro'me,
 That her wide walls encompassed but o'ne-man?
 Oh! you and I have heard our fathers sa'y,
 There was a Brutus o'nce that would have brooked
 A whip-galled *sla've*/ to keep his state in R'ome
 As eas'ily as a *king*.

Bru. That you do l'ove me, I am nothing jea'lous;
 What you would wo'rk me to', I have some a'im:
 How I have thought of th'is, and of these t'imes,
 I shall recount herea'fter: for this pre'sent,
 I w'ould not (so with love I might intr'eat-you)
 Be any *fu'rther*-moved. What you have s'aid,
 I will consi'der: what you ha've to s'ay,
 I will/ with p'atience he'ar; and find a t'ime
 Both me'et to he'ar, and a'nswer such high thi'ngs.
 'Till th'en (my noble fr'iend) chew upon thi's:
 Brutus had rather be a *vîllager*,
 Than to repute himself a so'n of *Ro'me*,
 Under such hard condi'tions/ as this t'ime
 Is l'ike to la'y upon us.

BRUTUS' SOLILOQUY—WHEREIN HE CONTEM- PLATES CÆSAR'S DESTRUCTION.

SHAKSPEARE.

It m'ust be by his *dea'th*: and, for *my* part,
 I know no *per'sonal* cause/ to sp'urn at him;
 But, for the *ge'n'eral*. He would be *cro'wned*—
 How *that* might change his na'ture, there's the question.
 It is the bright da'y/ that brings the adder fo'rth;
 And th'at/ craves *wa'ry* walking: *cro'wn* him!—*tha't*!—
 And the'n, I gra'nt, we put a sti'ng in him,
 Tha't/ at his w'ill, he may do dan'ger with.
 The abus'e of great'ness is, when it disjoins
 Remo'rse from po'wer: and, to speak truth of Cæ'sar,

I have not kn'own/ when his *affec'tions*/ swayed
 Mor'e than his *rea'son*. But, 'tis a common pro'of,
 That low'liness is young ambition's lad'der ;
 (Whereto the climber up'wards turns his fa'ce ;)
 B'ut, when he once attai'ns the *utmost* ro'und,
 He then unto the la'dder turns his ba'ck,
 Loo'ks in the clo'uds, scorning the base degrees
 By whi'ch/ he did asce'nd: so *Cæsar* m'ay.
 The'n, lest he m'ay, preve'nt. And, since the quarrel
 Will bear no co'LOUR, for the thing he *is*,
 Fashion it th'us,—th'at wha't he is, augme'nted,
 Would run to the'se, and *the'se*-extre'mities :
 And there'fore, thi'nk him as a se'rpent's e'gg/
 Whi'ch hatc'hed/ wo'uld, as his kin'd, grow mis'chievous ;
 And k'ill-him/ in the *she'll*.

APPEAL OF BRUTUS TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE, ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

SHAKSPEARE.

RO'MANS, coun'trymen, and lo'vers! hear' me/ for my
 cause', and be si'lent, that you may he'ar. Belie'Ve me/ for
 mine hon'our, and have respect' to mine ho'nour, that you may
 believe'. Cen'sure me/ in your wis'dom, and awake your
 sen'ses, that you may the better judge'. If there be any in
 this asse'mbly, any dear friend of Cæ'sar's, to him' I say', that
*Bru'tus** love to Cæ'sar, was no less than *h'is*. If then that
 friend deman'd, *why* Bru'tus rose *against* Cæsar, *this*' is my
 answer: Not that I loved *Cæ'sar less*, but that I loved *Rome*
mo're. Had you rather Cæsar were li'ving, and die all sla'ves;
 than that Cæsar were dead', to live all free'men? As Cæsar
 lo'ved me, I weep' for him; as he was for'tunate, I rejoice' at
 it; as he was va'liant, I ho'nour him; but, as he was ambi'tious,
 I slew' him. There are tear's/ for his love', joy/ for his
 for'tune, ho'nour/ for his va'lour, but *de'ath*/ for his ambi'tion.
 Who's here-so base', that would be a bond'man? If any',

* In giving the preference to *this* form of the genitive case, the Editor has followed Mr. Kemble's manner of delivering the speech, which is not only more harmonious, but more agreeable to the rhythmical structure of the sentence than the other form, "*Brutus's*."

spea'k'; for *him'* have I offen'ded. Who's here so rude', that would not be a Ro'man? If a'ny, spea'k'; for *him'* have I offen'ded. Who's here so vi'le, that will not love his cou'ntry? * If any', spea'k'; for *him'* have I offen'ded.—I pause' for a reply'.

No ne ?— then *none'* have I offen'ded — *I'* have done no more to *Cæ'sar*, than *you'* should do to *Bru'tus*. The ques-tion of his death' is enrolled in the Ca'pitol: his gl'ory not exten'uated, wherein he was wor'thy: nor his offe'nces enfor'ced, for wh'ich he suffered de'ath'.

Here comes his bo'dy, mourn'ed/ by Mark An'tony: wh'o, though he had no han'd in his death', shall receive the *be'nefit* of his d'ying (a place/ in the com'monwealth;) as wh'ich of you/ sh'all not? With th'is/ I depart', that, as I slew my best lo'ver/ for the *good* of Rome', I have the same dag'ger for *my self*; when it shall please' my coun'try to *nee'd my death'*.

Concluding
tone.

ANTONY'S FUNERAL ORATION OVER CÆSAR'S BODY.

SHAKSPEARE.

FRIENDS', Ro'mans, Country'men, lend' me your ears'.
I come to *bu'ry* Cæsar, not to *praise'* him.
The *évil*/ that men do/ lives a'fter them;
The *go'od*/ is oft interred† with their bones';
So let it be/ with Cæ'sar. The noble Brutus
Hath told' you, Cæsar was ambi'tious:
If it *were*-so, it was a grievous fa'ult;
And grie'vously/ hath Cæsar an'swered it.
Here', under leave of Bru'tus, and the rest',
(For Brutus is an ho'nourable man',
So are they all', all' ho'nourable men')
Come I to speak in Cæsar's fu'neral.
He was my friend', faithful and just to *me'*;

* This is one of those indefinite notes of interrogation that require to be read *definitely*, for we are not warranted to suppose that any man is "so vile" as not to "love his *country*."

† In blank verse the participial termination *ed* must always be pronounced as a distinct syllable, where the syllables in a line make only nine without it.

But Bru'tus says, he was ambi'tious ;
 And Brutus is an hon'ourable man.
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome',
 Whose ran'soms/ did the g'eneral-coffers fill' ;
 Did this' in Cæ'sar seem ambi'tious ?
 When that the poor' have cried, Cæ'sar hath wept' ;
 Ambition should be made of *ster'ner* st'uff :—
 Yet Bru'tus says, he was ambi'tious ;
 And Bru'tus is an ho'nourable man.
 You all did see', that, on the Lu'percal,
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown' ;
 Which he did thrice refuse'.—Was *this'* ambition ?
 Yet Bru'tus says, he *was* ambitious ;
 And sure' he is an ho'nourable man.
 I speak not to disprove' what Brutus spoke',
 But here I am to speak' what I do know'.
 You all did love' him once', (not without ca'use.)
 What cause withholds you, then, to *mo'urn* for him ?
 O judg'ment ! thou art fled to the brutish beasts,
 And *men'*/ have lost their rea'son.—Bea'r with me,—
 My hear't/ is in the coffin there with Cæ'sar,
 And I must pause'/ till it come back' to me.
 If you have tears', prepare to *she'd* them now.
 You all do know this man'tle : I remember
 The first time ever Cæsar put it on',
 ('Twas on a summer's evening in his tent',)
That day he overcame the Ner'vii—
 Look ! in this place ran Cas'sius' dagger thro'ugh ;
 See what a rent'/ the envious Ca'sca ma'de !—
 Through this'/ the well-beloved Brutus stab'bed ;
 And, as he plucked his cursed steel away',
 Mark how the blood' of Cæ'sar fo'llowed-it !
 (As rushing out of doors', to be resolved,
 If Bru'tus/ so unkindly knock'ed, or no',
 For Bru'tus, as you know', was Cæ'sar's an'gel.)
 Judge', O ye gods' ! how *dearly* Cæsar lo'ved him ;
 This, *this'*/ was the unkindest cut of all ;
 For, when the noble Cæsar saw *him'* stab,
 Ingratitude (more strong than *traitor's* arms')
 Quite vanquished him ; then burst his mighty he'art ;
 And, in his man'tle, muffling up his face',
 (Even at the base of Pompey's sta'tue,

Which all the while ran bloo'd) great Cæsar fell ;
 O wha't a fall was *there*, my coun'trymen !
 Then *I*, and *you*, and *all* of us fell down',
 While *bloo'dy* trea'son/ flourish'd o'ver us.
 O ! now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel
 The dint of pity ; these are *gracious* drops.
 Kind so'uls ;* what ! we'ep you when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's *ves'ture* wounded ? look you here !
 Here is *himse'lf*, m'arred (as you see) by traitors.
 Good friends, swe'et friends, let me not stir you up
 To any sudden flood of mu'tiny.
 They that have done this deed are *ho'nourable*.
 What pri'vate griefs they have, alas ! I know not,
 That made them do' it ; they are *wi'se* and *ho'nourable* ;
 And will, no doubt, with rea'son answer you.
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts ;
 I am no orator, as *Bru'tus* is :
 But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man',
 That lov'e my friend ; and *that*/ *they* know full well,
 That gave me public leave to speak of him :
 For *I* have neither wit, nor wo'rds, nor wor'th,
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blo'od ; I only speak right on :
 I tell you that, which you yourselves do know ;
 Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, (poo'r, po'or/ dumb' mouths' !)
 And bid them speak for *me* :—But, were I *Bru'tus*,
 And *Bru'tus* An'tony, there *were* an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spi'rits, and put a ton'gue
 In e'very-wound of Cæsar, that should move'
 The *sto'nes* of Rome, to *rise* and *mu'tiny*.

* There is a liquid sound of the *k*, *c*, and *g* hard, before the vowels *a* and *i*, which gives a smooth and elegant sound to the words in which they occur, and which distinguishes the *polite* pronunciation of London, from that of every other part of the island. This pronunciation is nearly as if the *a* and *i* were preceded by *e*. Thus *kind* is pronounced as if written *ke-ind* ; *card*, as *ke-ard* ; and *regard*, as *re-ge-ard*. The words that require this liquid sound, are *sky*, *kind*, *guide*, *girl*, *garden*, *guise*, *guile*, *card*, *cart*, *guard*, and *regard*, &c. ; these, and their compounds, are nearly all of the words where this sound occurs ; but these are so much in use, as to be sufficient to mark a speaker as either coarse or elegant, as he adopts or neglects it.

This sound is taken notice of by Steele, in his English Grammar, so long ago as the reign of Queen Anne.

QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

SHAKSPEARE.

Cas. THAT you have wron'ged-me, doth appe'ar/ in this,
 You have condem'ned and no'ted Lucius Pe'lla
 For taking bri'bes here of the Sa'rdians ;
 Where'in my let'ter (praying on his sid'e,
 Because I knew the m'an) was sligh'ted-of.

Bru. You wronged yourself, to write in such a c'ase.

Cas. In such a time as th'is/ it is not me'et,
 That every nice o'ffence/ should bear its co'mment.

Bru. Yet let me te'll you, Ca'ssius, you yourse'lf
 Are much condem'ned to have an itching pa'lm,
 To s'e'll and mar't-your-offices/ for go'ld,
 To u'ndeser'vers.

Cas. I' an itching pa'lm ?
 You know that you are Bru'tus/ that spake th'is,
 Or', by the go'ds, this spee'ch/ were else your last'.

Bru. The name of Ca'ssius/ honours this corr'ruption,
 And cha'tisement/ doth therefore hi'de its hea'd.

Cas. Chas'tisement !——

Bru. Remember Marc'h, the i'des-of-March/ remem'ber !
 Did not great Julius bleed for jus'tice-sake ?
 What villain touched his bo'dy, that did sta'b,
 And no't for jus'tice ? Wh'at ! shall one of us',
 That struck the fore'most man of all this wor'ld,
 (But for supporting* ro'bbers), shall we no'w
 Contaminate our fin'gers with base bri'bes,
 And sell the mighty me'd of our large ho'nours
 For so much tra'sh/ as may be grasped th'us ?
 I'd rather be a do'g, and bay the mo'on,
 Than su'ch a R'oman.

Cas. Br'utus, ba'y not m'e,
 I'll not en'du're it ; you forg'et-yourself,
 To hedg'e-me-in ; I am a sol'dier, I',

* The ringing sound of the participial termination *ING* must always be carefully and fully preserved, except where the verb, in its simple state, ends in *ing*, as *sing*, *bring*, *fling*, &c., where it seems proper that the terminal *ing* should slide nearly into the sound of *in*, to avoid the tautological repetition of the ringing sound.

O'lder in pra'ctice, a'bler than yours'elf,
To make condit'ions.

Bru. Go' to ; you are not, Cas'sius.

Cas. I am'.

Bru. I say you ar'e not.

Cas. Urge me no m'ore, I shall forget myself—
Have mind upon your h'ealth—temp't me/ no far'ther.

Bru. Away, slig'ht man !

Cas. Is't po'ssible ?

Bru. Hear' me, for I will sp'eak.

Must I give w'ay and roo'm/ to your rash ch'oler ?

Shall I be frighted/ when a mad man st'ares ?

Cas. O go'ds ! ye g'ods ! must I endu're all thi's ?

Bru. All th'is ? a'y/ mor'e.—Fr'et/ till your proud heart bre'ak !
Go', tell your slaves how ch'oleric-you-are,
And make your bo'ndmen trem'ble. Must I bu'dge ?
Must I obse'rve you ? must I stand and crou'ch/
Under your testy h'umour ? By the g'ods,
You shall dige'st the venom of you sple'en,
Though it do spl'it you : fo'r/ from this day fo'rth
I'll use you for my mir'th, ye'a for my lau'ghter,
When you are wa'spish.

Cas. Is' it come to th'is ?

Bru. You sa'y, yo'u are a better so'ldier :
Let it appea'r so ; make your vaunting tru'e,
And it shall pleas'e-me we'll. For mine own p'art,
I shall be glad to lea'rn of n'oble me'n.

Cas. You wr'ong me e'very-way—you wro'ng me, Br'utus ;
I said an el'der soldier, not a be'tter ;
Did I say be'tter ?

Bru. If you di'd, I car'e not.

Cas. When Cæsar li'ved, h'e durst not thus have mo'ved me.

Bru. Pea'ce, pea'ce ; you durst not so have tempt'd hi'm.

Cas. I durst—not !

Bru. No'.

Cas. Wha't ? durst not tem'pt him ?

Bru. For your li'fe/ you dur'st-not.

Cas. Do not presume too muc'h upon my l'ove ;
I m'ay-do/ what I shall be so'rry-for.

Bru. You ha've done th'at/ you should be so'rry for.
There is no terror, Cas'sius, in your thr'eats ;
Fo'r/ I am armed so strong in ho'nesty,
That they pass by-me/ as the idle win'd,

Which I respec't-not. I did send'-to-you
 For certain sums of go'ld, which you denied-me ;
 (For I can raise no money by vi'le-means.)
 I had rather c'oin my he'art,
 And dro'p my blo'od/ for dra'chmas, than to wri'ng/
 From the hard hands of pea'sants/ their vile tr'ash
 By an'y indirc'ction. I did send
 To you for go'ld/ to pay my le'gions,
 Which you denied me: was that done like Ca'ssius ?
 Should I have answered Caius Cassius s'o ;
 When Ma'rcus Bru'tus/ grows so cov'etous,
 To lock such ra'scal coun'ters/ from hi's fri'ends,
 Be re'ady, go'ds, (with a'll your thunder-bo'lts !)

Pronounced with
 conscious su-
 periority and
 dignity.

Dash'-him to pie'ces !

Cas. I denied you no't.

Bru. You di'd.

Cas. I did no't—he' was but a fo'ol
 That brought my an'swer ba'ck.—Brut'us/ hath rived my he'art.
 A fri'end/ should bear a fri'end's infir'mities,
 But Brut'us/ makes mi'ne/ grea'ter than they ar'e.

Bru. I do' not—till you prac'tise them on me.

Cas. You lo've me 'not. (Interrogatively.)

Bru. I do not like your fa'ults.

Cas. A frie'ndly-eye/ could never see such fa'ults.

Bru. A fla'tterer's-would-not, though they do appear
 As hu'ge/ as high Oly'mpus.

Cas. Come, A'ntony, and young Oct'avius, co'me !
 Revenge yourselves alo'ne on Ca'ssius,
 Fo'r/ Cassius is a-we'ary of the wo'ld ;
 Ha'ted/ by one he lov'es ; bra'ved/ by his bro'ther ;
 Che'cked/ as a bon'dman ; all his fa'ults obser'ved,*

* The participial termination *ed* must never be pronounced as a distinct syllable, unless preceded by *d* or *t*, except in the language of Scripture. When *learned*, *cursed*, *blessed*, and *winged* are adjectives, the *ed* is invariably pronounced as a distinct syllable ; but when participles, the *ed* does not form an additional syllable. Poetry, however, assumes the privilege of using these adjectives either way, but correct prose rigidly exacts the pronunciation of *ed* in these words, when adjectives, as a distinct syllable. The *ed* in *aged* always makes a distinct syllable, as *an aged man* ; but when this word is compounded with another, the *ed* does not form a syllable ; as, *a full-aged horse*.

When adjectives are changed into adverbs by the addition of the termination *ly*, the participial *ed* is preserved long and distinct, as, *confessedly*, *professedly*, &c.

Set in a not'e-book, lea'rn'd and con'n'd by ro'te,
 To cast into my te'eth. O! I could weep
 My spi'rit/ from mine e'yes! — Ther'e is my dag'ger,
 And he're/ my naked bre'ast — withi'n, a hea'rt
 Dea'rer/ than Plu'tus' min'e, ric'her/ than go'ld!
 If thou needest a Ro'man's, take it for'th.
 I', that denied thee go'ld, will give my he'art:
 Stri'ke/ as thou didst at Cæ'sar; for I kn'ow,
 When thou didst hate hi'm wo'rst, thou lo'vedst him be'tter/
 Than e'ver thou lovedst Ca'ssius.

Bru. Sheathe your da'gger:
 Be an'gry when you will, it shall ha've sco'pe;
 D'o what you will, disho'nour/ shall be hu'mour.
 O Ca'ssius! you are yo'ked with a la'mb,
 That carries an'ger/ as the flint bears fire',
 Wh'ich, mu'ch-enforced,/ shows a hasty spa'rk,
 And straight is c'old again'.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived,
 To be but mirth and laughter to his Br'utus,
 When gri'ef, and blood ill-temper'd, vex'eth-him?

Bru. When I spoke th'at, I was ill-te'mper'd too'.

Cas. Do you confe'ss so mu'ch? Gi've me your ha'nd.

Bru. And my he'art too'.

Cas. O Br'utus! —

Bru. What's the ma'tter?

Cas. Have you not love enou'gh/ to be'ar-with-me,
 When that rash hu'mour/ which my mother ga've me
 Ma'kes me forg'etful?

Bru. Yes', Cas'sius, and from hencef'orth,
 (When you are over-ea'rnest/ with your Br'utus,) —
 He'll think your mo'ther chi'des,/ and lea've-you so'.

CORIOLANUS AND TULLUS AUFIDIUS.

SHAKSPEARE.

Cor. I PLAINLY, T'ullus, by your lo'oks/ perc'eive
 You disappr'ove-my-conduct.

Auf. I mean not to as'sail thee/ with the cla'mour
 Of loud repro'aches and the wa'r of w'ords;
 B'ut (pr'ide apa'rt, and a'll/ that can pervert

The lig'ht of ste'ady r'eason) he're to make'
A c'andid, fa'ir-proposal.

Cor. Spe'ak, I he'ar thee.

Auf. I need not tell thee, that I have perfo'rmed
My utmost pr'omise. Th'ou hast been prote'cted ;
Hast had thy am'plest, most ambi'tious-wish ;
Thy wounded pr'ide/ is hea'led, thy dear reven'ge/
Completely sa'ted ; a'nd (to cro'wn thy fo'rtune,)
At the sa'me-time, thy peace with R'ome/ rest'ored.
Thou art no more a Vo'lsian, but a Ro'man :
Ret'urn, retur'n ; thy du'ty/ calls up'on-thee
Still to prote'ct-the-city/ thou hast sa'ved ;
It still may be in dan'ger/ from our a'rms :
Reti're : I will take care thou m'ay'st/ with sa'fety.

Cor. With sa'fety? — Do'st think Coriola'nus
Will stoop to th'ee/ for sa'fety? — N'o: m'y sa'feguard
Is in my'self, a bo'som/ vo'id of bla'me —
O, 'tis an act of co'wardice and ba'seness,
To s'eize the very ti'me/ my hands are f'ettered/
By the strong ch'ain of fo'rmer-obligation,
(The sa'fe, su're-moment/ to in'sult me.) — Go'ds !
We're I now free, (as on that da'y I was
When at Cori'oli I tamed your p'ride)
Thi's had not be'en.

Auf. Thou speakest the tr'uth : it ha'd not.
O, for that time aga'in! Propitious god's,
If you will bl'ess-me, gra'nt it ! Kn'ow, for th'at,
For th'at/ de'ar-purpose, I have now prop'osed
Thou should'st retu'rn : I pray thee, Ma'rcius, d'o it ;
And we shall meet aga'in/ on no'bler-terms.

Cor. Till I have cleared my ho'nour/ in your co'uncil,
And proved before them a'll, to thy confu'sion,
The fal'shood of thy cha'rge ; as soon in battle
Would I fly befo're thee, and ho'wl for me'rcy,
As quit the sta'tion/ they've assi'gned-me he're.

Auf. Thou canst not hope acquit'al/ from the Vo'lsians.

Cor. I d'o:—N'ay, m'ore, expect their approb'ation,
Their tha'nks. I will obtain you su'ch a p'ease
As y'e* durst/ nev'er-a'sk ; a perfect u'nion
Of your whole na'tion/ with imperial Ro'me,

* The trifling alterations in this dialogue, as in "thou" for ye, is agree-
able to Mr. Kemble's reading of "Coriolanus."

In all her pri'vileges, all her rig'hts;
By the just gods, I will.—What would'st thou mo're?

Auf. What would I mo're, proud Ro'man? This I wo'uld—
Fire the cursed fo'rest, where these Roman w'olves
Ha'unt and inf'est their no'bler-neighbours/ rou'nd them;
Extir'pate/ from the bosom of this la'nd
A fa'lse, perfid'ious-people, wh'o (beneath
The ma'sk of fre'edom) are a combination
Against the li'berty of hu'man-kind;—
The genuine seed of ou'tlaws and of ro'bbers.

Cor. The se'ed of go'ds.—'Tis not for th'ee, vain bo'aster,—
'Tis not for su'ch as tho'u,—(so often spared
By her victorious sw'ord) to speak of Ro'me,
B'ut with respect, and awful veneration.—
Whate'er her blo'ts, whate'er her giddy fa'ctions,
There is more v'irtue/ in one sin'gle-year
Of Ro'man-story, than your Vo'lsian-annals
Can bo'ast/ through all their cre'eping, da'rk-duration.

Auf. I thank thy rage:—This full displa'ys the tra'itor.

Cor. Tra'itor!—How no'w?

Auf. Ay, tra'itor, Ma'rcius.

Cor. Mar'cius!

Auf. A'y, Mar'cius, C'aius Ma'rcius: Dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy sto'len-name,
Coriol'anus, in Co'rioli?

Yo'u/ lor'ds, and he'ads of the st'ate, perfidiously
He has betra'yed your bu'siness, and gi'ven-up,
(For certain dr'ops of s'alt,) your c'ity Ro'me,—
I say, yo'ur city,—to his wi'fe and mo'ther;
Breaking his oa'th and re'solution/ like
A tw'ist of rot'ten-silk; never admitting
Cou'nse'l of the w'ar: b'ut/ at his nurse's te'ars/
He wh'ined and ro'ared-away/ your v'ictory;
That/ pa'ges blu'shed-at-him, and me'n of he'art
Looked wo'ndering e'ach at o'ther.

Cor. He'arest thou, M'ars?

Auf. Na'me not the go'd, thou bo'y of te'ars.

Cor. Mea'sureless-liar, he has made my heart
Too gr'e'at/ for what cont'ains it.—Bo'y!—fa'lse sla've!
Cu't me/ to pieces, Vo'lsces: me'n and la'ds,
Stain all your e'dges on-me.—Bo'y!—Si'r!
• If you have writ your annals tr'ue, 'tis the're,

Th'at/, like an ea'gle in a d'ovecot, I
 Fluttered your Vols'cians in Co'rioli;
 Alo'ne/ I di'd-it:—Bo'y!—B'ut/ let us par't;
 Lest my rash ha'nd/ should do a hasty de'ed
 My cooler th'ought forbi'ds.

Auf. I court
 The worst thy sword can d'o; while tho'u from m'e/
 Hast not'ing/ to expect/ but sore destru'ction;
 Quit th'en/ this hostile cam'p: on'ce more/ I tell' thee,
 Thou art not h'ere one sing'le-hour/ in sa'fety.

Cor. O, that I had thee in the fie'ld,
 With si'x-Aufidiuses, or m'ore, thy tri'be,
 To us'e my la'wful-sword!—

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON HIS MOTHER'S MARRIAGE.

SHAKSPEARE.

OH that this to'o, too so'lid-flesh/ would m'e't,
 Tha'w, and resolve itself into a de'w!
 O'r/ that the Everla'sting/ ha'd-not fixed
 His ca'non/ 'gainst se'lf-slaug'h'ter!
 How w'eary, sta'le, fla't, and unpro'fitable,
 See'm to m'e/ all the u'ses of this wo'rld!
 Fie o'n't! oh fie! 'tis an unwe'eded gar'den,
 That grows to see'd; things ra'nk, and gro'ss in n'ature,
 Posse'ss-it me'rely. That it should come to th'is!
 But two mon'ths de'ad; na'y, not so mu'ch; not tw'o;
 So excellent a kin'g, that wa's, to thi's!
 Hyp'erion to a sa'tyr: so lov'ing to my m'other,
 That he permitted not the win'ds of He'ven
 Vis'it her face/ too rou'ghly. Hea'ven and ea'rth!
 Must I reme'mber!—Why, she would han'g-on-him,
 As if increase of ap'petite/ had grown
 By wha't it fe'd-on; y'et, with'in a mon'th,—
 (Let me not th'ink);—Frailty, thy na'me is Wo'man!—
 A lit'tle month! o'r/ er'e those shoes were o'ld,
 With which she followed my poor father's bo'dy,
 Like N'iobe, all te'ars;—wh'y, sh'e, even sh'e—
 (O He'ven! a bea'st, that wants discourse of reason,

Would have mourned lo'nger—) ma'rried with mine un'cle,
 My fa'ther's bro'ther; but/ no more lik'e my fa'ther,
 Than I' to Her'cules. Withi'n a mo'nth !—
 (Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous-tears
 Had left the flush'ing/ in her galled eyes)
 She ma'rried !—O, most wick'ed-speed,—
 It is' not, nor it ca'nnot-come to go'od,
 But bre'ak my he'art, for I must h'old my ton'gue.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON NOT REVENGING HIS FATHER'S MURDER.

SHAKSPEARE.

OH what a wr'etch and peasant sla've am I' !
 Is it not mons'trous, that this player he're,
 (But in a fi'ction, in a dr'eam of passion,)
 Could force his sou'l/ so' to his own conceit,
 That, from her working, all his vi'sage warm'ed,
 Tea'rs in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
 A broken voi'ce, and his whole fu'nction/ suiting
 With form's to his conceit ? and a'll for no'thing !
 For He'cuba !
 What's He'cuba to hi'm, or he' to He'cuba,
 That he should we'ep-for-her ? Wha't-would-he-do,
 Had he' the mo'tive/ and the c'ue for pas'sion
 That I' have ? He would drown the sta'ge/ with tea'rs,
 And cleave the general e'ar/ with horrid spee'ch ;
 Make ma'd the gu'ilty, and app'al the fre'e ;
 Confo'und the ign'orant ; and ama'ze, inde'ed,
 The very faculties of eyes and e'ars.*

* The insertion of the grand and terrible adjuration of *Macbeth*, beautifully illustrative of the "Commencing Compound Series," having been neglected in "the Introduction," (its proper place) is apologetically given here ; the quality of the sentence ending at "ears" being somewhat analogous to an example of the *Commencing Compound Series*.

"I conjure you, by that which you profess,
 (Howe'er you come to know it,) answer me ;
 Though you untie the winds and let them fight
 Against the chu'rches ; though the yesty waves
 Confound and swallow navigation-up ;
 Though bladed corn be lodged, and trees blown do'wn ;

But I am pi'geon-livered, and lack gall/
 To make oppres'sion b'itter ; or, ere thi's,
 I should have fatted all the region kites/
 With this sla've's o'fal !—*I have heard
 That guilty crea'tures, sitting at a pl'ay,
 Ha've (by the very cu'nn'g of the scene)
 Been stru'ck/ so' to the s'oul, that/ pre'sently/
 They have procla'imed/ their malefac'tions :
 For mu'rder (though it ha's no to'ngue) will speak/
 With most mira'culous or'gan. I'll have these pl'ayers
 Play some'thing/ like the mu'rder of my fa'ther
 Before my un'cle. I'll observe his lo'oks :
 I'll ten't-him/ to the qu'ick. If he do blen'ch,
 I know my cou'rse. The sp'irit/ that I have se'en
 May be a de'vil ; and the d'e'vil/ hath po'wer/
 To assu'me a pleasing sh'ape.—I'll have the grounds
 More re'lative than thi's. The Pla'y ; the pla'y's the thi'ng
 Wherei'n/ I'll catch the co'nscience of the king.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON DEATH.

SHAKSPEARE.

To b'e, or no't to b'e ?—Th'at is the que'stion.—
 Whether 'tis nobler in the min'd/ to suffer
 The st'ings and ar'rows of outrag'eous fo'rtune,
 Or/ to take arm's/ against a se'a of tro'ubles,
 An'd, by opp'osing, en'd-them ?—To di'e—to sle'e'p—
 No mo're ; and/ by a sle'e'p to sa'y we e'nd
 The hear't-ache, and the thousand/ natural sho'cks/
 That fles'h is he'ir to ;—'Tis a consum'mation/
 Devo'utly/ to be wis'hed.—To di'e—to slee'p—

Though castles topple on their warder's he'ads ;
 Though palaces and pyramids do slope
 Their heads to their founda'tions ; though the treasure
 Of nature's germins tumble altoge'ther,
 Even till destruction si'cken, answer me
 To what I ask you."

* The tone and manner are here changed into a less bitter and more meditative cast, which, with but little variation, continues to the end of the soliloquy.

To sle^ep ! perch^ance to dre^am ! a^y, ther^e's the r^ub ;
 Fo^r/ in that sleep of de^ath/ wha^t dreams may co[']me,
 (When we have shuffled o^f this mortal-coil,)
 Must giv^e us pa[']use.—There's the resp^ect/
 That makes cala[']mity of so long li^fe :
 For wh^{'o}/ would bear the whi^ps and sc[']orns of the tim^e,
 The oppr[']essor's wro[']ng, the prou^{'d}-man's co[']ntumely,
 The pan[']gs of despis[']ed-love, the la^{'w}'s dela^{'y},
 The in[']solence of o[']ffice, and *the spurns* } Spoken in a mo-
That patient merit of the unworthy takes, } notone.*
 When he['] himse[']lf/ might his *quietus* make/
 With a bare bo[']dkin ?† Wh^{'o}/ would fardels bea^{'r},
 To groa^{'n} and swea^{'t}/ under a weary li^fe ;
 But/ that the dread of so[']methi^{'g}/ aft^{'r} de^ath
 (That undisc[']overed-country, from whose bourn
 No tra[']veller retur[']ns) pu[']zzles the wi[']ll ;
 And mak[']es us/ rather bea^{'r}/ tho[']se i[']lls/ we hav^{'e},
 Than fly['] to o[']thers/ that we kno^{'w} not o^{'f} ?
 Thus con[']science/ does make co[']wards-of-us a[']ll :
 And thu^{'s}/ the native hu^{'e} of resolu[']tion
 Is sicklied o[']'er/ with the pale ca[']st of tho[']ught ;
 And e[']nterprises/ of great pit[']h and m[']oment
 With this rega[']rd/ their currents tarn aw^{'r}y,
 And lose the na[']me-of ac[']tion.

SOLILOQUY OF THE KING IN HAMLET.

SHAKSPEARE.

O ! my offence is ran^{'k}, it sm[']ells to He[']aven,
 It hath the pri[']mal, el[']dest-curse up^{'o}n 't ;
 A brot[']her's-murder—Pr[']ay/ I can[']not :
 Though inclina[']tion/ be as sharp as 'twi[']ll,
 My stronger gu[']ilt/ defeats my strong int[']ent ;
 An^{'d} (like a man to double business bou[']nd)
 I stand in pa[']use/ where I shall first beg[']in,
 And bo[']th neglect[']. Wh^{'at} ! if this cursed han^{'d}/

* This turn of the voice, usually expressed by a horizontal line (see "Introduction") may be used with great effect to illustrate a mixture of irony and contempt. Thus, in the "Appeal of Brutus," page 102, "Hād you rāther Cāēsar were living, and dīe all slāves," &c.

† I have given "bodkin" the emphatic rising slide, because I think it is capable of expressing the *most contempt*.

Were thicker than itse'lf/ with brother's blo'od ;
 Is there not rain enou'gh/ in the sweet He'avens,
 To wash it white as sn'ow? Where'to serves me'rcy,
 But to confront the vis'age of offence?
 And what's in pra'yer, but this two'fold fo'rce,
 To be for'esta'lled/ ere' we come to fall',
 O'r/ par'doned/ being dow'n? — The'n I'll look u'p ;
 My fau'lt is pa'st.—But, O', wh'at-form-of-prayer
 Can serve m'y-turn? Forgiv'e-me my foul mu'rder !—
 That can not be, since I am still poss'essed
 Of those e'ffects/ for which I di'd the mu'rder,
 My cro'wn, mine own ambi'tion, and my qu'een.
 May one be pa'r'doned, and reta'in the offence?
 In the corrup'ted-currents of this w'orld,
 Offence's gilded ha'nd/ may shove by Jus'tice ;
 And oft 'tis se'en, the wicked prize itse'lf/
 Buys ou't the law's. But 'ti's not so abov'e.
 The're/ is no sh'uffling ; the're/ the action lies/
 In its tr'ue na'ture, and we ourse'lves comp'elled,
 (Even to the te'eth and fore'head of our fa'ults,)
 To gi'Ve-in e'vidence. What the'n? what re'sts?
 Try what repen'tance ca'n: wh'at can it no't?
 Yet what c'an-it, when one can no't repe'nt?
 O wretched sta'te ! O b'osom/ black as dea'th !
 O limed so'ul, tha't, strugg'ling to be fr'ee,
 Art mo're enga'ged ! He'lp, a'ngels ! ma'ke assa'y !
 Bow, stubborn kn'ees ; and hea'rt, (with strings of st'eel,)
 Be s'oft as sin'ews of the ne'w-born-babe ! and
 All/ may y'et be we'll !

HAMLET'S INSTRUCTIONS TO THE PLAYERS.

SHAKSPEARE.

SPEAK the speech, I pra'y-you, (as I pronoun'ced-it-to-you)
 trippingly on the ton'gue. But/ if you mo'uth it (as many of
 our Players d'o) I had as lief the town c'rier/ had spo'ken my
 lines. And do not saw the air too much with your hand, th'us:
 but/ use all ge'ntly ; fo'r/ in the very to'rrent, tem'pest, a'nd, (as
 I may say) wh'irlwind-of-pour-passion,* you must acqu'ire and

* "Whirlwind of your passion" may be regarded as *one* rhetorical word, with the emphatic rising inflexion upon "whirl."

beg'et a te'mperance/ that may g'ive it smoo'thness. O! it offend's me to the co're, to hear a robu'stious/ peri'wig-pated fellow/ tear a pa'ssion to tatter, to very ra'gs, to split the ea'rs of the gro'undlings, who, (for the most part) are capable of no'thing, but inexplicable dumb sho'ws and *nois'e*. I would have such a fellow whi'pped/ for o'e'rdoing Ter'gament; it o'ut-herods He'rod,—Pray y'ou, avo'id-it.

Be not too tam'e, nei'ther; but, let your discr'etion be your tu'tor. Suit the a'ction to the wo'rd, the wo'rd to the a'ction, with this special obser'vance, that you o'erste'p-not-the-modesty of na'ture: for, anything so overd'one/ is from the pu'rpose of pla'ying; whose end/ both at the fir'st and no'w, was and i's, to ho'ld (as 'twere) the mi'r'ror up to na'ture; to show Vir'tue, her own fea'ture, Sco'rn her own i'mage, and the very a'ge and bo'dy of the ti'me/ his fo'rm and pressure. No'w/ this *o'ver-done*, though it make the unskil'ful lau'gh, cannot but make the judi'cious gri'e've, the censure of on'e of whi'ch/ mu'st/ in your all'owance/ o'erweigh *a whole th'eatre of o'thers*. Oh! there be pl'ayers, that I have seen pla'y, and heard others pra'ise, and that *hi'ghly*, (not to speak it profa'nely,) th'at/ nei'ther having the a'ccent of Ch'ristian, nor the ga'it of Ch'ristian, pa'gan, nor ma'n, have so stru'tted and B'ELLOWED, that I have thought some of Nature's jou'rneymen had m'ade-them, (and not made them w'ell,) they imitated hum'anity so abom'inably.*

HENRY IV.'S SOLILOQUY ON SLEEP.

SHAKSPEARE.

How many thousands of my poo'rest-subjects/
A're/ at th'is-hour/ as'leep! O gentle Sleep,
(Nature's soft nu'rse,) how have I frig'hted thee,
That thou no mo're/ wilt weigh my eye-lids do'wn,
And steep my s'enses/ in forge'tfulness!

* Though the critical discrimination, and profound knowledge of the subject, must be apparent to all, in these justly-admired "Instructions," (the application of which is by no means confined to "the stage,") they are *peculiarly* so to the rhetorical student; and why they are not uniformly and *universally* adopted may well excite the wonder and pity of the skilful Elocutionist, since their propriety is conspicuously manifest to every person of cultivated taste: nevertheless, such, in some instances, is

Why ra'ther, (Sle'ep,) liest thou in smok'y-cribs,
 (Upon uneasy pa'llets/ stretc'hing-thee,)
 And, hush'ed/ with buzzing night-flies to thy slum'ber;
 Than in the perfumed cha'mbers of the gr'eat,
 Under the can'opies of costly sta'te,
 And lull'ed/ with so'unds of swe'test melo'dy?
 O thou dull'-god, why liest thou with the vi'le
 In loath'some-beds, and leavest the kin'gly-couch,
 A watch'-case/ to a common la'rum-bell?
 Wilt'-thou (upon the high and giddy m'ast)
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his br'ains,
 In cradle of the ru'de/ imperious surge;
 And, in the visita'tion of the wi'nds,
 Who take the ruffian bi'llows by the t'op,
 Curling their monstrous he'ads, and han'ging-them
 With deafening cla'mours/ in the slippery shr'ouds,
 Tha't, with the hu'rly, de'ath itse'lf awakes:
 Cans't thou (O partial Sle'ep) give thy repo'se/
 To the wet sea-bo'y/ in an hour so ru'de;
 And, in the calmest and the s'tillest ni'ght,
 (With all appl'iances and me'ans to bo'ot,)
 Den'y it to a kin'g? Then, ha'ppy/ low'ly clo'wn;
 Unea'sy lies the he'ad/ that we'ars a cro'wn.

EULOGIUM ON THE ILLUSTRIOUS BARD OF AVON.

MORGAN.

SHAK'SPEARE-is/ in tru'th/ an au'thor/ whose mimic crea'tion/
 agre'es/ in ge'neral/ so perfectly with tha't of na'ture, that it is
 not only won'derful in the gr'eat, but opens another scene of
 ama'zement/ to the disco'uries of the mi'croscope. We have
 been charged indeed by a foreign w'riter (*Voltaire*) with an
 overmu'ch-admiring of this *Barb'arian*: Whether we have

the force of early misdirected judgment, and, in others, of an unaccount-
 able fondness for what is "overdone" and *outré*, that an extraordinary
 adherence still prevails in some quarters to the "robustious perriwig-
 pated" school of Elocution, in preference to the simple, chaste, *natural*
 manner, which WALKER'S SYSTEM, when properly understood, is so well
 qualified to impart

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admired with knowl'dge, or have blindly followed those feelings of affection/ which we could not resist, I cannot tell; but certain it is, th'at/ to the labours of his editors he has not been overmuch obliged. They are, however, (for the most part) of the first-rank in literary-fame; but some of them had possessions of their own in Parnassus, of an extent too great and impor'tant/ to allow of a very diligent-attention to the interests of others; and among those critics (more professionally s'o,) the a'blest and the best has/ unfortunately/ looked more to the praise of ingenious, than of just-conjecture.

Yet/ whatever may be the neglect of some, or the censure of others, there are those/ who firmly believe, that this wild, this uncultivated-Barbarian, has not yet obtained one half of his fame; and who trust/ that some new Stagyrite will arise, wh'o, instead of pecking at the surface of things, will enter into the inward soul of his compositions, and expel (by the force of congenial feelings) those foreign impurities/ which have stained and disgraced-his-page. And/ as to those spots/ which will still remain, they may perhaps become invisible to those/ who shall seek them through the medium of his beauties, instead of looking for those beauties (as is too frequently done) through the smoke of some real/ or imputed-obscurity. When the hand of time shall have swept off his present editors and commentators, and when the very name of Voltaire (and even the memory of the language in which he has written) shall be no more, the Apalachian mountains, the banks of the Ohio, and the plains of Sciota shall resound with the accents of this Barbarian. In his native tongue/ he shall roll the genuine-passions of nature; nor/ shall the griefs of Le'ar be alleviated, or the charms and wit of Rosa'lind/ be abated by time.* There is/ indeed/ nothing perishable-about-him/ except that very learning/ which he is said so much to want! He had-not (it is true) enough for the demands of the age/ in which he lived, but/ he had perhaps too much for the reach of his genius, and the interest of his fame! Milton and he/ will carry the decayed remnants and fripperies of ancient mythology/ into more distant ages/ than they are/ by their own force/ entitled to extend; and the metamorphoses

* Johnson has a similar idea. "The stream of time," says he, "which is perpetually washing the dissoluble-fabrics of other poets, passes, without injury, by the adamant of *Shakspeare*."

of O'vid (upheld by *th'em*) lay in a new cla'im/ to unme'rited immorta'lity.

Shak'speare/ is a name so i'nteresting, that it is excusable to stop a mo'ment, n'ay/ it would be inde'cent/ to pass him without the tri'buté of some admira'tion. H'e differs ess'entially from all o'ther w'riters: Hi'm we may profess rather to fe'el/ than to underst'and;* and it is safer to sa'y, (on many occasions,) that we are posses'sed-by-him, than that we *pos sess-him*.† And no wo'nder:—He scatters the seeds of thin'gs, the principles of cha'racter and a'ction, with so cun'ning a hand, yet/ with so care'less an a'ir, a'nd/, ma'ster of our fe'elings, submits-himself/ so lit'tle to our ju'dgment, that every thing seems supe'rior. We discern not his co'urse, we see no connection of ca'use and effe'ct, we are rapt in ignorant admira'tion, and claim no kin'dred with his abili'ties. All the i'ncidents, all the pa'rts, look like cha'nce, while we fe'el and are sen'sible that the wh'ole is desi'gn. His characters/ not only ac't and spe'ak/ in strict conformity to n'ature, but/ in strict rela'tion to u's; just so much is sho'wn as is r'equisite, —just so mu'ch is impre'ssed; he commands every passage to our head's, and to our he'arts, and mou'lds-us as he ple'a'ses; and tha't/ with so much ease, that he never betrays his own exe'r'tions. We see these characters act from the mingled m'otives of pas'sion, re'a'son, in'terest, ha'bit, and comple'xion, (in all their prop'ortions) when they are suppos'ed to‡ know it not themse'lves; and we are made to acknow'ledge/ that their actions and sentiments a're, fro'm those m'otives, the necessary resu'lt. He at once *blen'ds* and *disting'uish*es e'very-thing; —eve'ry-thing/ is *com'plicated*, e'very-thing/ is *plai'n*. I restrain

* While we see in this, and similar sentences, the *negative* character of the disjunctive “than,” the verb “feel,” in the example before us, may be considered as the *positive* member, requiring the falling inflection; and “understand,” the *negative*, which necessarily requires the *rising* inflection of the voice.—Vide p. 5, “Introductory Outline.”

† Mr. Pope pays the immortal bard a compliment not entirely dissimilar to this:—“Homer himself,” he says, “did not make his draughts so *immediately* from nature as *Shakspeare* did; and it is not so proper to say that he (Shakspeare) spoke *from nature*, as it is to say that *she* spoke *through him*.”

‡ When this preposition is without accentual force, as in the present instance, how inelegantly and slovenly it is generally pronounced! Scarcely do we ever hear it otherwise sounded (even in our pulpits!) than as if spelt something like *ix*;—its proper and legitimate pronunciation, it is almost superfluous to add, is, even without any accent, exactly the same as the adverb “too.” ●

the further expressions of my admiration, *lest they should not seem applicable to man*; but/ it is really astonishing that a mere human being (a part of humanity only) should *so perfectly comprehend the whole*; and that he/ should possess such exquisite-art, that, whilst every woman and every child/ shall feel the *whole effect*, his learned editors and commentators/ should yet so very frequently mistake/ or seem ignorant of the cause. A *scéptre* or a *straw* is/ in his hands/ of equal efficacy; he needs no selection; he converts every thing into excellence; nothing is too great, nothing is too base. Is a character efficient/, like Richard?—it is every thing we can wish. Is it otherwise, like Hamlet? — it is productive of equal admiration: — Action/ produces one-mode of excellence, and in action/ another: The chronicle, the novel, or the ballad; the king, or the beggar; the hero, the madman, the sot, or the fool; it is all one; — nothing is worse, nothing is better: The same genius pervades, and is equally admirable/ in all. Or, is a character to be shown in progressive-change, and the events of years/ comprised within the hour; —with what a magic hand/ does he prepare and scatter his spells! The understanding must (in the first place) be subdued; and lo! how the rooted prejudices of the child/ spring up to confound the man! The weird sisters rise, and order is extinguished. The laws of nature give-way, and leave nothing in our minds/ but wildness and horror. No pause is allowed us for reflection: Horrid sentiment, furious guilt and compunction; air-drawn daggers, murders, ghosts, and enchantment, shake and *possess us wholly*. In the mean time/ the *process* is completed. Macbeth changes under our eye; *the milk of human kindness/ is converted to gall*; he *has supped full of horrors*, and his *May-of-life/ is fallen into the sea*, the *yellow-leaf*; whilst we (the fools of amazement) are insensible to the shifting of place/ and the lapse of time, and/ till the curtain drops, never once wake to the truth of things, or recognize the laws of existence. On such an occasion, a fellow/ like Rymmer, waking from his trance, shall lift up his constable's staff, and charge this great Magician, this daring *practiser of arts inhibited*, (in the name of Aristotle) to surrender; whilst Aristotle himself (disowning his wretched officer) would fall prostrate at his feet, and acknowledge his supremacy. — “O supreme of dramatic excellence! (might he say) not to me be imputed the insolence of fools. The

bards of Gre'ce/ were confined within the narrow ci'cle of the Ch'orus, and hen'ce/ they found themselves constrained to *pra'ctise* (for the m'ost-part) the precis'ion, and co'py the *det'ails* of *na'ture*. I fol'lowed them, and knew not that a larg'er circle might be d'rawn, and the dr'ama/ extended to the *whole reach of human ge'n'ius*. Convin'ced, I see that a more *compendious nature* may be obtained; (a nature of *effe'cts* o'nly) to wh'ich/ neither the rela'tions of plac'e, nor continu'ity of ti'me, are al'ways ess'ential. Na'ture (condescending to the f'aculties and apprehen'sions of m'an) has drawn through human life a regular chain of visible* causes and effe'cts: But po'e'try/ delig'hts in surpris'e, conce'als her steps, sei'zes at on'ce upon the he'art, and obtains the sublim'e of thi'ngs/ without betraying the *ro'unds* of her asc'ent: True poesy is *m'agic*, not *na'ture*; an effe'ct/ from causes hi'dden or unkn'own. To the MAG'ICIAN/ I prescribed no'-laws; his la'w and his p'ower/ are one'; his *po'wer*/ is hi's-*law*. Hi'm/ who neither imitates, nor is within the rea'ch of imitation, no precedent c'an, or ou'ght to bi'nd, no li'mits to cont'ain! If his en'd is obtain'd/, wh'o shall question his *cour'se*? Me'ans (whether appa'rent or hi'dden) are justified in po'esy by succ'ess; but the'n most p'fect and most a'dmirable/ when m'ost conce'aled."—But wh'ither am I go'ing! This copious and delig'htful to'pic/ has drawn me far beyo'nd my desi'gn: I hasten ba'ck to my su'b-ject, and am gu'arded (for a time at le'ast) against any further } Concluding tone.
temp'tation/ to digre'ss.

CATO'S SOLILOQUY ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

ADDISON.

IT m'ust be so—Pl'ato, thou reasonest we'll—
E'lse/ whence this pl'easing ho'pe, this fo'nd desir'e,
This lon'ging after immortality?
Or/ whence this secret dre'ad, and inward h'orror,
Of fa'lling into noug'ht? Why sh'inks the soul

* Nouns ending in *ity*, and adjectives in *ible*, should be pronounced as if terminating in *ety* and *ible*, due attention being paid to the percussion of the accent: thus, "*cha'r'ety, va'n'ety, po'ss'ible, se'n'sible*," &c.

Back on herse'lf, and startles at destru'ction ?
 'Tis the Divi'nity, that stirs withi'n us ;
 'Tis He'aven itse'lf, that points out an herea'fter,*
 And i'ntimates/ ete'rnity to ma'n.
 Ete'rnity ! thou ple'asing, drea'dful thought !
 Through what variety of untried be'ing,
 Through what new sc'enes and chan'ges/ must we p'ass
 The wi'de, the unbo'unded prospect/ lie's bef'ore me ;
 But sha'dows, clou'ds, and da'rkness/ re'st upo'n it.
 H'e're will I ho'ld. If there's a power ab'ove us,
 (And that there i's, all Na'ture/ cries aloud
 Through all her works,) he must delight in v'irtue ;
 And that which h'e delights in/ must be happy.
 But whe'n, or whe're ?—This world was ma'de for Cæ'sar.
 I'm weary of conje'ctures—th'is/ must en'd them.

Thus am I dou'bly armed—my dea'th and life',
 My ba'ne and a'ntidote/ are bo'th bef'ore me.
 Th'is (in a m'oment) bring's me to an e'nd ;
 But *thi's*/ infor'ms me/ I shall ne'ver die !
 The so'ul (secured in her exi'stence,) sm'iles
 At the drawn da'gger, and defi'es its poi'nt :
 The st'ars/ shall fa'de awa'y, the su'n himse'lf
 Grow di'm with a'ge, and Na'ture/ sink in ye'ars ;
 But *tho'u*/ shalt flourish in immo'tal yo'uth,
 Unhu'rt/ amidst the war of e'lements,
 The wrec'ks of ma'tter, and the cru'sh of wor'lds.—
 What means this hea'viness/ that hangs up'on me,—
 This le'thargy/ that *creeps* through all my se'nses ?
 Na'ture (oppressed and harassed out with c'are)
 Sinks do'wn to res't. This o'nce/ I'll fa'vour her ;
 Tha't/ my awakened so'ul/ may take her fl'i'ght,
 Renew'ed/ in all her streng'th/ and fre'sh with li'fe,
 An offering/ fit' for he'aven ! Let gui'lt or fe'ar
 Distur'b man's re'st : *Ca'to*/ knows ne'ither o'f-them, }
 Indiff'e'rent/ in hi's cho'ice, to *slee'p*, or *di'e* !

Lower
and
slower

* It is proper to use *an* before words where the *h* is not mute, when the accent is on the second syllable, as, *an heroic action*, *an historical account*, &c.

PROSPECT FROM THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT ÆTNA.

BRYDONE.

ON the twenty-seventh of M'ay, we set off at midn'ight/ to see the rising sun/ from the to'p of Æ'tna. Our gui'de/ conducted us over "antres vas't and deserts w'ild," where scarcely human foot/ had ever tro'dden: som'etimes/ through gloomy fore'sts, whi'ch/ by day-light were deli'ghtful, but n'ow/ from the universal darkness, the ru'stling of the tre'es, the hea'vy, du'll-bellowing of the moun'tain, the vast expa'nse of o'cean (stretched at an immense distance be'low-us,) inspired a kind of a'wful hor'ror. After incredible la'bour and fati'gue, (mixed at the same time with a great de'al of ple'a'sure,) we arriv'ed, before daw'n, at the ruins of an ancient structure, supposed to have been built by the philo'sopher/ Emp'edocles, who took up his habitation her'e, the be'tter to study the na'ture of Mou'nt-Ætna.

We had now ti'me/ to pay our ador'a'tions/ in a silent contempla'tion of the sublime o'b'jects of na'ture. The sk'y/ was perfectly cle'ar, and the immense vault of the he'avens/ appeared in a'wful m'ajesty and splen'dour. We found ourselves *more* struck with ve'nera'tion/ than belo'w, and/ at fir'st/ were at a loss to kno'w the ca'use; till we obse'rved (with asto'nish-ment) that the num'ber of star's/ seemed to be in'finitely in'creased; and that the lig'ht-of-each-of them/ appeared bri'ghter than u'sual. The whit'eness of the m'ilky-way/ was like a pure fla'me/ that shot across the he'avens; a'nd, with the n'aked-eye, we could observe clusters of sta'rs/ that were inv'isible in the re'gions belo'w. We di'd not/ at *fir'st*/ attend to the ca'use, nor re'collect/ that we had now passed through t'en or twel'Ve thousand feet of gross v'apour, that blun'ts and confuses every ra'y, before it reaches the s'urface of the ea'rth. We were amazed at the distin'ctness of vi'sion, and excl'aimed (tog'ether), "What a glorious situa'tion for an obs'ervatory!" We regretted that Ju'piter was not vi'sible, as I am pers'uaded/* we might

* Besides the necessary pause before the personal pronoun "We," the observant reader will perceive another reason for it, namely, the conjunction "that" being *understood*.

have discovered some of his sa'tellites with the n'aked-eye, or at lea'st/ with a small gl'ass/ which I h'ad in my poc'ket. We observed a light a great way be'low-us/ on the mo'untain, which seemed to mo've among the fo'rests; but, whether an Ignis Fa'tuus, or wh'at it was, I shall not pret'end to say'. We likewise took notice of several of those m'eteors/ called "falling sta'rs," wh'ich/ still appeared to be as much elevated abo've us, as when seen from the pl'ain; so th'at/ in a'll probability/ those b'odies/ move in reg'ions/ much beyond the bou'nds/ that some phil'osophers/ have assigned to our at'mosphere.

After contemplating these objects for some t'ime, we set o'ff, and/ in about an hour's cli'mbing, arrived at a pl'ace/ where there was no sn'ow; and/ where a warm and comfortable v'apour/ is'sued from the mo'untain, which indu'ced-us/ to make ano'ther-halt. From this s'pot/ it was only about three hundred yards to the highest s'ummit of the mo'untain, where we arrived in full ti'me/ to see—the most won'derful, and }
most subli'me-sight/ in'-nature. Change of Voice.

But here desc'ription/ must ev'er fall sh'ort; for/ n'o imagi'n'ation/ has dared to form an idea of so glorious and so mag'n'ificent-a-scene. Neither is there on the surface of this gl'obe, any o'ne-point/ that un'ites so many aw'ful and subli'me-objects;—the immense elevation from the su'rface of the ear'th, (drawn as it were to a single poi'nt,) without any neigh-bouring mountain for the senses and imagina'tion to rest up'o'n, and recov'er from their aston'ishment/ in their way down to the wor'ld;—this poi'nt or pin'nacle, (raised on the brink of a bottomless gul'f,) often discharging rivers of fi're, and throw-ing out burning roc'ks, with a noise/ that shakes the whole i'sland;—a'dd to thi's, the unbounded extent of the pro'spect, (comprehending the greatest divers'ity and the most beautiful sce'ner' in n'ature); with the rising sun', advancing in the east, to illu'minate the wondrous sce'ne.

The whole atmosphere by degrees kindled u'p, and sh'ewed (dimly and fai'ntly) the boundless pro'spect arou'nd. Both sea and land looked dar'k and conf'used, (as if only emerging from their orig'inal ch'aos,) and lig'ht and dar'kness/ seemed still un-divided; till the mor'ning, (by degrees advan'cing,) complet'ed-the-separation. The sta'rs are extin'guished, and the sh'ades disappe'ar. The fo'rests (which but now seemed black and bottomless gul'fs, from which no r'ay was reflected to show

their for'm or colours,) appear a new crea'tion/ rising to the sig'ht; catching li'fe and be'auty / from every increas'ing-beam. The sce'ne still enlarges, and the hor'izon/ seems to widen and ex'pand itself on all si'des; till the su'n/ appears in the ea'st, a'nd, with his pla'stic-ray, comple'tes the mighty-scene. — A'l/ seems enchan'tment; and it is with difficulty that we can believe our'selves/ to be still on ea'rth. The se'n'ses (unaccustomed to the subli'mity of such a sce'ne,) are bewil'dered and confound'ed; and it is not/ till after some ti'me, that they are ca'pable of se'parating and jud'ging of the ob'jects/ that compo'se it.—The bo'dy-of-the-sun/ is seen rising from the o'cean, immense tra'cts/ both of se'a and la'nd interve'ning; the adjacent i'slands (with their smoking sum'mits,) appear under your f'eet; and you look down on the whole of Si'cily as on a ma'p; and can tra'ce every ri'ver, through all its winding, from its so'urce/ to its mo'uth. The view is absolutely bound'less on e'very-side; n'or/ is there any one ob'ject/ within the circle of vi'sion, to interrupt it; so that the sig'ht/ is every where lo'st/ in the imm'ensity; and I am persua'ded/ it is only from the imperfec'tion of our o'rgans, that the co'asts of A'frica, and e'ven of Gre'ce, are not disc'overed, as they are certainly abo've the hor'izon. B'ut/ the most beautiful part of the sce'ne/ is certainly the mountain itse'lf, the is'land of Si'cily, and the numerous i'slands/ lying round it. All the'se, (by a kind of magic in vi'sion/ that I am at a loss to accoun't-for,) se'em/ as if they were brought close round the ski'rts-of-Ætna; the dist'ances appearing redu'ced to no'thing.

We had now time to examine th'at region of the mo'untain, (which has undoubtedly given being to all the r'est) — I mean the re'gion of fir'e. .

The present crater of this immense vol'cano/ is a circle of about three miles and a h'al'f in circum'ference. It goes shelving down on each si'de, and forms a regular h'ollow/ like a vas't-amphitheatre. From many places of this spa'ce, issue volumes of sulphureous smo'ke, wh'ich (being much heavier than the circuma'mbient a'ir,) instead of ri'sing-in-it, (as smoke generally d'oes,) immediately on its getting out of the o'rater, rolls down the side of the mo'untain/ like a tor'rent, t'ill (coming to that part of the atmosphere of the same specific gra'vity with itse'lf,) it shoots off horizo'n'tally, and forms a large track in the a'ir, according to the dire'ction of the wi'nd; wh'ich,

(ha'ppily-for-us,) carried it exactly to the si'de/ opposite to th'at/ where on we were pla'ced. The crater is so h'ot, that it is very dan'gerous, if not impo'ssible, to go do'wn-into-it; bes'ides, the smo'ke/ is very incomm'odious, and/ in many pla'ces, the surface is so s'oft/ that there have been instances of people sinking do'wn-in-it, and pa'ying/ for their teme'rity/ with their live's. Near the centre of the cr'ater/ is the grea't-mouth of the vo'l-cano; — that tremen'dous-gulf/ so celebrated in all a'ges, loo'ked-upon/ as the térror and sco'urge/ bo'th of th'is/ and ano'ther-life. We beheld it with awe' and with hor'ror.

Another change
of voice.

On our arrival within the confines of the Regione Syl'vosi, —(which is the tem'perate-region,) —we seemed to have g'ot/ into ano'ther-world.* The a'ir, (which before was su'ltry and h'ot,) was now co'ol and refre'shing; and every bree'ze was loa'ded/ with a thousand pe'r'fumes, (the whole gro'und bein'g covered o'ver/ with the ric'h'est/ aroma'tic-plants.) —Many parts of this region are surely the most hea'venly-spots upon ear'th; a'nd/ if Ætna resembles hell *with in*, it m'ay (with equal ju'stice) be said to resemble pa'r'adise *with out*!

It is indeed a curious considera'tion, that this mountain should r'e-un'ite every beau'ty and every ho'r'ror; a'nd, in sho'rt, all the most opposite and dissimilar objects/in'-nature. He're/ you observe a gulf, that formerly threw out torrents of fi're, no'w covered with the most luxuriant vege'tation, a'nd, from an object of *ter'ror*, become one of *deligh't*! He're/ you gather the most delici'ous fruit, rising from what was lately but a bla'ck/ and bar'ren-rock. He're/ the ground is covered with every flo'wer, a'nd/ we wander over these be'auties, and con-tem'plate this wilderness of swe'ets, without considering that h'ell (with all its té'r'rors,) is immediately under our fé'et; and, that but a few ya'rds/ separate us/ from la'kes of liqu'id-fire and brim'stone.

But our astonishment sti'll-increases/ on casting our eyes on the higher regions of the mou'ntain. The're we beh'old, (in perpetual u'nion,) the two-ele'ments/ that are at perpetual wa'r; an im'men'se-gulf of fir'e, (for ever existing in the mi'dst of sno'ws, whi'ch/ it has not pow'er/ to m'e'l't;) and immense fields of sno'w and i'ce (for ever surrounding this gulf of fi're,) whi'ch/ they have not pow'er/ to exti'nguish.

* Though in general use, it is not strictly correct for the *present perfect* of the *Infinitive Mood* to succeed the *past* of the *Indicative*;—"We seemed to get," would therefore be more agreeable to Rule.

THE COUNTRY NEAR PALERMO, CONTRASTED WITH SWITZERLAND.

BRYDONE.

WE were amazed at the richness of the crops, far superior to any thing I had ever seen/ either in Eng'land or Fla'nders, where the happy soil is assisted by all the arts of cultivation; whilst he're, the wretched husbandman/ can hardly afford to give it a furrow; and ga'thers-in, (with a heavy heart,) the most luxuriant harvest. The fertility of many of the plains/ is truly astonishing, without inclosures, without manure, and/ almo'st/ without culture. It is with reason that Sicily/ was styled the granary of the Roman-Empire.—Were it cultivated, it would still be the great granary of Europe. Pliny sa'ys, it yielded a hundred for one; and Diodorus, (who was a native of the Island, and wrote on the spot,) assures us/ that it produced wheat and other grain/ spontaneously; and Homer/ advances the same fact/ in the O'dyssey.

The soil untill'd/ a ready harvest yields,
With wheat and barley/ wave the golden fields;
Spontaneous wines/ from weighty clusters pour',
And Jove descends/ in each/ prolific-shower.

But/ to what purpose is all this bounty/ bestowed upon the husbandman? only/ to lie a dead weight upon his hand, sometimes/ till it is entirely lost; (exportation being prohibited to all/ who cannot pay exorbitantly-for-it/ to the sovereign.) The poor people of the village (a village in the vicinity of Palermo) have found us out; and/ with looks full of misery, have surrounded our door. Accurs'd-tyranny! what despicable-objects/ we become in thy-hands! is it not inconceivable/ how any-government should be able to render poor and wretched, a country/ which produces (almost spontaneously,) every-thing/ that even luxury can desire? But alas! poverty and wretchedness/ have ever attended the Spanish yoke, both on this, and the other-side-the-globe. They make it their boast/ that the sun never sets/ on their dominions, but forget, that/ since they became such, they have left him nothing to see/ in his course, but—*deserted fields, barren wildernesses, oppressed tenants, and lazy,*

ly'ing, worth'less-monks. Suc'h are the fruits of their boasted con'quests ! They ought rather to be ashamed that ever the sun/ should see them at a'll ! The sight-of-these-poor-pe'ople/ has filled me with indigna'tion. This village is surrounded by the finest country in the w'orld, yet there was neither bre'ad nor win'e/ to be fou'nd-in-it, and the poor inh'abitants/ appeared more than ha'lf-starved. What a contrast is there between th'is, and the li'ttle/ uncou'th-country of Swi'tzerland ! The dreadful consequences of oppr'ession, can never be set in a more strik'ing-opposition/ to the b'lessings and the char'ms-of li'berty ! Switzerland, the very excres'cence of Eu'rope, (where nature seems to have thrown out all her cold and sta'gnating h'umours,) full of la'kes, mar'shes, and wo'ods, and surrounded by immense roc'ks, and everlasting mo'untains of ic'e,—(the ba'rren, but *sa'cred*-ramparts of li'berty !)—*S'witzerland*, enjoy'ing every b'lessing, where every bles'sing seems to have been *den'ied* ; whilst *Si'cily*, (covered by the most luxuriant h'and of Na'ture, where heaven seems to have showered-d'own its ri'chest-blessings/ with the utmost prodig'al'ity,) gro'ans under the most abject-poverty, and/ with a pale and wa'n vi'sage, *sta'rves* in the m'idst of *plen'ty*. It is LIBERTY alo'ne/ that works this standing mi'racle ! Under her plastic h'ands/ the mou'ntains si'nk, the la'kes are drained ; and these roc'ks, these mar'shes, these wo'ods, become so many sources of we'alth/ and of plea'sure.

——— " Here/ reigns cont'ent,
And Nature's ch'ild, Simpli'city ; long since
Exil'ed from polished re'alms."

——— "'Tis in'dustry/ suppl'ies
The lit'tle/ Temperance w'ants ; and rosy He'al'th
Sits sm'il'ing/ at the bo'ard."

——— We shall shortly leave I'taly, for the delig'htful, co'ol-mountains-of Swi'tzerland ; where Liberty and Simpli'city, (long since banished from po'lished na'tions,) still flou'rish/ in their original p'u'urity ; where the te'mperature and mo'deration of the cli'mate, and tha't of the inh'abitants, are mutually emblematical of eac'h-other. For/ whilst o'ther-nations are scorched by the he'at of the su'n, and the still more scorching heats of *tyr'anny* and *superst'ition* ; *he're*/ the genial breezes for ever fa'n the ai'r, and heighten that ala'c'rit'ity and jo'y/ which liberty and innocence alon'e can inspi're ;—*he're*/ the genial

flow of the sou'l/ has never yet been checked by i'dle and use'less refin'ements, but op'ens and expan'ds-itself/ to all the c'alls of affec'tion and bene'volence.

ON READING THE COMMON PRAYER.

SWIFT.

THE reading of the Common Prayer we'll, is of so great importance, and so much neglected, that I take the liberty to offer to your consider'ation/ some parti'culars/ on the su'bject.

It is indeed wonderful, that the frequent ex'ercise-of it/ should not make the performers of that duty more exp'ert-in-it. This i'nability, (as I conc'eive,) proceeds from the little car'e/ that is taken of their read'ing, while bo'ys, and at scho'ol, where, (when they are got into L'atin,) they are looked upon as abo've En'glish, the read'ing-of-which/ is wholly negle'cted, or/ at lea'st/ read' to very lit'tle-purpose, without any due observations made to them of the proper ac'cent and man'ner-of-reading; by this me'ans/ they have acqui're'd such ill-h'abits,* as will not easily be rem'oved. The only way that I know of to rem'edy-this, i's/ to† propose some person of great ability th'at-way, as a pat'tern-to-them; (exam'ple/ being most effectual, to convince the le'arned, as we'll as to instruct the i'gnorant.)

You must know, Sir, I have been a constant fr'equenter of the se'rvice of the Church of E'ngland/ for above these four ye'ars, an'd/ till last Su'nday, never discover'd/ to so great a deg'ree/ the ex'cellency of the Co'mmon-Prayer; I heard the s'ervice-read/ s'o distin'ctly, s'o empha'tically, and s'o fe'rvently, that it was next to an impossibili'ty/ to be in'atte'n'tive. My ey'es and thoug'hts/ could not wander as u'sual, but were confin'ed to my pray'ers; I then considered I address'd myself to the A'l'migh'ty;‡ and/ when I reflected on my *for'mer* per-

* Whether "acquired" is considered as an adjective or a participle, Mr. Walker seems to think the "ed" should be pronounced as a distinct syllable.

† For the pause coming *between* the verbs, see page 29 of the "Outline."

‡ It is to be lamented that we rarely hear this thrillingly sublime and beautiful word rightly pronounced, even in "the reading desk and pulpit!" If judiciously spoken, with two accents, as here marked, it can hardly fail distinctly to elicit the comprehensive *meaning* of this wonderful appellation of "the Great First Cause," and produce a *corresponding effect*.

formances of that duty, I found I had run it over as a matter of form, in comparison to the manner/ in-which/ I then discharged it. My mind was really affected, and fervent wishes/ accompanied my words. The CONFES'SION/ was read with such a *resigned humility*, and the THAN^KSGIVING/ with such a *religious-joy*, as made me feel those affections of the mind/ in a manner/ I never d'id-before. To remedy, therefore, the grievance above complained-of, I humbly* propose, that this excellent-reader (upon the next, and every annual assembly of the clergy of Sion-college) should read prayers before them. For then, those/ that are afraid of stretching their mouths, and spoiling their soft voices, will learn to read with clearness, loudness, and strength. Others/ that affect a rakish, negligent-air (by folding their arms, and lol'ling on their book) will be taught a decent-behaviour, and a comely erection of body. Those/ that read fast (as if impatient of their work) may learn to speak deliberately. There is another-sort-of-persons/ whom I call Pindaric-readers, as being confined to no set-measure; these/ pronounce five or six words/ with great deliberation, and the five or six subsequent-ones/ with as great celerity: the first part of the sentence/ with a very exalted-voice, and the latter-part/ with a very submissive one; sometimes, again, with one sort of a tone, and immediately after/ with a very different one: These gentlemen/ will learn of my admired-reader/ an evenness of voice and delivery; and all/ who are innocent of these affectations, but read with such an indifferency, as if they did not understand the language, may then be informed of the art of reading movingly and fervently, how to place the emphasis, and give the proper accent to each word, and how to vary the voice/ according to the nature of the sentence. There is certainly a very great difference between the reading a prayer and a gazette, which I beg of you to inform a set of readers, who affect, (forsooth) a certain/ gentleman-

* In the pronunciation of *humble* and *humbly*, Mr. Walker contends that the *h* should not be aspirated, and that this adjective and adverb should be pronounced as if written *umble* and *umbly*. Mrs. Siddons and Mr. Kemble, however, and some other individuals hardly less eminent, distinctly sounded the *h* in these words; and considered the withholding of the aspiration as weakening the force of their meaning. My opinion is, that it *should* be aspirated, though as *slightly* as possible.—ED.

lik'e-familiarity of to'ne, and mend the lan'guage/ as they go on', cr'ying, instead of *par'doneth* and *abs'olveth*, *par'dons* and *absolves*. The'se/ are often pretty class'ical-scholars, and would think it an unpardonable offe'nce/ to read Virgil or Mar'tial/ with so little ta'ste/ as they d'o divine-service.

If those who e'rr/ in these parti'culars/ would please to r'e-collect the many plea'santries/ they have read upon tho'se/ who recite go'od-things/ with an ill'-grace, they would go on to thi'nk tha't/ what in tha't case is only ridi'culous, in them-sel'ves/ is impious.

But/ leaving this to their own refle'ctions, I shall conclude with what Cæ'sar said/ upon the irregula'rity-of-tone/ in on'e/ who read before hi'm, "*Do you réad or síng? if you síng, you sing very íll.*" } Concluding voice.

ON PUBLIC SPEAKING.

ADDISON.

MOST foreign wri'ters/ who have given any char'acter of the English n'ation, (whatever vic'es they ascribe-to-it,) allo'w, in general, that the pe'ople/ are naturally mo'dest. It proceeds, perhaps, from thi's/ our ná'tional-virtue/, that ou'r orators/ are observed to make use of less ges'ture or ac'tion, than tho'se of o'ther-countries. Ou'r preachers stand stock-s'till/ in the pu'lpit, and will not so much as move a fin'ger/ to set off the be'st-sermons/ in the wo'ld. We meet with the same speak-ing sta'tues at our bar's, and in all public pla'ces of deba'te. O'ur words flow from us/ in a sm'ooth/ conti'nued-stream, without those strai'nings of the vo'ice, mo'tions of the bo'dy, and ma'jesty of the ha'nd, which are so much celebrated in the orators of Gr'eece and Ro'me. We can talk of life and death in cold'-blood, and keep our temper in a discour'se/ which turns upon e'very-thing/ that is de'ar-to-us. Though our zeal bre'aks-out/ in the finest tro'pes and fig'ures, it is not able to stir a li'mb ab'out us.

It is certain/ that proper ges'tures and exer'tions of the vo'ice/ cannot be too much stu'died/ by a public-orator. They are a kind of com'ent to what he u'tters, and enforce e'very-thing he say's, bet'ter than the stron'gest-argument/ he can

make use of. They keep the audience awake, and fix their attention to what is delivered to them; at the same time/ that they shew the speaker/ is in earnest, affected himself/ with what he so passionately recommends to others.

We are told that the great Latin-orator (Cicero) very much impaired his health/ by the vehemence of action/ with which he used to deliver-himself. The Greek-orator (Demosthenes) was likewise so very famous/ for this particular in rhetoric, that one of his antagonists (Æschines), whom he had banished from Athens, reading over the oration/ which had procured his banishment, and seeing his friends admire it, could not forbear exclaiming, "If you are so charmed with the bare rehearsal of this oration, how would you have been affected, had you heard him deliver it himself, with all his fire and force!

How cold and dead a figure, (in comparison with these two great men,) does an orator often make at a British-bar, holding up his head/ with the most insipid serenity, and stroking the sides of a long wig/ that reaches down to his middle! Nothing can be more ridiculous/ than the gestures of most of our English-speakers. You see some-of-them/ running their hands into their pockets/ as far as ever they can thrust-them, and others/ looking with great attention on a piece of paper/ that has nothing written-on-it: you may see many a smart rhetorician/ turning his hat/ in his hands, moulding-it/ into several/ different-cocks, examining/ sometimes the lining-of-it, and sometimes the button, during the whole course of his harangue. A deaf man/ would think he was cheapening a beaver, when/ perhaps/ he is talking of the fate of the British-nation. I remember, when I was a young man, and used to frequent Westminster-Hall, there was a counsellor/ who never pleaded without a piece of pack-thread/ in his hand, which he used to twist about a thumb or finger all the while he was speaking; the wags of those-days/ used to call it the thread of his discourse, for/ he was not able to utter a word/ without it. One of his clients, (who was more merry than wise,) stole it from him one day/ in the midst of his pleading; but/ he had better have let it alone, for/ he lost his cause/ by the jest.

Concluding
replies.

THE PASSIONS.—AN ODE.

COLLINS.

WHEN Mu'sic, (he'avenly-maid,*) was you'ng,
 While yet in early Gree'ce she sung,
 The passions of't/ to hear her shell,
 Thronged aro'und/ her magic c'ell,
 Exul'ting, trem'bling, ra'ging, fain'ting,
 (Possessed beyond the Mu'se's-painting.)
 By tur'ns, they felt the glowing mi'nd/
 Distu'rbed, deli'ghted, rais'd, refin'ed:
 Till on'ce, ('tis said,) when all were fir'ed,
 Fill'ed with fu'ry, rap't, inspir'ed,
 From the supporting myrtles rou'nd/
 They snatched her in'struments of sou'nd;
 And, as they oft had he'ard/ apa'rt/
 Sweet less'ons of her forceful ar't,
 Ea'ch (for ma'dness ruled the ho'ur)
 Would pro've his ow'n/ expre'ssive-power.

First, *Fear*, his han'd, its ski'll/ to tr'y,
 Amid the cho'rds/ bewildered la'id;
 And back recoil'ed, he knew not wh'y,
 Even at the sound *himself* had ma'de.

Next *An'ger*, rush'ed, his e'yes on fir'e:
 In light'nings/ owned his secret sting's.
 In o'ne/ rud'e-clash/ he stru'ck the ly're—
 And sw'ept, (with hurried ha'nds,) the strin'gs.

* Words, as well as phrases, in *apposition*, whatever may be their grammatical character, will be much improved if read *parenthetically*.
 Examples:—

- 1st. "When Music (heavenly maid) was young."
- 2d. "Hope (the balm of life) is our greatest friend."
- 3rd. "The present life (which is the first stage of the immortal mind) abounds in materials of poetry."
- 4th. "As we perceive the shadow to have moved along the dial, but did not perceive its moving; so the advances we make in knowledge (consisting of insensible steps) are only perceived by the distance gone over."
- 5th. "They would have thought (who heard the strain) They saw, in Tempe's Vale, her native maids."

With wof'ul-measures, wan *Despair* —
 Lo'w/ sul'len-sounds/ his grief beguiled;
 A sol'emn, stra'nge, and mi'ngled air:
 'Twas sa'd, by fi'ts — by sta'r'ts, 'twas wi'ld.

But tho'u, (O *Ho'pe*!) with eye's so f'air,
 Wh'at was th'y-delighted-measure!
 Still it whisp'ered, promised ple'asure,
 And bad'e the lovely sce'nes/ at dis'tance ha'il.

Still would her touch the strain prolo'ng,
 And from the ro'cks, the woo'ds, the va'le,
 She called on Echo st'ill/ through all her son'g:
 A'nd/ where her swe'etest-theme/ she cho'se,
 A sof't, respon'sive-voice was heard/ at every cl'ose;
 And Ho'pe, (ench'anted,) sm'iled, and wav'ed her go'lden-hair:

And lon'ger had she su'ng — but, with a fro'wn,
Reve'nge/ impa'tient-rose.
 He threw his blood-stained sw'ord/ in thunder d'own;
 An'd, with a withering lo'ok,
 The war-denouncing trumpet to'ok,
 And blew a blas't, so lo'ud and dre'ad,
 Were ne'er prophe'tic-sounds/ so fu'll of w'o:
 And, e'ver and ano'n, he bea't/
 The doubling dru'm, with furious h'eat; } Pronounced quickly.
 And thou'gh, som'times, (each dreary pause bet'ween,)
 Dejected *Pit'y*/ at his sid'e,
 Her sou'l-subduing voice/ appli'ed,
 Yet still he kept his wi'ld/ una'ltered-mi'en;
 While each strained ball of si'ght — seemed bur'sting/ from
 his he'ad.

Th'y numbers, (*Je'alousy*,) to nou'ght were fix'ed;
 (Sad proof of th'y/ distre'ssful-state:)
 Of differ'g the'mes/ the veering song was mi'xed/
 And, no'w, it courted L'ove: no'w, (ra'ving,) ca'lled-on H'ate.

With eyes-upra'ised, (as one insp'ired,)
 Pale *Me'lancholy*/ sat re'tired;
 And/ from her wi'ld/ sequ'estered se'at,
 (In not'es by dis'tance/ made more sw'eat,)
 Poured through the mellow ho'rn/ her pensive so'ul:
 And, dashing so'ft, from rocks arou'nd,

Bubbling run'nels/ joined the so'und :
 Through gla'des, and gloo'ms, the mingled me'asure st'ole ;
 O'r/ o'er some haunted stre'ams, with fond del'ay,
 (Round a holy calm diffus'ing,
 Lo've of pe'ace and lon'ely m'using)
 In ho'llow mu'murs/ di'ed awa'y.

But, O', how altered was its sprig'htlier to'ne
 When *Chee'rfulness*, (a nymph of hea'lthiest-hue,)
 Her bo'w/ across her shoulder flun'g,
 Her bus'kins/ gemmed with morning de'w,
 Blew an inspiring ai'r, that da'le and thic'ket r'ung,
 The hun'ter's-call, to Fa'un and Dr'yad kno'wn ;
 The oak-crowned Sis'ters, and their chaste-eyed Qu'een,
 Sa'tyrs, and syl'van-Boys, were se'en,
 Pee'ping from for'th/ their a'lleys gre'en :
 Brown Ex'ercise/ rejoiced to he'ar ;
 And Spo'rt leap'ed-up, and seized his be'echen sp'ear.

La'st, came *Jo'y's* ecsta'tic trial :
 H'e, (with viny crown adv'ancing,)
 First to the lively pi'pe/ his hand addressed ;
 But, soon he sa'w/ the brisk/ awa'kening vi'ol,
 Whose *sw'et/ entra'ncing* vo'ice/ he lo'ved the be'st.
 They would have thou'ght, (who heard the st'rain,)
 They sa'w, in Tem'pe's-vale, her native m'ails
 (Amid the festal-sounding sh'ades,)
 To so'me, unwe'aried min'strel dan'cing ;
 Wh'ile, (as his flying fingers kis'sed the str'ings,)
 Lov'e/ framed with Mir'th/ a ga'y/ fantas'tic ro'und,
 (Loose were her tr'esses se'en, her zo'ne unb'ound),
 And h'e (amid his frolic pla'y,
 As if h'e would the charming air re'pay,)
 Shook thousand o'dours/ from his dew'y-wings.

MONODY TO THE MEMORY OF MR. GARRICK.

R. B. SHERIDAN.

If d'ying-excellence/ deserves a te'ar,
 If fond remembrance/ still is cherished he're ;
 Can we persi'st/ to bid your sorrows flo'w/
 For fa'bled su'fferers/ and delu'sive w'oe ?

O'r/ with quaint sm'iles/ dismis's the plaintive stra'in,
 Point the quick je'st/, indu'lge the comic ve'in,
 Ere yet to bu'ried-Roscius/ we assign/
 One ki'nd regre't, one tri'butary lin'e ?
 His fame requir'es/ we act a te'nderer-part ;
 His me'mory/ claims the te'ar/ you gave his ar't !

The general vo'ice, the meed of mournful ve'rse,
 The splendid sor'rows/ that adorned his he'arse,
 The throng that mourn'ed/ as their dead favourite pa'ssed,
 The graced respe'ct/ that claimed him to the l'ast ;
 While Shakspeare's i'mage, (from its ha'llowed ba'se,)
 Seemed to prescribe the gr'ave, and point the pl'ace,
 Nor the'se, nor a'll the sad regrets/ that f'low/
 From fond fide'lity's/ domestic w'oe,
 So mu'ch are Garrick's pra'ise — so mu'ch his d'ue,
 As o'n this sp'ot/ one tear besto'wed/ by yo'u.

Amid the art's, which seek ingenuous fa'me,
 Ou'r toil attempt's/ the most precarious-claim !
 To hi'm, whose mimic pencil wins the pri'ze,
 Obedient fam'e/ immortal wreaths suppli'es :
 Whate'er of won'der/ Re'ynolds now may rai'se,
 Ra'phael still boasts/ contem'porary pra'ise !
 Each dazzling li'ght/ and gaudier bloom subdu'ed,
 With undiminished a'we/ his works are vie'wed :
 Even bea'uty's-portrait/ wears a softer pri'me,
 Tou'ched/ by the tender ha'nd/ of me'llowing-time.

The patient sc'ulptor/ owns a humbler pa'rt,
 A ruder to'il/ and more mecha'nic-art ;
 Conte'nt/ with slow and timorous stro'ke/ to trace/
 The lingering lin'e, and mould the tardy gr'ace :
 But/ onc'e achi'eved, the barbarous wre'cks o'erth'row
 The sa'cred fan'e, and lay its gl'ories lo'w,
 Ye't shall the sculptured ru'in/ rise to-da'y,
 Gra'ced by defe'ct and wor'shipped in dec'ay ;
 The enduring re'cord/ bears the artist's name',
 Dema'nds his ho'nours, and ass'erts his fam'e.

Super'ior ho'pes/ the po'et's bosom fi're,
 (O proud distin'ction/ of the sacred ly're !)
 Wide as aspiring Phœ'bus darts his ra'y,
 Diffusive sple'ndour/ gilds his votary's lay'.

Whether the so'ng/ heroic woes rehe'arse,
 With epic gra'ndeur/ and the pomp of vers'e,
 Or, fondly ga'y, with unambitious gu'ile,
 Attempt no pri'ze/ but favouring beauty's sm'ile;
 Or bear dejected/ to the lonely gro've/
 The so'ft despa'ir/ of unpreva'il'ing love;
 What'e'er-the-theme, through every a'ge and cli'me/
 Congenial pas'sions/ meet the acco'rding rh'y'me;
 The p'ride of glo'ry/, pity's-sigh sinc'ere,
 Yo'uth's earliest bl'ush, and be'auty's-virgin te'ar.

Su'ch is their me'ed; *their* hon'ours thus secu're,
 Whose a'r'ts yield objects, and whose wo'rks endu're;
 The ac'tor-only/ shrinks from time's aw'ard;
 Feeble tradi'tion/ is hi's memory's gu'ard;
 By whose faint br'eath/ his merits must ab'ide;
 Unvo'uched by pro'of, to sub'stance unall'ied!
 Even *matchless Garrick's* a'rt, to heaven resig'ned,
 No fixed effe'ct, no mo'del/ leaves behi'nd.

The grace of ac'tion, the adapted mi'en,
 (Faithful as na'ture/ to the varied scene;)
 The expressive glan'ce, whose subtle* comment dra'ws
 Entranced atte'n'tion, and a mute appl'ause;
 Ge'sture,/ that marks, with for'ce and fe'eling-fraught,
 A sen'se in si'lence, and a wi'll in tho'ught;
 Harmonious spee'ch, whose pure and liquid to'ne/
 Gives verse a mu'sic, scarce confessed its ow'n;
 As lig'ht from ge'ms/ assum'es a brigh'ter-ray,
 A'nd, dec'ked with orient hu'es, transc'ends the d'ay!
 Passion's wild bre'ak, and fro'wn/ that awes the s'ense,
 And every cha'rm/ of gentler e'loquence;

These four
 lines require
 to be pro-
 nounced in a
 lower voice.

All per'ishable! —like the electric fir'e,
 But, stri'ke the fr'ame, and, a's they str'ike, exp'ire;
 In'cense/ too pure a bodied fla'me/ to be'ar;
 Its fra'grance/ cha'rms the se'n'se, and bl'ends the ai'r.

* Care should be taken to make the proper distinction between the pronunciation of this adjective and "subtile;"—"subtle" being sounded *sut-tl*, and "subtile," *sub-til*, though some of our clergymen most unaccountably pronounce the latter adjective (which occurs in the "Liturgy") as *subtle*!

Wh'ere th'en, (while sunk in cold dec'ay he li'es,
And pale eclips'e/ for ever veils those e'yes!)
Wh'ere is the best mem'orial/ that ensu'res/
Our Ga'r'rick's fa'me?—wh'ose is the tru'st?—'tis yo'ur's!

And o'h! by every charm his ar't essa'yed,
To soot'h your ca'res; by every grief/ alla'yed!
By the hushed wo'nder, which his accents dr'ew,
By his la'st/ part'ing-tear, repaid by yo'u!
By all those thou'ghts, which many a distant ni'ght/
Shall mark his me'mory/ with a sa'd deli'ght!
Still in your heart's dear re'cord/ bear his na'me,
Ch'erish the keen regr'e't/ that li'fts his fa'me:
To yo'u it is beque'athed; asse'rt the tru'st,
And/ to his worth—('tis all you c'an)—be ju'st.

What mo're-is-due/ from sanctifying tim'e,
To cheerful w'it, and many a f'avoured rhy'me,
O'er his graced tom'b/ shall bloom a deathless wre'ath,
Whose blossomed swe'ets/ shall deck the mask benea'th.
For the'se, when sculpture's votive to'ils/ shall r'ear/
The due memo'rial of a loss so de'ar!
O loveliest mou'rner, (gentle m'ise!) be thi'ne/
The plea'sing-woe/ to guard the lau'relled-shrine.
As fancy o'ft/ by superstition le'd/
To roam the man'sions of the sainted de'ad,
Has vie'wed, (by shadowy eve's unfai'thful glo'om,)
A weeping cher'ub on a martyr's to'mb,
So tho'u, (sweet m'ise,) hang o'er his sculptured b'ier,
With patient wo'e, that loves the lingering te'ar;
With thou'ghts/ that mou'rn, nor yet desire reli'e'f,
With me'ek regr'et, and fo'nd/ endur'ing-grief;
With loo'ks/ that sp'eak—"he never shall re'turn!"
Chil'ling thy tender bo'som, cla'sp his ur'n;
An'd/ with soft sig'hs/ disperse the irre'verent d'ust
Which tim'e may st'rew/ upon his sac'red-bust.*

Pronounced in a lower tone.

* "Strew" is pronounced as if written *strow*.

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT
HONOURABLE R. B. SHERIDAN.

BYRON.

WHEN the last sun'shine of expiring d'ay/
In summer's twi'light weeps itself away,
Wh'o hath not felt the softness of the h'our
Sin'k on the he'art, as de'w along the flo'wer ?
With a pure fe'eling/ which abso'rbs and a'wes,
While Na'ture/ makes that melancholy pa'use,
Her breathing m'o'ment on the bri'dge, where Ti'me/
Of lig'ht and da'rkness/ forms an a'rch sublim'e,
Wh'o hath not sh'ared that cal'm/ so still and de'ep,
(The voiceless thou'ght/ which would not spe'ak but we'ep,)
A ho'ly-concord—and a brig'ht-regret,
A glorious sym'pathy/ with su'ns/ that se't ?
'Tis not harsh'-sorrow, but a ten'der-woe,
Nam'eless, but de'ar to gentle he'arts belo'w,
Felt/ without b'itterness—but fu'll and clea'r,
A sweet de'jection—a transparent t'ear
Unmixed with worldly gri'ef/ or selfish sta'in,
Sh'ed/ without sha'me—and se'cret/ without pa'in.
Even as the ten'derness, that hour insti'ls
(When Summer's da'y/ declines along the hi'lls ;)
So feels the fu'lness of our hear't and e'yes
When a'll of ge'n'ius, which ca'n-perish, di'es.
A mighty spi'rit is ecl'ipsed—a po'wer/
Hath passed from d'ay to da'rkness, to whose h'our/
Of lig'ht/ no lik'eness is bequea'thed—no na'me,
Fo'cus at on'ce of all the ra'ys of Fam'e !
The fla'sh of wi't—the brig'ht intel'ligence,
The bea'm of son'g—the bla'ze of el'oquence,
Se't with their su'n—but sti'll have left behi'nd
The enduring pro'duce of immor'tal-mind ;
Fru'its of a gen'ial mo'rn, and glorious no'on,
A death'less part of hi'm/ who died too soo'n.
But sma'll that portion/ of the wondrous wh'ole,
(These sparkling seg'ments/ of that circling s'oul,)
Which a'l' embrac'ed—and ligh'tened over a'll,
To che'er—to pie'rce—to ple'ase—or to appa'l :

From the charmed cou'ncil/ to the festive bo'ard,
 Of human fe'elings/ the unbounded lo'rd;
 In whose accla'im/ the loftiest voices v'ied,
 The praised—the pr'oud—who made his p'raise/ their pr'ide;
 When the loud cry of tra'mpled Hindosta'n/
 Arose to He'ven/ in her appeal from m'an,
Hi's was the thu'nder—*hi's* the avenging r'od,
 The wra'th—the de'legated voice of G'od!
 Which shook the na'tions/ through his lip's—and bla'zed/
 Till va'nquished se'nates/ trembled as they praised.

To be read in a
lower voice.

And he're, o'h! he're, where y'et all you'ng and wa'rm
 The g'ay crea'tions/ of his s'pirit cha'rm,
 The mat'chless dia'logue—the dea'thless w'it,
 (Which knew not what it was to in'termit;)
 The glowing por'traits, fre'sh from lif'e, that brin'g/
 Ho'me to our he'arts/ the tru'th from which they sprin'g;
 These wondrous beings of his fan'cy, wro'ught/
 To ful'ness by the fi'at of his thou'ght,
 Her'e, in their first ab'ode, you still may m'eet/
 Bright with the hu'es of his Prom'ethean-heat;
 A ha'lo of the light of o'ther-days,
 Which st'ill the sple'ndour of its o'rb betray's.

A change of voice is required here.

B'ut, should there be/ to whom the fatal bli'ght/
 Of fai'ling-wisdom/ yields a ba'se deli'ght,
 Me'n/ who exult when minds of heavenly to'ne/
 Ja'r in the mu'sic/ which was bo'rn their ow'n,
 Still let them pau'se—A'h! lit'tle do they kn'ow,
 That/ what to the'm seemed *vi'ce*/ might be but *w'o*!
 Hard is *his*-fate/ on whom the public ga'ze/
 Is fixed for e'ver/ to detrac't or praise;
 Repose den'ies/ her requiem to his na'me,
 And Folly loves/ the mar'tyrdom of fa'me.
 The secret en'emy, whose sleepless e'ye
 Stands sen'tinel—acc'user—ju'dge—and sp'y,
 The fo'e—the fo'ol—the jea'lous—and the va'in,
 The en'vious, who but breathe in *oth'ers'-pau*;
 Behold the ho'st! delighting to deprave',
 Who track the steps of Glo'ry to the gra've,
 Watch every fa'ult/ that daring Genius o'wes/
 Ha'lf to the ar'dour/ which its bir'th best'ows,
 Disto'rt the tru'th, accu'mulate the li'e,
 And pile the py'ramid/ of Ca'lumny!

These are his'portion — but/ if joined to the'se,
 Gaunt Po'verty/ should league with deep Dis'ease,
 If the high sp'irit/ must forget to so'ar,
 And stoop to strive with Mis'ery/ at the do'or,
 To soothe Indig'nity — a'nd, fac'e to fa'ce,
 Meet sordid Rag'e — and wre'stle with Disg'race,
 To find in Hop'e/ but the renewed car'ess,
 The serpent-fo'ld/ of *further* Fai'thlessness,—
 If su'ch may be the i'lls/ which men ass'ail,
 What marvel if/ at la'st/ the *mightiest* f'ail?*

* * * * *

But far from us', and from our mimic sce'ne,
 Such'-things should b'e—(if such have e'ver be'en ;)
 Ou'rs be the gentler wi'sh, the kin'der ta'sk,
 To give the tri'but'e/ glo'ry need not a'sk,
 To mourn the vanished be'am—and add our mi'te/
 Of pra'ise/ in pay'ment of a long delig'ht.—
 Ye O'rators ! whom ye't our councils yi'eld,
 Mourn for the ve'teran-hero of your fi'eld !
 The wor'thy-rival/ of the wondrous *three* !†
 Whose w'ords were sp'arks/ of immortality !
 Ye Bar'ds ! to whom the Drama's Mu'se is de'ar,
 H'e was your m'aster—e'mulate him he're !
 Ye men of wi't and social e'loquence !
 H'e was your br'other—bear his a'shes he'nce !
 While powers of mi'nd/ almost of boundless ra'nge,
 (Compl'ete in kin'd—as vari'ous in their cha'nge ;)
 While e'loquence—wi't—po'esy—and mi'rth,
 (That hu'mbler-harmonist of car'e on ear'th,)
 Survive within our sou'ls—while liv'es our se'nse/
 Of pr'ide/ in me'rit's-proud-pre-e'minance,‡
 Long shall we seek his li'keness—lo'ng in v'ain,
 And turn to all of hi'm/ which may rema'in,
 Sighing that Na'ture/ formed but on'e/ suc'h-man
 And broke the di'e—in mou'lding SHE'RIDAN !

The manner and voice both require a change
 at "Ye O'rators."

Concluding tone.

* As "no marvel" may not unjustly form the reply, the interrogation, though *indefinite*, appears to require the *rising* voice.

† Pitt, Fox, and Burke.

‡ "Pre-eminence" should receive, for obvious reasons, a greater accentual force, accompanied with the rising slide, than any of the five rising inflections immediately above it.

THE MOTHER'S APOSTROPHE TO HER SLEEPING INFANT.

CAMPBELL.

Lo ! at the cou'ch/ where in'fant-beauty sleéps,
 Her silent watc'h/ the mournful mother kéeps ;
 Sh'é (while the lovely babe/ unconscious li'es)
 Smiles on her slumbering chi'ld/ with pensive éyes,
 And weaves a so'ng/ of me'lancholy-joy—
 "Sleé'p, (image of thy fath'er,) slee'p, my boy' :
 "No lingering hour of sor'row/ shall be th'ine ;
 "No si'gh that rends thy fa'ther's hea'rt/ and mi'ne ;
 "Bri'ght (as his manly sí're) the so'n shall b'e/
 "In for'm and so'ul ; but, ah' ! more bles'sed than h'e !
 "Thy fam'e, thy wo'rt, thy fili'al-love, at la'st,
 "Shall sooth this aching hea'rt/ for all the pást—
 "With many a sm'ile/ my solitude rep'ay,
 "And ch'ase the wo'ld's/ ungenerous scorn away'.

"And say', (when summoned from the wo'ld and th'ee,
 "I lay my he'ad/ beneath the willow tree,)
 "Wilt *thou*, (sweet mo'urner !) at my sto'ne app'ear,
 "And sooth my parted sp'irit/ lingering n'ear ?
 "Oh, wilt thou co'me (at evening ho'ur) to sh'ed/
 "The tears of Me'mory/ o'er my narrow b'ed ;
 "With aching temp'les/ on thy hand reclin'ed,
 "Muse on the last farewe'll/ I leave beh'ind,
 "Breathe a deep si'gh/ to winds that murmur l'ow,
 "And thi'nk on all my l'ove, and a'll my wo'o ?"

So speaks affec'tion, ere the infant éye
 Can look regar'd, or brighten in rep'ly ;
 But', when the cherub li'p/ hath learned to cla'im/
 A mother's ea'r/ by that ende'aring-name ;
 Soon as the playful in'nocent/ can pr'ove/
 A tea'r of pit'y, or a sm'ile of lo've,
 Or cons his murmuring ta'sk/ beneath her ca're,
 Or/ lis'ps (with holy lo'ok) his ev'ening pra'yer,
 Or/ gaz'ing, (mutely pen'sive,) sit's to hear'/

The mournful ba'llad/ warbled in his e'ar ;*
 How fondly loo'ks/ admiring Ho'pe the wh'ile,
 At every artless te'ar, and every sm'ile !
 How glows the joyous pa'rent/ to desc'ry/
 A gui'leless b'osom, tr'ue/ to sym'pathy !

} Pronounced
in a
lower voice.

THE CAPTURE OF WARSAW.

CAMPBELL.

OH ! s'acred Tru'th ! thy triu'mph ceased awh'ile,
 And Ho'pe, (thy si'ster,) ceased with the'e to s'mile,
 When leagued Oppres'sion/ poured to Northern war's
 Her whiskered pa'n'doors/ and her fierce hus'sars,
 Waved her dread stan'dard/ to the breeze of m'orn,
 Pealed her loud dru'm/, and twanged her trumpet h'orn ;
 Tumultuous hor'ror/ brooded o'er her va'n,
 Presaging wra'th to P'oland—and to ma'n !

Warsaw's las't-champion, from her heights surv'eyed,
 Wi'de o'er the fie'lds, a waste of r'u'in lai'd—
 " Oh ! He'ven ! " (he cr'ied,) " my bleeding cou'ntry sa've !—
 " Is there no hand on hig'h/ to shield the bra've ?
 " Ye't, though destruc'tion/ sweep these lovely pla'ins,
 " Ri'se, fe'llow-men ! our cou'ntry/ yet rem'ains !
 " By that drea'd-name, we wave the sword on hi'gh !
 " And swear/ for he'r/ to li've !—with h'er/ to di'e ! "

He sai'd, and on the rampart-heights† arrayed
 His trusty wa'rriors, fe'w, but undism'ayed ;
 Firm-paced and slo'w, a horrid front they fo'rm,
 (Still as the bree'ze, but dreadful as the sto'rm ;)
 Lo'w, murmuring sou'nds/ along their banners fly',
Revé'nge, or *de'ath* !—(the watc'hword and repl'y.)
 Then pealed the not'es, omnipotent to cha'rm,
 And the loud t'ocsin/ tolled their las't-alarm !

In vai'n, ala's ! in va'in, ye gallant fe'w !
 From ran'k to ran'k/ your volleyed thunder fl'ew !—

* " Ear," like " pre-eminence,"—vide preceding selection—requires more *force* than any other preceding *rising inflection* in the stanza.

† There are two modes of pronouncing this substantive ; *hite*, and *hate* ; the *former* is the most general, and also the most accurate—the *latter* the most agreeable to the spelling. Milton was the patron of the *former* ; and Mr. Garrick's pronounciation of the noun, (which is certainly the best) was *hite*.

Oh ! bloodiest picture/ in the book of Tîme,
 Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crim'e ;
 Found not a g'enerous fri'end, a pi'tying fo'e,
 Streng'th in her ar'ms, nor me'rcy in her wo'e !
 Dropped/ from her nerveless gras'p/ the shattered sp'ear,
 Closed her bright ey'e/, and curbed her high car'eer ;—
 Ho'pe, for a sea'son, bade the world farewe'll,
 And Freedom shrieked—as Kosci'usko fell !

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage th'ere,
 Tumultuous mur'd'ers/ shook the midnight ai'r—
 On Prague's proud ar'ch/ the fires of ruin glow,
 His blo'od-dyed wa'ters/ murmuring fa'r below ;
 The storm prevail's, the rampart yields a wa'y,
 Burs'ts the wild cry of h'orror/ and disma'y !
 Ha'rk ! as the smouldering pil'es/ with thunder fa'll,
 A thousand shrieks/ for hop'eless-mercy ca'll !
 Earth sho'ok—red meteors flashed along the sk'y,
 And con'scious N'ature/ shud'dered at the cr'y !

Oh ! rig'hteous-Heaven ! ere freedo'm found a gra'Ve,
 Why slept the sw'ord, omni'potent to s'ave !
 Where was thi'ne-arm, (O Ven'geance !) where th'y-rod,
 That smote the foes of Zi'on and of Go'd,
 That crushed proud Am'mon, when his iron ca'r/
 Was yok'ed in wr'ath, and th'undered from afa'r ?
 Where was the sto'rm, that slum'bered/ till the h'ost/
 Of blood-stained Pha'raoh/ left their trembling co'ast ;
 Then bade the dee'p/ in wild commotion f'low,
 And hea'ved an o'cean/ on their m'arch belo'w ?
 Departed spir'its of the mighty de'ad !
 Ye that at Mar'athon and Leuctra bl'ed ?
 Fri'ends of the wor'ld ! restore your sw'ords to m'an,
 Fight in his sa'cred cau'se, and le'ad the va'n !
 Yet/ for Sarmatia's tears-of-blo'od/ atone,
 And make he'r-arm/ puiss'ant as your ow'n !
 Oh ! once aga'in/ to Freedom's cause retur'n/
 The patriot TEL'L—the BRUC'E of BAN'NOCKBURN !*

* Every paragraph in the shape of an *apostrophe* must be read in a lower tone of voice, which, of course, must be regulated by the nature of the subject ; the penultimate stanza of this touching selection, beginning with " Oh ! righteous Heaven," requires a considerably lower pitch than the descriptive one immediately preceding it ; and the *last*, commencing with " Departed spirits," requires to be read *almost in a whisper*.

REPLY TO HORACE WALPOLE.

RIGHT HON. WILLIAM PITT—(*Lord Chatham*.)*

This illustrious father of English oratory, having expressed himself in the House of Commons, with his accustomed energy, in opposition to a bill then before the House, for preventing merchants from raising the wages of seamen in time of war, and, thereby, inducing them to avoid His Majesty's service;—his speech produced an answer from Mr. Horace Walpole, who, in the course-of-it, said, "Formidable sounds, and furious declamation, confident assertions, and lofty periods, may affect the young and unexperienced; and, perhaps, the honourable gentleman may have contracted his-habits of oratory, by conversing more with those of his own-age, than with such/ as have had more opportunities of acquiring knowledge, and more successful methods of communicating their sentiments." And he made use of some expressions, such as vehemence of gesture, theatrical emotion, &c. and applied them to Mr. Pitt's manner of speaking. As soon as Mr. Walpole had sat down, Mr. Pitt arose and replied, as follows:—

To be read explanatorily, and, of course, parenthetically.

SIR,—The atrocious-crime of being a young-man (which the honourable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged-upon-me) I shall neither attempt to palliate, nor deny,—but content myself with wishing, that I may be one of those/ whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth/ can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not, Sir, assume the province of determining;—but surely age/ may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities/ which it brings/ have passed away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail, when the passions have subsided. The wretch who (after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors) continues still to blunder, and whose age/ has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object/ either of abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his gray-hairs/ should secure him from insult. Much more, Sir, is he to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced

* This illustrious statesman was born in 1708, and died in May, 1778.

in age, has reced'd from vi'tue, and becomes mor'e-wicked/
with le'ss tẽmptation;—who prostitutes himself for m'oney/
which he cannot enj'oy, and spends the rema'ins of his life/
in the ru'ın of his coun'try. But you'th, Sir, is not my on'ly
cri'me; I have been accused of acting a thea'trical-part. (A
thea'trical-part/ may either imply some peculia'rities of ge's-
ture, or/ a dissimulation of my real-sentiments, and an ado'p-
tion of the opi'nions and lan'guage of anot'her-man.)

A change of voice is here
required.

In the fir'st-sense, Si'r, the charge is too tri'fling to be con-
f'uted, and deserves on'ly to be men'tioned, that it may be
despi'sed. I am at li'ber'ty (like every o'ther-man) to use my
own lan'guage; and though, perhaps, I may have some am-
bi'tion/ to please this ge'ntleman, I shall not lay myself under
any restr'aint, n'or/ very soli'citously/ co'py his dic'tion or his
mi'en, (howe'ver matured by age, or mo'delled by ex'perience.)
B'ut, if an'y-man sh'all, by charging me with thea'trical be-
h'aviour, imply, that I utter a'ny-sentiments/ bu't my o'wn, I
shall treat him as a calu'mniator, and a villain;—nor shall
any protection sh'elter-him/ from the trea'tment/ he deserves.
I sh'all (on such an occas'ion, without sc'ruple,) trample upon
all those for'ms/ with which we'al'th and di'gnity/ intr'ench
the'mselves,—nor/ shall a'ny-thing/ bu't* a'ge/ restrai'n my re-
se'ntment; a'ge, which al'ways brings on'e-privilege, that of
being in'solent and super'cilious without pu'nishment. But
with regard, Sir, to tho'se/ whom I have offe'nded, I am of
opi'nion, that/ if I ha'd acted a bo'rrowed part, I should have
avo'ided their ce'nsure: the he'at/ that offe'nded them/ is the
a'rdour of convi'ction, and that-zeal/ for the ser'vice of my
co'un'try, which neither ho'pe nor fea'r/ shall in'fluence me to
suppr'ess. I will not sit u'nconcerned while my lib'erty is
inv'aded, nor look in si'lence/ upon pu'blic-robbery. I will
exert my ende'avours, at whatever ha'zard, to repe'l the Ag-
gr'essor, and drag the Thi'ef to ju'stice,—whoever may protec't
him in his vi'llany, and whoe'ver may pa'rtake of his plu'nder!

* "But," thus placed, it will be recollected, requires considerable ac-
cidental force.

SPEECH ON EMPLOYING INDIANS TO FIGHT AGAINST THE AMERICANS.

RIGHT HON. WM. PITT—(*Lord Chatham.*)

I CA'NNOT, my lords,—I wi'll-not-join/ in congratula'tion on misfor'tune and disgr'ace. Th'is, my lords, is a pe'rilous and tremen'dous-moment: it i's not a time for adul'ation: the smoothness of fla'ttery/ cannot sa've us/ in this r'ugged and a'wful cr'isis.

The desperate state of our army abroad, i's, in p'art, kno'wn. No man more highly este'ems and hon'ours-the-English troops/ than I'-do: I know their vir'tues and their va'lour: I know they can achieve a'ny-thing/ bu't impossibilities; and I kn'ow/ that the conquest of En'glish-America/ is' an impossibility.

You ca'nnot—my lords! you *can'n*ot conquer America.—What is your present situation the're? We do not know the wo'rst; but we kno'w, tha't, in three campaigns, we have do'ne no'thing, and suffered mu'ch. You may swell e'very expen'se, accu'mulate every as'sistance, and extend your t'raf-fic to the sham'bles of every German d'espot; your attempts will be for ever v'ain and im'potent:—dou'bly so, inde'ed, from this mer'cenary-aid/ on which you re'ly; fo'r it i'rritates, (to an incurable rese'ntment,) the mi'nds of your a'dversaries, to over'r'un them/ with the mercenary sons of ra'pine and plu'nder; devoting the'm and their pos'sessions/ to the rapa'-city-of hire'ling-cruelty.

Bu't, my lords! wh'o is the ma'n, tha't, in addi'tion to the disgr'aces and mis'chiefs of the wa'r, has dared to au'thorize, and ass'ociate to our ar'ms, the to'mahawk and sc'alping-knife of the s'avage?—to c'all (into ci'vilized-alliance) the wi'ld and inhu'man-inhabitants of the wo'ods?—to d'elagate (to the mer'ciless In'dian) the defen'ce of disputed rig'hts? and to wa'ge the ho'rrors of his barbarous wa'rfare/ against our br'ethren?

My lords!—the'se-enormities/ cry alo'ud/ for red'ress and for pu'nishment.

Bu't, this bar'barous-measure/ has been defe'nded, not only on the principles of po'licy and ne'cessity, but, also on those of *mora'lity*; “for/ it is perfectly allo'wable,” says a noble Lo'rd, (S'uffolk,) “to use a' ll the me'ans that Go'd and Na'ture/ have pu't into our ha'nds.”

I am asto'nished,—I am sho'cked, to hear su'ch-principles/confe'ssed :—to hear them avo'wed in this Ho'use, or in this coun'try.

My lo'rds, I did not intend to encroach so much on your attention; but I cannot repre'ss my indignation :—I feel myself impe'lled/ to spe'ak. We are called upon, as me'mbers of this Hou'se,—as me'n,—as Chr'istians, to protest against such h'orrible barba'riety!—

“That Go'd and Na'ture have put into our ha'nds!”—What ideas of Go'd and Na'ture, that noble lor'd may en'tertain, I kn'ow n'ot; but I kno'w, that such detestable pri'nciples/ are equally abh'orrent to reli'gion and huma'nity. Wh'at!—attribute the sacred sanction of Go'd and Na'ture/ to the ma'ssacres of the Indian-scalping-knife!—to the ca'nibal-savage, tor'turing, mur'dering, devouring, drinking the blo'od of his man'gled-victims! Su'ch-notions/ shock every pre'cept of mora'lity—every fee'ling of huma'nity—every se'n'timent of ho'nour. These abo'minable-principles, and this mor'e-abominable avo'wal-of-them, demand the most deci'sive-indignation.

I call upon that right r'e'verend, and th'is most le'arned-Bench,—to vi'ndicate the reli'gion of their G'od;—to support the ju'stice of their coun'try. I ca'll upon the bi'shops/ to interpose the unsullied-sanctity of their la'wn,—upon the ju'dges/ to interpose the pu'rity of their e'rmine,—to sa'Ve us/ from this po'llution. I call upon the ho'nour of your lo'rd-ships, to r'e'verence the di'gnity of your a'ncestors, and to maintain your o'wn. I call upon the s'pirit and huma'nity of my co'un'try, to vin'dicate the na'tional-character. I invoke the ge'n'ius of the consti'tution.

From the tapestry/ that ado'rms these w'alls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lo'rd/* frow'ns, with indignation, at the disgr'ace of his coun'try. In va'in/ did he defend the li'ber'ty, and establish the reli'gion of Bri'tain, against the ty'ranny of Ro'me; if these wo'rse/ than Po'pish-cruelties/ and inquisi'to-rial practices/ are endu'red/ among u's. To send forth the merciless c'annibal, thi'r'sting for blo'od!—agai'nst who'm?—Your Pro'testant bre'th'ren!—to lay wa'ste their coun'try—to de'solate their dw'ellings, and extirpate their ra'ce and na'm'e, by the ai'd and instrumen'tality of these hor'rible-savages!—

* Lord Howard of Effingham, the successful commander-in-chief of Queen Elizabeth's naval forces employed against the celebrated Spanish Armada, in 1588.

Spa'in/ can no lon'ger bo'ast pre-e'minence in barb'arity. She' armed herself with blo'od-hounds, to extir'pate the wretched natives of M'exico; w'e (mo're ru'thless) loose those brutal wa'rriors/ against our coun'trymen in Am'erica,—endea'red-to-us/ by every tie/ that can sanctify huma'nity.

I solemnly call upon your lordships, and upon every order of me'n in the sta'te, to stam'p/ upon this in'famous-procedure the inde'libile sti'gma of pu'blic abhor'rence. More parti'cularly, I call upon the venerable pre'lates of our re'ligion, to do a'way this in'i'quity. Let the'm perform a lustration, to pur'ify the cou'ntry/ from this de'ep and de'adly-sin.

My lor'ds, I am ol'd and we'ak; an'd, at pre'sent, una'ble to say mo're; but my fee'lings and indigna'tion/ were too stro'ng/ to allo'w me to say le'ss. I could not have slept this ni'ght/ in my be'd, nor reposed my hea'd upon my pi'llow, without giving ve'nt/ to my stead-fast-abhorrence of such eno'r'mous and pre-po'sterous-principles.

CHARACTER OF THE EARL OF CHATHAM.

RIGHT HON. HENRY GRATTAN.

THE se'cretary/ stood alon'e. Mo'dern-degeneracy/ had not rea'ched-him. Ori'ginal and u'naccommodating, the features of his ch'aracter/ had the ha'rdihood of anti'quity. His' august mi'nd/ overawed ma'jesty its'elf. No sta'te chican'ery, no narrow system of vi'cious po'itics, no idle-con'test for ministerial vi'ctories, sunk hi'm to the vulgar level of the gr'e'at; bu't, overbea'ring, persua'sive, and impra'cticable, his ob'ject was En'gland, his amb'i'tion was fam'e. Without di'viding, he de'stro'ied party; without corru'pting, he made a venal a'ge/ una'nimous. France/ sunk beneath him. With o'ne-hand/ he sm'ote the ho'use of Bourbo'n, and wields/ in the o'ther/ the dem'o'cracy of En'gland. The sight of his mi'nd/ was in'finite; and his sc'hemes/ wer'e to aff'ect, not E'ngland, not the pre'sent age o'nly, but Eu'rope and poste'rity. Won'd'eful were the me'ans/ by which these sc'hemes were acco'mplished; always se'asonable, al'ways a'dequate, the sugges'tions of an understa'nding/ ani'mated by a'rdour, and enlig'htened/ by prop'h'ecy.

The ordi'nary fee'lings/ which make life am'i'able and i'ndolent/ were unkno'wn to hi'm. No domestic diffi'culties, no

domestic weak'ness/ reached hi'm : b'ut, aloof from the sordid occu'rrences of life, and unsullied by its i'ntercourse, he ca'me/ occa'sionally into our s'y'stem, to coun'sel and to deci'de.

A cha'racter/ so exalted, so strenuous, so vari'ous, and auth'oritative, astoni'shed a corrupt ag'e, and *the Tréasury/ trembled at the name of P'itt/ through all her cl'asses of vena'lity!* Corruption imagined, inde'ed, that she had found defe'cts in this state'sman, and tal'ked/ mu'ch of the incon-si'stency of his glo'ry, and mu'ch of the ru'in of his vi'ctories ; b'ut, the hi'story of his coun'try, and the cala'mities of the e'nemy, answered, and refu'ted her.

Nor were his poli'tical-abilities/ his on'ly-talents. His e'lo-quence/ was an e'ra in the s'enate, pecu'liar and spontan'eous, fami'liarly-expressing/ gigan'tic se'ntiments and instin'tive w'is-dom : not like the tor'rent of Demo'sthenes, or the sple'ndid conflagra'tion of Tu'ly ; it resem'bled/ some'times the thu'nder, and som'e'times/ the mu'sic of the sphe'res. He did not con-duct the unde'rstanding/ through the painful su'btilty of argu-ment'a'tion ; nor was he for ever on the ra'ck of ex'er'tion ; but rather lig'h'tened upon the su'bject, and reached the poi'nt/ by the fla'shings of the mi'nd, whi'ch, (like thos'e of his e'ye,) were fe'l't, but could not be fo'llowed.

Upon the who'le, there wa's in thi's-man some'thing/ that could crea'te, sub'vert, or refo'rm ; an unde'rsta'nding, a spi'rit, and an e'loquence, to summon mankind to soc'iety, or to break the bonds of sla'very asu'nder, and to rule the wild'ness of fr'ee-minds/ with unbound'ed autho'rity ; som'e'thing/ that could es-ta'blish or overwh'elm emp'ire, and strike a blow in the wo'rld/ that should resou'nd/ through the un'i'verse.

EULOGY ON THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM PITT.

CANNING.

If hushed the loud wh'irlwind/* that ruffled the de'ep,

The sk'y/ if no long'er dark tempests de'form ;

When our perils are pa'st, shall our gratitude sle'e'p ?

No—here's to the Pi'lot/ that wea'thered-the-storm !

* In grave and solemn poetry, and in the "Sacred Scriptures," I would recommend that this compound-noun, as well as "wind," should be pronounced with the *long* I, so as to rhyme with "hind."

At the footstool of Po'wer let Flat'tery fa'wn,
 Let Fa'shion/ her i'dols/ extol to the sk'ies;
 To vir'tue (in humble retire'ment withdr'awn,
 Unblamed/ may the a'ccents of g'ratitude ris'e.
 And shall not H'i's-memory/ to Bri'tons be d'ear,
 Whose exa'mple/ with e'nv'y all nations behol'd;
 A sta'tesman/ unb'ias'd by in'terest or fe'ar,
 By po'wer uncorr'upted, untaint'ed by go'ld?
 Wh'o/, when te'r'rour and do'ubt/ through the universe reig'n'd,
 While rap'ine and tre'ason/ their ensigns unfur'led,
 The he'art and the hop'es/ of his cou'ntry maint'ained,
 And on'e-kingdom pres'er'ved/ 'midst the wr'ecks of the wo'rld.
 Unhe'eding, untha'nkful, we ba'sk in the bla'ze,
 While the beams of the su'n/ in full majesty sh'ine;
 When he sinks into twi'light/ with fondness we ga'ze,
 And mark the mild lus'tre/ that gilds his decli'ne.
 So, PI'TT! when the course of thy gre'atness is o'er,
 Thy t'alents, thy vir'tues/ we fondly recal;
 Now justly we pra'ise-thee, whom lo'st we depl'ore,
 Admi'ed in thy ze'nith, belov'ed in thy fa'll!
 O! take-then, for da'ngers/ by wi'sdom rep'elled,
 For e'vils/ by cou'rage and con'stancy bra'ved;
 O! tak'e, for a thr'one/ by th'y-counsels-upheld,*
 The th'anks of a peo'ple/ thy firm'ness has s'aved.
 And o'h! if aga'in the rude whirlwind should r'ise,
 The dawning of pe'ace/ should fresh darkness def'orm;
 The regre'ts of the go'od/, and the fea'rs of the wi'se,
 Shall tu'rn to the P'ilot/ that wea'thered the sto'rm.

EULOGY ON FOX AND PITT.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

WITH more than mo'r'tal powers/ endow'ed,
 How high the'y soared/ above the cro'wd!
 The'irs/ was no com'mon/ pa'rty rac'e,
 (Jos'tling by dark intri'gue for pla'ce;)

* "Thy counsels upheld" pronounced as *one* rhetorical word, with the emphatic impulse upon "*thy*."

Like fabled go'ds, their mig'hty-war/
 Shook rea'lms and na'tions in its ja'r;
 Beneath each ba'nner/ proud to sta'nd,
 Looked up the no'blest of the la'nd,
 Till/ through the Brit'ish-world/ were kno'wn
 The na'mes of Pri'tt and F'ox alon'e.
 Spells of such for'ce/ no wizard grav'e/
 E'er framed in d'ark/ Thessa'lian cav'e,
 Though hi's/ could drain the ocean dr'y,
 And force the pla'nets/ from the sk'y.
 These spe'lls are spe'nt, and, spe'nt with the'se,
 The win'e of li'fe/ is o'n the lee's.
 Ge'n'ius, and ta'ste, and ta'lent gon'e,
 For e'v'er tom'bed/ benea'th the sto'ne,
 Whe're,—(tam'ing-thought to human pri'de !—)
 The mig'hty ch'iefs/ sleep si'de by si'de.
 Dr'op/ upon Fox's-grave the tea'r,
 'Twill tricke/ to his ri'val's bi'er;
 O'er Pri'tt's/ the mournful re'quiem so'und,
 And Fo'x's/ shall the notes rebou'nd.
 The solemn e'cho/ seems to cr'y,—
 " He're let their d'i'scord/ wit'h-them di'e ;
 " Spe'ak not for tho'se/ a se'parate do'om,
 " Whom Fa'te made bro'th'ers/ in the to'mb." } Pronounced with the
 } concluding voice, and
 } in an altered tone,

SPEECH AGAINST MR. WARREN HASTINGS.

R. B. SHERIDAN.

HAD a stra'nger, at this ti'me, gone into the pro'vince of
 O'ude, ignorant of what had ha'ppened/ since the de'ath of
 Sujah Do'wla, tha't-man, who, (with a sa'vage-heart,) had still
 great lin'es of ch'aracter, and wh'o, (with all his fero'city in
 war,) had st'ill, (with a cultivating ha'nd,) preserved to his
 coun'try the ri'ches/ which it derived from benignant ski'es and
 a proli'fic-soil—if this str'anger, ig'norant of all that had ha'p-
 pened in the short in'terval, and/ observing the wi'de and
 ge'n'eral-devastation, and all the horrors of the scene—of
 pla'ins/ uncl'othed and bro'wn—of ve'getables/ burn't-up and
 extin'guished—of vi'llages/ depopulated and in ru'in—of
 tem'ples/ unro'ofed and per'ishing—of reservo'irs/ broken do'wn

and dry,—he would naturally inquire, what war has thus laid waste the fertile fields of this once beautiful and opulent country—what civil-dissensions have happened, thus to tear asunder and separate the happy societies/ that once possessed those villages—what disputed succession—what religious rage/ has, (with unholy violence,) demolished those temples, and disturbed fervent, (but unobtruding) piety, in the exercise of its duties?—What merciless enemy has thus spread the horrors of fire and sword—what severe visitation of Providence has dried-up the fountain, and taken/ from the face of the earth every vestige of verdure?—Or rather, what monsters have stalked over the country, tainting and poisoning, (with pestiferous breath,) what the voracious appetite/ could not devour? To such questions, what must be the answer? No wars have ravaged these lands and depopulated these villages—no civil-discords have been felt—no disputed-succession—no religious-rage—no merciless enemy—no affliction of Providence, which, (while it scourged for the moment,) cut off the sources of resuscitation—no voracious and poisoning-monsters—no, all this/ has been accomplished by the *friendship*, *generosity*, and *kindness* of the English nation.* They have embraced us with their protecting arms, and lo! those are the fruits of their alliance. What, then, shall we be told, that, under such circumstances, the exasperated-feelings of a whole people (thus goaded and spurred on to clamour and resistance,) were excited by the poor and feeble-influence of the Begums! When we hear the description of the paroxysm, fever, and delirium, into which despair had thrown the natives, when/ on the banks of the polluted Ganges, (panting for death,) they tore/ more widely open/ the lips of their gaping wounds, to accelerate their dissolution, and/ while their blood was issuing, presented their ghastly-eyes to Heaven, breathing their last and fervent-prayer, that the dry earth/ might not be suffered to drink their blood, but that it might rise up to the throne of God, and rouse the Eternal-Providence/ to avenge the wrongs of their country. Will it be said/ that this was brought about by the incantations of these Begums/ in their secluded Zenana? or/ that they could inspire this enthusiasm and this despair/ into the breasts of a

* "Friendship, generosity, and kindness," are pronounced, of course, ironically, which, perhaps, is most felicitously expressed in a monotone.

pe'ople/ who felt no grie'vance, and had suffered no to'rture ? What m'otive, th'en, could have such in'fluence in their bo'som ? Wh'at mo'tive ? *Th'at* which n'ature, (the com'mon-parent,) plants in the bo'som of m'an, and whi'ch (though it may be less active in the In'dian/ than in the En'glishman,) is still congenial wi'th, and makes part of his be'ing—*th'at* feeling/ which te'lls him, that m'an/ was never made to be the pro'perty of m'an ; but th'at, when through pr'ide and in'solence of po'wer, one human cre'ature/ dares to ty'rannise over ano'ther, it is a power usur'ped, and resi'stance is a du'ty—*th'at* feeling/ which te'lls him, that all-po'wer/ is delegated for the go'od, not for the in-jury of the pe'ople, and th'at/ when it is converted from the original pu'rpose, the compact is bro'ken, and the rig'ht/ is to be resu'med—*th'at* principle/ which tell's him, that resistance to po'wer usur'ped/ is not merely a duty which he owes to himse'lf and to his neighbour, but a duty which he owes to his Go'd, in asser'ting and mainta'ining the ra'nk/ which he ga've him/ in the crea'tion ! to that com'mon-God, wh'o, where he gives the fo'rm of m'an, (whatever may be the compl'exion,) gives also the *fee'lings* and the *rig'hts* of m'an—*that* principle, whi'ch/ neither the rudeness of i'gnorance can sti'fle, nor the enerva'tion-of-refinement ext'inguish !—*that* principle, which makes it ba'se/ for a man to *suffer*/ when he ought to *act*, whi'ch, (tending to preserve to the spe'cies the original designa'tions of Pro'vidence,) spurns at the arrogant distin'ctions of m'an, and vindicates the independent qu'ality of his ra'ce.

PICTURE OF FILIAL DUTY, AND THE MAJESTY OF JUSTICE.

(*Conclusion of the preceding Speech.*)

R. B. SHERIDAN.

FILIAL-duty/ it is impossible by wo'rds/ to des'cribe, bu't/ description by wo'rds/ is u'nnecessary. It is that duty which we all fe'el and understa'nd, and which requires not the powers of lan'guage/ to expl'ain. It i's/ in tru'th/ more properly to be called a prin'ciple/ than a du'ty. It requires not the ai'd of m'e'mory—it needs not the e'xercise of the understa'nd-

ing—it awaits not the slow deliberations of reasoning. It flows spontaneously/ from the fountain of our feelings. It is involuntary/ in our natures. It is a quality of our being, innate and coeval with life; which, (though afterwards cherished as a passion,) is independent of our mental-powers. It is earlier/ than all intelligence in our souls. It displays itself in the earliest-impulses of the heart, and is an emotion of tenderness, that returns, (in smiles of gratitude,) the affectionate solitudes—the tender anxieties—the endearing attentions, (experienced before memory begins, but which are not less-dear/ for not being remembered.) It is the sacrament of nature in our hearts, by which the union of parent and child is sealed, and rendered perfect/ in the community of love; and which, (strengthening and ripening with life,) acquires vigour from the understanding, and is most lively and active/ when most-wanted—when those/ who have supported infancy, are sinking into age, and when infirmity and decrepitude/ find their best-solace/ in the affections of the children/ they have reared.

* * * * *

The Majesty of Justice, (in the eyes of Mr. Hastings,) is a being of terrific horror—a dreadful-idol, placed in the gloom of graves, accessible only/ to cringing supplication, and which/ must be approached with *offerings*, and worshipped/ by *sacrifice*. The Majesty of Mr. Hastings/ is a being, whose decrees are written with blood, and whose oracles/ are at once secure and terrible. From such an idol, I turn my eyes with horror—I turn them here/ to this dignified and high-tribunal, where the Majesty of Justice/ *really* sits enthroned. Here I perceive the Majesty of Justice/ in her proper-robes of truth and mercy—chaste and simple—accessible and patient—awful, without severity—inquisitive, without meanness. I see her enthroned and sitting in judgment/ on a great and momentous-cause, in which the happiness of millions/ is involved.—Pardon me, my lords, if I presume to say, that/, in the decision of this great-cause, you are to be envied/, as well as venerated. You possess the highest-distinction of the human character; for/ when you render your ultimate voice on this cause, illustrating the dignity of the ancestors/ from whom you spring—justifying the solemn ass'everation/ which you make—vin'dicating the people/ of whom you are a part

—and manifesting the intelligence-of-the-times/ in which you live—you will do such an act of m'ercy, and bles'sing to man, as n'o-men, *but yours'elves*/ are a'ble/ to grant.

PANEGYRIC ON THE ELOQUENCE OF MR. SHERIDAN.

(*With particular reference to his splendid Address in the House of Lords, of which the two preceding Articles form a part.*)

BURKE.

HE has this da'y/ surprised the tho'usands/ who hung with ra'pture on his a'ccents, by such an arr'ay of talents, such an exhib'ition of capa'city, such a displa'y of p'owers, as are unpa'ralleled in the a'nnals of oratory;—a displa'y/ that reflected the highest ho'nour on himse'lf—lu'stre upon let'ters—renow'n upon pa'rliament—gl'ory upon the cou'ntry. Of all spe'cies of rh'etoric, of every kind of e'loquence/ that has been wi'tnessed or recor'ded, either in an'cient or mo'dern times; whatever the ac'u'teness of the ba'r, the di'gnity of the sen'ate, the soli'dity of the jud'gment-seat, and the sacred morality of the pulpit, have/ hitherto/ fu'rished; nothing has e'qualled/ what we have this day hea'rd/ in We'stminster-Hall. No holy se'er of reli'gion, no sta'tesman, no o'rator, no man of any literary descrip'tion whate'ver, has com'e-up, (in the on'e-instance,) to the pure sen'timents of mo'rality, or/ in the o'ther, to that vari'ety of know'ledge, for'ce of imagina'tion, propri'ety and viva'city of allus'ion, bea'uty and e'legance of dic'tion, streng'th and co'piousness of sty'le, pa'thos and sublim'ity of conce'ption, to whi'ch/ we, this day, listened, with a'rdour and admira'tion. From poe'try up to e'loquence/, there is not a spe'cies of composi'tion, of which a compl'ete and pe'rfect-specimen/ migh't-not (from that sin'gle-speech) be culled and collec'ted.

EULOGIUM ON MARIE ANTOINETTE, QUEEN OF FRANCE.

BURKE.

IT is now s'ixteen or se'venteen-years/ since I saw the Queen of Fra'nce, then the daup'hiness, at Versai'lles; and surely



never ligh'ted on this o'rb (which sh'e hardly seemed to touch) a more delig'htful v'ision ! I saw her just above the hor'izon, décorating and che'ring the elevated sph'ere/ she had just begun to move i'n,—glit'tering like the morning-star ; full of lif'e, and spléndour, and jo'y.

Oh ! wha't a revolut'ion !—and what a heart must I hav'e, to conte'mplate (without em'otion,) that eleva'tion and that fa'll !

Little did I drea'm/ th'at, when she added titles of venera'tion/ to those of enthusia'stic, di'stant, respe'ctful lov'e, she should ever be oblig'd/ to carry the sharp a'ntidote/ against disgra'ce/ conce'al'd in that bo'som ;—little did I drea'm/ th'at/ I should have li'v'd/ to have see'n such disasters fa'llen-upon-her/ in a na'tion of gallant-men,—in a na'tion of/ me'n-of-ho-nour/ and of caval'iers. I thought ten thousand swo'rds/ must have le'aped/ from their scab'hards/ to have aven'ged/ even a lo'ok, that threatened he'r with i'nsult.—But the age of c'hi-valry is gon'e. That of so'phisters, econo'mists, and calcula'tors, has suc'ceeded ; and the glo'ry of Euro'pe/ is exti'nguished for ever. Né'ver, never mo're, shall we beho'ld/ that generous lo'yalty to r'ank and se'x,—that pr'oud submiss'ion,—that di'g-nified obe'dience,—that subordina'tion of the he'art, which kept al'ive (even in ser'vitude its'elf,) the spi'rit of an ex'alted fre'e-dom. The unbought gra'ce of li'fe, the cheap def'ence of na'tions, the nu'rse of man'ly-sentiment and hero'ic-enterprise, is go'ne : It is'-gone,—that sensib'ility of prin'ciple,—that cha's-tity of ho'nour, which felt a st'ain/ like a wou'nd,—which in-spired co'urage/ whilst it mitigated feroc'ity, which enno'bled whatever it touch'ed ; and under whic'h/ vice itse'lf/ lost half its évil, by lo'sing a'll its gr'ossness.

THE COMMON LOT.

MONTGOMERY.

ON'CE/ in the flight of ages pa'st,

There lived a ma'n ;—and wh'o was h'e ?

M'ortal ! how'e'er thy lot be ca'st,

Tha't-man/ resembled the'e.

Unknown the re'gion of his bi'rth,

The la'nd/ in which he d'ied/ unkno'wn ;

His nam'e/ hath perished from the e'arth,
 Thi's truth/ survives alon'e ;
 That jo'y, and gr'ief, and hop'e, and fé'ar,
 Altern'ate/ triumphed in his bre'ast ;
 His bli'ss and w'o,—a smí'le, a té'ar ;
 Obl'iv'ion/ hides the res't.
 The bounding pul'se, the languid lim'b,
 The changing spir'its/ rise and fa'll ;
 We know that *the se/* were felt by hi'm,
 For the'se/ are felt by a'll !
 He su'ffered—but his pan'gs/ are o'er ;
 Enjo'yed—but his deli'ghts/ are fle'd ;
 Had frien'ds—his frí'ends/ are no'w no mó're ;
 And foe's—his foe's/ are dea'd.
 He love'd—but who'm he lo'ved, the gr'ave/
 Hath lost in its uncon'scious wo'mb :
 O ! she was fá'ir ! but nough't could sa've/
 Her be'auty/ from the tom'b.
 He sa'w/ whatever thou hast se'en,
 Enco'untered/ all' that troubles th'ee ;
 He wa's—whatever thou hast be'en ;
 He is—what thou shalt be'.
 The rolling sea'sons, da'y and ní'ght,
 (Su'n, mo'on, and stars, the ear'th and m'ain,)
 Ere while his por'tion, lif'e and lig'ht,
 To hi'm/ exist in vain'.
 The clo'uds and su'n-beams, o'er his ey'e,
 That once their sha'des and glo'ry thr'ew, } Lower
 Have lef't, (in yonder silent sk'y,) } voice.
 No ve'stige/ where they fle'w.
 The annals of the human rac'e,
 Their rui'n/ since the world beg'an, } Lower still.
 Of hi'm/ affor'd no other beg'ce
 Than thi's—THERE LIVED A MA'N !

TO-MORROW.

COTTON.

To-mo'rrow, didst thou sa'y ?
 Methought I heard Horatio sa'y, To-mo'rrow.

Go to!—I will not hear of it—To-mo'rrrow !
 'Tis a sharper, who stakes his p'enury
 Against thy plenty—who takes thy ready ca'sh,
 And pays thee nought/ but wis'hes, ho'pes, and prom'ises,
 The cur'ency of i'diots—injurious ban'krup't,
 That gu'lls the easy cre'ditor !—To-mo'rrrow !
 It is a p'riod/ no'-where to be fou'nd
 (In all the hoary registers of Ti'me,)
 Unless (perchan'ce) in the foo'l's-calendar !
 Wi'sdom/ disclai'ns the word, nor holds soci'ety
 With tho'se/ who ow'n it. No', my Hor'atio,
 'Tis Fa'ncy's child, and Fo'lly is its fa'ther ;
 Wrought of such stu'ff/ as drea'ms are, and ba'seless
 As the fantastic vi'sions of the e'vening.

But s'oft, my fri'end—arrest the pre'sent moments ;
 For, be assured, they all are arrant t'ell-tales ;
 An'd, (though their flight be si'lent, and their pa'th/
 Trackless, as the winged couriers of the ai'r,)
 They post to hea'ven, and th'ere/ record thy foll'y.
 Because', though stationed on the important wat'ch,
 Tho'u, (like a sle'eping, fai'thless sen'tinel,)
 Didst let them pa'ss, unno'ticed, unimpro'ved.
 And kno'w, for that thou slumberedst on the gua'rd,
 Thou shalt be made to answer at the ba'r
 For e'very-fugitive ; an'd, when thou thu's/
 Shalt stand impl'eaded at the high tribu'nal
 Of hood-winked Ju'stice, wh'o/ shall te'll thy au'dit !

Then sta'y the present i'nstant, de'ar-Horatio ;
 Imprint the marks of wi'sdom/ on its wi'ngs.
 'Tis of more worth than ki'ngdoms ! far mo're precious
 Than all the cri'mson treas'ures of li'fe's foun'tain !—
 O' ! let it not elu'de thy gr'asp ; b'ut, (like

The good old patriarch [^]u[^]pon reco[^]rd,)*
 Hold the fleet angel fa'st, unti'l he ble'ss thee !

* We have here *another* instance of the sovereign power of "Rhythmus," which changes the accent of the noun (as in the previous example) into that of the *verb*.

THE HERMIT.

DR. BEATTIE.

- At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove;
 When nought/ but the torrent/ is heard on the hill,
 And nought/ but the nightingale's song in the grove;
 'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
 While his harp rung symphonious, a Hermit began;
 No more with himself or with nature at war,
 He thought/ as a sage, though he felt/ as a man.
- "Ah! why all abandoned to darkness and woe;
 "Wh'y, (lone Philom'ela), that languishing fall!
 "For/ Spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
 "And sorrow/ no longer thy bosom inh'ral.
 "But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
 "Mourn, (sweetest complainer), man/ calls thee to mourn;
 "O sooth him, whose pleasures/ like thine pass away:
 "Full quickly they pass—but they never return.
- "Now gliding remote, (on the verge of the sky),
 "The moon (half extinguished) her crescent displays:
 "But lately I marked/ when majestic on high
 "She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
 "Roll on, (thou fair orb), and with gladness pursue
 "The path/ that conducts thee to splendour again: }
 "But man's faded glory, what change shall renew! } *
 "Ah, fool! to exult in a glory so vain!
- "'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more:
 "I mourn, but ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
 "For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
 "Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew.
 "Nor yet for the ravage of Winter I mourn;
 "Kind nature the embryo blossom will save:
 "But/ when shall Spring visit/ the mouldering urn!
 "O/ when shall day dawn/ on the night of the grave!

* These four lines should be read in a lower key, because our voice, in reading or speaking, naturally and properly assumes a lower pitch in the first and second, than in the *third* person.

" 'Twas th'us, (by the glare of false sc'ience betra'yed,
 " That le'ads, to bewi'lder; and daz'zles, to bli'nd;)
 " My thou'ghts wont to roa'm, from shade on'ward to sh'ade,
 " Destruction be'fore me, and s'orrow behin'd.
 " O pi'ty, (great Father of li'ght), then I cr'ied,
 " Thy cr'eature, (who fain would not wan'der from th'ee !)
 " Lo, hum'bled in du'st, I relin'quish my pri'de;
 " From dou'b't and from dar'kness/ th'ou only/ canst free'.
 " And dar'kness and dou'b't/ are now flying away;
 " No lon'ger I ro'am/ in conjec'ture forl'orn:
 " So breaks on the trav'eller, fai'nt, and astray,
 " The bright and the balmy efful'gence of mo'rn.
 " See Tr'uth, lo've, and me'rcy, in tri'umph descen'ding,
 " And na'ture (all glow'ing in E'den's first blo'om !)
 " On the cold ch'ee'k of de'ath/ sm'iles and ro'ses/ are ble'nding,
 " And be'auty/ immo'rtal/ awa'kes from the tom'b."

} Lower tone.

PICTURES OF THE GOOD PREACHER AND CLERICAL COXCOMB.

COWPER.*

I VENERATE the m'an/ whose he'art/ is war'm,
 Whose han'ds/ are pu're, whose doc'trine and whose li'fe,
 Co'-incident, exhibit lucid pro'of/
 That he is ho'nest/ in the sa'cred cau'se.
 To su'ch/ I render more than mere resp'ect,
 Whose actions s'ay/ that they respect themse'lves.
 But/ loose in mo'rals, and in man'ners vai'n,
 In convers'ation fri'volous, in d'ress
 Extre'me, at once rapa'cious and profuse';
 Frequent in p'ark/ with lady at his s'ide,
 Ambling and prattling scan'dal/ as he goes;
 But ra're at hom'e, and ne'ver at his boo'ks,
 Or wi'th his p'en, sa've/ when he scrawls a car'd;
 Co'nstant at rou'ts, familiar with a ro'und
 Of la'dyships—a stra'nger to the poo'r;

* The inimitable author of "John Gilpin." This accomplished scholar and poet, after dreadfully suffering from mental derangement, died in 1800, aged 68.

Ambitious of preferment for its go'd,
 A'nd/ we'll prepa'ed, by i'gnorance and slot'h,
 By infidelity and love of wor'ld,
 To make God's w'ork/ a si'ncure ; a slav'e
 To his own pl'easures and his p'atron's pri'de :
 From su'ch-apostles, (oh, ye mitred h'eads,)
 Preserve the chu'r'ch ! and lay not careless ha'nds/
 On sku'lls/ that can not te'ach, and wi'll not lea'r'n.

Would I describe a pre'acher/ su'ch as Pa'ul,
 Were he^ on e'arth, would he'ar, appro've, and o'wn—
 Paul should himse'lf/ direc't me. I would trace
 His master-st'rokes, and dr'aw from hi's desi'gn.
 I would express him sim'ple, gra'Ve, since're ;
 In do'ctrine/ uncorr'upt ; in lan'guage pl'ain,
 And pla'in/ in man'ner ; d'ecent, so'lemn, ch'aste,
 And na'tural in ges'ture ; much impressed
 Himse'lf, (as co'ns'cious of his awful cha'rg'e,)
 And an'xious/ mai'nly, that the flock he feed's
 May fee'l it too ; affect'ionate in lo'ok,
 And ten'der in add'ess, as we'll becomes
 A messenger of gr'ace/ to guil'ty ma'n.
 Behold the pic'ture !—Is it lik'e ?—Like who'm ?
 The things/ that mount the rostrum with a sk'ip,
 And then skip down ag'ain ; pronounce a te'xt ;
 Cry—he'm ; an'd, (reading/ what they never wro'te,
 Just fift'e'n mi'nutes,) hu'ddle up their wo'rk,
 A'nd/ with a well-bred whis'per/ close the sce'ne !

In m'an or wo'man, but far most in ma'n,
 And/ mo'st of a'll/ in man/ that ministers
 And serves the a'ltar, in my so'ul/ I loa'the
 All affecta'tion. 'Tis my perfect sco'rn ;
 Ob'ject/ of my impla'cable disgu'st.
 Wha't !—will a man play tri'cks, will he indulge
 A sil'ly/ fo'nd conceit of his fair fo'rm,
 And just propo'rtion, fashionable mie'n,
 And pretty fa'ce, (in presence of his Go'd ?)
 Or/ will he seek to dazzle me with t'ropes,
 (As with the di'amond/ on his lily ha'nd,)
 And play his brilliant pa'rts/ before my e'yes,
 (When I am hu'ngry/ for the bre'ad of li'fe ?)
 He mocks his Ma'ker, pros'titutes and sha'mes
 His n'oble o'ffice, a'nd, instead of tru'th,
 Displaying his own be'auty, sta'rves his flo'ck !

There'fore/ avau't a'll atti'tude ; and sta'r'e,
 And sta'r't the'atric, prac'tised at the gla'ss !
 I seek di'vine simpli'city/ in hi'm/
 Who han'dles things di'vine ; and all besi'des,
 (Though learned with la'bour, and though much ad'mired
 By curious ey'es/ and ju'dgments ill info'rmed,)
 To me'/ is o'dious as the nasal twa'ng
 Heard at conven'ticle, where worthy m'en,
 (Misled by cus'tom,) strain celes'tial the'mes/
 Through the pressed n'ostril, spe'ctacle-bestrid.

So'me, (decent in demean'our, while they pre'ach,)
 That task perfo'rmed, relapse into themse'lves ;
 An'd, having spoken wi'sely, at the cl'ose
 Grow wan'ton, giving pr'oo'f/ to every ey'e—
 Who'e'er was e'dified, themse'lves were n'ot !
 Forth co'mes the pocket mir'ror.—Fi'rst/ we stroke
 An ey'e-brow ; ne'xt/ compose a straggling loc'k ;
 The'n (with an air, most gracefully perfo'rmed,)
 Fall ba'ck into our se'at, extend an ar'm,
 And lay' it/ at its ea'se,
 With hand'kerchief/ in ha'nd/ depending lo'w :
 The be'tter ha'nd, (more bu'sy,) gives the nose
 Its ber'gamot, or/ aids the ind'e'bt'ed-eye
 With op'era-glass, to watch the moving sc'ene,
 And r'e'cognise the slo'w-retiring fair.—
 No'w this is ful'some ; and offends me more
 Than/ in a churc'hman slovenly neg'l'ect
 And rustic coa'r'seness wou'ld. A heavenly mi'nd/
 May be indi'fferent to her house of cl'ay,
 And sl'ight the hov'el/ as beneath her ca're ;
 But/ how a bo'dy/ so fanta'stic, tri'm,
 And quai'nt, in its depor'tment and att'ire,
 Can lod'ge a heavenly mi'nd—demands a dou'bt.

} Concluding tone
 —lower and slower
 than any preceding
 portion of the lesson.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

BURNS.

THOU lingering st'ar ; with lessening ra'y,
 That lovest to gr'eet the early mo'rn,
 Aga'in thou usherest in the d'ay
 My Ma'ry from my so'ul was tor'n.

O M'ary ! (dear/ departed sh'ade !)
 Where is thy pla'ce of blissful res't ?
 See'st thou thy lo'ver/ lowly la'id,
 Hearest thou the gro'ans/ that re'nd his brea'st ?
 That sacred ho'ur/ can I forg'et !—
 Can I forget the ha'llowed gr'ove,
 Wh'ere (by the winding A'yr,) we me't,
 To live one da'y of parting lov'e !
 Ete'r'nity/ will not effa'ce
 Those records de'ar of transports p'ast !
 Thy i'mage/ at our la'st embr'ace :—
 Ah ! little thou'ght we/ 'tw'as our la'st !
 A'yr, (gur'gling,) kissed his pebbled sho're,
 O'erhung with wild woo'ds, thickening gr'een ;
 The fragrant birc'h, and hawthorn ho'ar,
 Twined amorous ro'und/ the raptured scen'e.
 The flow'ers/ sprang wa'nton/ to be pre'ssed ;
 The bi'rds/ sung love' on every sp'ray,
 Till t'oo, too soo'n, the glowing west'
 Proclaimed the spe'ed of winged day'.
 Still o'er these scenes my memory w'akes,
 And fondly broo'ds, with miser ca're ;
 Time but the impr'ession/ dee'per mak'es,—
 (As strea'ms their cha'nnels deeper wea'r.
 My M'ary ! (dear/ departed sh'ade !)
 Whe're is thy blissful pla'ce of res't ?
 See'st thou thy lo'ver/ lowly la'id ?
 Hearest thou the gro'ans/ that re'nd his brea'st ?

}
 Concluding
 tone.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.*

Dr. JOHNSON.

NOTWITHSTANDING the wa'rnings of philo'sophers, and the
 da'ily examples of los'ses and misfortunes/ which li'fe/
 for'ces upon our observ'ation, such/ is the absorp'tion of our
 tho'ughts/ in the bu'siness of the pre'sent da'y, such the re-

* This beautiful and pathetic paper was written on the death of the
 Doctor's venerable mother.

signa'tion of our rea'son/ to empty hopes of fu'ture felicity,
or/ such our unwillingness/ to foresee what we dre'ad, that
every calamity comes suddenly upo'n us, and/ not only
pre'sses us/ as a burthen, but cru'shes us/ as a blo'w.

There ar'e evils/ which happen out of the common course
of na'ture, against which/ it is no reproach/ not to be pro-
vided. A flas'h of lightning/ intercepts the tra'veller in his
wa'y; the concussion of an eart'hquake/ heaps the ruins of
cities/ upon their inna'bitants. But o'ther miseries/ ti'me
brings, (though s'ilently, yet vi'sibly forward/ by its even
la'pse,) which yet approach us unse'en, because we turn our
eyes aw'ay, and se'ize us, unresist'ed, because we could not
arm ourselves again'st them, but/ by set'ting them/ befor'e us.

That it is vain/ to shrink from wh'at/ cannot be avoided,
and to hide tha't from ourselves/ which must some time be
fo'und, is a tru'th/ which we all kn'ow, but which a'll/ neg-
le'ct; and/ perhaps none mo're/ than the speculative rea-
soner, whose thoughts/ are always from ho'me, whose e'ye/
wanders over life', whose fa'ncy/ dances after meteors of
happiness kindled by its'elf, and who exa'mines/ every thing/
rather than his o'wn-state.

No'thing/ is more e'vident, than that the decays of ag'e/
must terminate in de'ath; yet/ there is no m'an, (says
Tully,) who does not belie'Ve that he may yet live another
ye'ar; and there is no'ne/ who do'es not, (upon the same
pr'inciple,) hope another year for his pa'rent or his fri'end:
but, the fa'llacy will be/ in tim'e/ dete'cted; the last ye'ar,
the last da'y/ must co'me. It ha's come, and is pas'sed. The
life/ which made my own life ple'a'sant/ is' at an e'nd, and
the gates of dea'th/ are sh'ut upon my pros'pects.

The loss of a fri'end, upon whom the he'art was fixe'd, t'o
whom/ every wi'sh and every endea'vour te'nded, is a state
of dreary desolation, in which/ the mind looks abroa'd/ im-
patient of itse'lf, and finds no'thing/ but emp'tiness and hor-
ror. The bla'meless life', the ar'tless ten'derness, the p'ious
simpli'city, the mo'dest resigna'tion, the pa'tient sic'kness,
and the qui'et dea'th, are rememb'ered/ only to add va'lue
to the loss, to a'ggravate regret/ for what ca'not be
ame'nded, to dee'pen so'row/ for what ca'not be recalled.

The'se/ are the cala'mities/ by which Providence gradually
diseng'ages us/ from the lo've of li'fe. O'ther evils/ fortitude
may repe'l, or ho'pe/ may mi'tigate; but irre'parable priva-

tion/ leaves no'thing/ to ex'ercise resolu'tion, or fl'atter ex-
pecta'tion. The de'ad/ cannot return; and no'thing/ is left
us he're/ but lan'guishment/ and gri'ef.

Yet/ such is the course of na'ture, tha't/ whoever lives
lo'ng/ must ou'tlive those/ whom he lov'es and ho'nours.
Such is the condition of our present exi'stence/, that li'fe/
must one time lose its associ'a'tions, and every inhabitant of
the ea'rth/ must walk downwa'rd to the gra've/ alone and
unregar'ded, without o'ne partner of his jo'y or gri'ef, with-
out o'ne/ i'n'terested wi'tness of his misfo'r'tunes or succe'ss.

Misfo'r'tune, indeed, he may y'et fe'el; for/ where is the
bot'tom of the mi'sery of ma'n! And what is succe'ss to him
that has non'e/ to enj'oy it? Happi'ness/ is not found in
se'lf-contempla'tion; it is perceived o'nly/ when it is reflect-
ed from ano'ther.

We know little of the sta'te of departed so'uls, because
such knowledge/ is not nec'essary to a good li'fe'. Reason/
deserts us at the brink of the gra've, and can give no fur'ther
inte'lligence. Revela'tion/ is not who'lly-silent. There is
jo'y/ in the angels of hea'ven/ over o'ne sinner/ that rep'en't-
eth, and sure'ly/ this joy/ is not i'ncommunicable to so'uls/
disenta'ngled from the bo'dy, and ma'de li'ke a'ngels.

Let hope, therefore, di'ctate, (what revelation does not
confute,) that the u'nion of souls/ may still rem'ain; and
that we/ who are stru'ggling with si'n, so'rrow, and infir'mi-
ties, may have our part/ in the atte'n'tion and kind'ness of
th'ose/ who have fi'nished their co'urse, and are now recei'v-
ing their rewar'd.

The'se/ are the gre'at occasions/ which force the mind/ to
take re'fuge in reli'gion: when we have no help in our'selves,
what can rema'in, but that we look up to a hig'her and a
gre'a'ter Power? and to wha't hope/ may we no't* raise our
eyes and hea'r'ts, when we consi'der/ that the grea'test Power/
is the Be'st.

* Although most of our clerical instructors have the good taste to avoid what Archbishop Whately calls "the common error" of giving the "copula" the emphatic impulse instead of the *predicate*, nevertheless we but seldom hear the Decalogue skilfully and *effectively* pronounced; and where the copula does *not* receive too much force, the subject and predicate are rarely uttered with sufficient energy and feeling;—and it is only where the copula ("not") is plainly *antithetic*, as in this, and the 169th page, that it requires to be *emphatically* pronounced.

Surely there is no man/ wh'o, (thu's afflicted,) does not seek succour in THE G'OSPEL, which has brought lif'e and immorta'lity to l'ight! The precepts of Epic'urus, (who teaches us/ to endure what the laws of the universe make n'ecessary,) may sile'nce/ but not conte'nt us. The dictates of Z'eno, (who commands us to look with indiff'erence/ on all ext'ernal things,) may dispose us to conce'al our s'orrow, but can not assu'age it. Re'al-alleviation of the lo'ss of friends, and ra'tional tranquillity/ in the prospect of our o'wn dissol'u-tion, can be received o'nly/ from the pro'mises of Hi'm/ in whose hands are life' and de'ath ;—and, from the assurance of ano'ther and be'tter-state, in which/ all tears will be wi'ped from the e'yes, and the whole so'ul/ shall be fill'ed with jo'y. Phi-lo'sophy/ may infuse stu'bbornness, but *Reli'gion-only/ can give pa'tience!*

Concluding tone.

THE SUBSTANCE OF A SPEECH,

Against WILLIAMS, the Printer and Publisher of "The Age of Reason."

LORD ERSKINE.

THE defendant stands indicted/ for having published this boo'k, whi'ch I have only read from the obligations of professional dut'y, and whi'ch/ I rose from the re'ading-of/ with asto'nishment and disgu'st. For my ow'n part, gentlemen, I have been ever deeply devoted to the tru'ths of Christianity; and my firm belief in the Ho'ly-Gospel, is by no means o'wing to the pre'judices of e'ducation, (though I was reli-giously-educated/ by the be'st of pa'rents,) but/ ari'ses from the full'est/ and most conti'nued-reflections of my riper ye'ars and underst'anding:—it forms, at this mo'ment, the great consol'a-tion of my li'fe, whi'ch, (as a sh'adow,) must pass away, and, with'out it, inde'ed, I should consider my long course of hea'lth and prospe'ity, (perhaps too'-long and too-u'ninterrupted to be go'od for any man,) only as the du'st/ which the wind scat'ters, and rather as a sn'are/ than as a blea'sing.

This publication appears to m'e/ to be as mis'chievous and cru'el/ in its pr'obable-effects, as it is manifestly ille'gal in its principles; beca'use it strikes at the be'st, somet'imes, alas! the o'nly-refuge and consol'a-tion/ amidst the dist'resses and

afflictions of the world. The poor and humble, (whom it affects to pity,) may be stabbed to the heart-by-it,—*they* have more occasion for firm hope/ beyond the grave, than those/ who have greater comforts/ to render life delightful. I can conceive a distressed, but virtuous-man, surrounded by children, looking up to him for bread, when he has none/ to give them; sinking under the last-day's-labour, and unequal to the next; yet, still looking up with confidence to the hour/ when all tears shall be wiped from the eye of affliction, bearing the burden/ laid-upon-him, by a mysterious Providence, which he adores; and looking forward (with exultation) to the revealed promises of his Creator, when he shall be greater/ than the greatest, and happier/ than the happiest-of-mankind! What a change/ in such-a-breast, might not* be wrought/ by such a merciless-publication!

But/ it seems, this is an age of reason, and the time and the person are/ at last/ arrived, that are to dissipate the errors/ which have overspread the past generations of ignorance. The believers in Christianity are many, but it belongs to the few that are wise/ to correct their credulity. Belief is an act of reason; superior-reason may, therefore, dictate to the weak. In running the mind over the long list of sincere and devout Christians, I cannot help lamenting that Newton/ had not lived to this day, to have had his shallowness/ filled up with this new-flood of light! — But/ the subject is too awful for irony. I will speak plainly and directly. Newton/ was a Christian! Newton, whose mind burst forth from the fetters/ cast by nature/ upon our finite conceptions — Newton, whose science was truth, and the foundation of whose knowledge-of-it/ was philosophy; not those visionary and arrogant presumptions/ which too often usurp its name, but philosophy/ resting on the basis of mathematics, which, (like figures,) cannot lie' — Newton, who carried the line and rule to the utmost-barriers of creation, and explored the principles/ by which all created matter is held together, and exists. But this extraordinary man, (in the mighty-reach of his mind,) overlooked, perhaps, the errors/ which a minute investigation of the created things/ on this earth/ might have taught him, of the essence of his Creator.

* Vide Note, page 167.

What shall then be said of the great Mr. Boyle, who looked into the organic structure of all matter, (even to the brute/inanimate substances which the foot treads-on)? Such a man/ may be supposed to have been equally-qualified/ with Mr. Païne, to look up through nature/ to nature's-God! Yet the result of all his contemplations/ was the most confirmed and devout-belief/ of all which the other holds in contempt, as despicable/ and drivelling-superstition:—But this-error/ might, perhaps, arise/ from a want of a due attention to the foundations of human-judgment, and the structure of that understanding/ which God has given-us/ for the investigation of truth.

Let that question/ be answered by Mr. Locke, who was, (to the highest pitch of devotion and adoration,) a Christian. Mr. Locke, whose office was/ to detect the errors of thinking, by going up to the fountain of thought, and to direct/ into the proper track of reasoning/ the devious mind of man, by showing him/ its whole process, from the first perceptions of sense, to the last conclusions of ratiocination, putting a rein besides/ upon false-opinion (by practical rules) for the conduct of human-judgment. But these-men/ were only deep thinkers, and lived in their closets, unaccustomed to the traffic of the world, and to the laws/ which/ practically/ regulate mankind.

Gentlemen! in the place/ where we now sit/ to administer the justice of this great country, above a century ago, the never-to-be-forgotten Sir Matthew Hale presided; whose faith in Christianity/ is an exalted commentary upon its truth and reason, and whose life/ was a glorious example of its fruit in man, administering human-justice/ with a wisdom and purity (drawn from the pure fountain of the Christian-dispensation,) which has-been, and will-be, (in all-ages,) a subject of the highest reverence and admiration. But it is said by the author, that the Christian fable/ is but the tale of the more ancient superstitions of the world, and may be easily detected/ by a proper understanding of the mythologies of the heathens. Did Milton understand those mythologies? Was he less versed/ than Mr. Païne/ in the superstitions-of-the-world? No, they were the subject of his immortal-song; and/ though shut out from all recurrence to them, he poured them forth/ from the stores of a memory/ rich with all that man ever knew; and laid them in their order/ as the illustration of that real and exalted-faith, the unquestionable

so'urce of that fervid g'enius, which cast a sort of sh'ade/ upon
all the o'ther-works of ma'n—

"He passed the bounds/ of flaming s'pace,
(Where angels trem'ble/ while they ga'ze;)
He sa'w, t'ill (blasted with exc'ess-of-light,)
He closed his ey'es/ in endless nig'ht."—

But it was the light of the bo'dy only/ that was exti'nguished:
"the cele'stial light/ shone in'ward, and enabled him to jus-
tify the ways of G'od/ to ma'n." — The result of h'is-thinking/
was/ ne'vertheless/ no't the same as the au'thor's. The myste-
rious incarna'tion of our bl'essed-Saviour, (which this work
blasphemes/ in w'ords/ so wholly unfit for the m'outh of a
Chri'stian, or for the éar of a co'urt of ju'stice, that I dar'e
not, I w'ill-not, give them u'tterance,) M'ilton made the grand
conclusion of the Pa'radyse-Lost, the ré'st of his fini'shed-la-
bours, and the u'ltimeate ho'pe, expecta'tion, and gl'ory of the
world.—

"A vir'gin is his m'other, b'ut/ his Sr'ar,
The power of the Most Hi'gh; he shall ascend/
The throne here'ditary, and bound his rei'gn/
With earth's wide bounds, his glo'ry/ with the hea'vens."

Th'us you f'ind/ all' that is great, or wis'e, or sple'ndid, or
illu'strious/ among crea'ted-beings; all the mi'nds/ gifted be-
yond o'r'dinary-nature, (if not inspired by its universal Au'thor/
for the adva'ncement and dig'nity of the w'orld,) though di-
vided by distant a'ges, and by the clashing opi'nions, (distin-
guishing them from on'e an'o'ther,) yet jo'ining, (as it were,) in
one sublime cho'rus, to celebrate the tru'ths of Chri'st'ianity,
and la'ying/ upon its holy a'l'tars/ the never-fa'ding off'erings of
their imm ortal wis'dom.

EULOGIUM ON MR. FOX.*

R. B. SHERIDAN.

UPON the one great s'ubject, wh'ich/ at this mo'ment, I am
confident has posses'sion of the whole féelings of every ma'n
whom I add'ress—the lo'ss, the ir'reparable-loss, of the great,

* The speech from which this eulogy is taken, was delivered on the
Hastings, prior to the interment of Mr. Fox, on Mr. Sheridan's relin-
quishing the contest for Westminster.—Mr. Fox died in 1806, within
twelve months of his great rival, Mr. Pitt.

the illu'strious-character, whom we all deplo're—I sha'll, I ca'n say/ bu't litt'le. A long interval must take place between the heavy blo'w/ which has been stru'ck, and the consideration of its effe'ct, before a'ny-one, (and how ma'ny are th'e're !) of those/ who have revered and lov'ed Mr. Fox, as I hav'e-done, can speak of his de'ath/ with the fe'eling, but ma'nly compo'sure/, which becomes the dignified regr'et/ it ought to insp'ire.—To say any thing to you/ at this' moment/, in the fresh hour of your unburthened sorrows—to depi'ct, to dwell/ upon the great tra'its of his cha'acter—must be un'-necessary, and/ almo'st/ insu'lt'ing. His i'mage/ still lives before your e'yes—his vir'tues/ are in your he'arts—his lo'ss is your despa'ir. I have see'n/ in a public pri'nt, what are stated to have been his la'st-words—and they are tru'ly-stated. They were the'se — “I di'e hap'py.” Th'en, (turning to the more immediate o'b'jects of his pri'vate-affections,) he ad'ded, “but/ I pi'ty yo'u.” Gen'tlemen, this statement is precisely tru'e. But Oh ! if the so'lemn/ fleet'ing-hour had allowed of such' considera'tions, and/ if the unassuming nature of his dignified mi'nd/ had not with'h'eld-him, whic'h of you will allow his title to have sa'id, (not only to the sharers of his domes'tic-love, han'ging in mute despa'ir upon his c'ouch) — “I pi'ty yo'u ;” but/ prop'hetically/ to have ad'ded, “I pity En'gland—I pity Eu'rope—I pity human na'ture !” — He di'ed in the spirit of pea'ce ; tra'nquil in his own expiring he'art, and che'rishing to the la'st, (with a parental soli'citude,) the consoling ho'pe/ that he should be able to give established tra'nquillity/ to h'arassed, conten'ding-nations. Let us tru'st, that that stro'ke of de'ath/ which has borne him fro'm-us, may not have left the peace of the wor'ld, and the civilized charities of ma'n, as orpha'ns upon the e'arth ! With su'ch-a-man, to have battled in the cause of genuine li'berty — with su'ch a m'an, to have strug-gled against the inroads of oppre'ssion and corru'ption — with such an ex'ample befo're me, to have to bo'ast/ that I ne'ver in my li'fe/ gave one vo'te-in-parliament/ that wa's not on the side of freedom, is the congratul'ation/ that attends the re'tro-spect of my pu'blic-life. His frie'ndship/ was the pri'de and ho'nour of my da'ys. I ne'ver, for on'e-moment, regretted to share with-him the diffi'culties, the ca'lumnies, and/ so-me-times/ even the da'ngers, that attended his ho'nourable-life. And no'w, revie'wing my past political con'duct, (were the option po'ssible that I should re-tre'ad the pa'th,) I so'lemnly

and deliberately declare, that I would pursue the same course — bear-up/ under the same pressure — abide/ by the same principles — and remain by his side, an exile from power, distinction, and emolument! If I have missed the opportunity of obtaining all the support/ I might, perhaps, have had, on the present occasion, (from a very scrupulous delicacy, which I think *became*, and was *incumbent-upon-me*) — I cannot repent it! In so doing, I acted on the feelings/ upon which/ I am sensible/ all those *would have acted*/ who loved Mr. Fox as I did. I felt/ within myself/, that/ while the slightest aspiration/ might still quiver on those lips, that were the copious-channels of eloquence, wisdom, and benevolence — that/ while one-drop of life's-blood might still warm that heart, which throbbed only for the *good-of-mankind* — I should not, I *could not*/ have acted otherwise.

There is/ in true friendship/ this advantage, that the *inferior* mind/ looks to the *presiding* intellect, as its guide and landmark/ while *living*, and to the engraven memory of his principles/ as a rule of conduct/ *after* his death! Yet farther still, (unmixed with any idle superstition,) there may be gained a salutary lesson/ from contemplating/ what would be grateful to the mind of the departed, were he conscious of what is passing here. I do solemnly believe, that/ could such-a-consideration/ have entered into Mr. Fox's last moments — there is nothing his wasted spirits/ would so have deprecated, as a contest of the nature/ which I now *deprecate* and *relinquish*.

Gentlemen! the hour is not far distant, when an awful knell shall tell-you, that/ the unburied remains of your revered patriot/ are passing through your streets, to that sepulchral-home, where your kings — your heroes — your sages — and your poets, will be honoured by an association with his mortal-remains. At that hour/ when the sad solemnity shall take place, (in a private-way, as *more* suited to the simple dignity of his character, than the splendid gaudiness of public pageantry;) when *you*, (all of you,) shall be self-marshalled in reverential sorrow — mute, and reflecting on your mighty-loss — at that moment/ shall the disgusting contest of an election-wrangle/ break the solemnity of such-a-scene? Is it fitting that any-man/ should overlook the *crisis*, and risk the monstrous and disgusting-contest? Is it fitting that I should be that-man?

EULOGY ON MR. SHERIDAN.*

ANONYMOUS.

MR. SHERIDAN IS NO MORE!—What a volume is included in these few words, even when they are applied to the humblest-individual! The loss of father, or son, of him/ who was the stay and support of declining-age/ or feeble-youth! whose counsels guided, whose affections gladdened the little circle around-him! All this mind, all this heart, to be mute and motionless and dumb for ever! But/ when a Sheridan is withdrawn from us—the master-mind, the master-genius! talents/ which have adorned and dignified the country in which he was born, and the age/ in which he lived—the first statesman, the first orator, the first poet, the first wit—when such a man is taken-from-us, what a vast-chasm! what an irreparable loss! That so much genius, that so much mind/ can die!

To Mr. Sheridan/ belonged every kind of intellectual excellence—he cultivated every species of literature, and he cultivated none/ which he did not adorn.

As a dramatic writer, forty years have elapsed since *The School-for-Scandal* was brought out, and yet what writer has produced any-comedy/ to be put in competition with it? Who has equalled *The Critic*? As a Poet, who has surpassed the Monody on the death of Garrick? As an orator (with the exception of Pitt and Burke), who excelled him?—He had strength without coarseness, liveliness without frivolity; he was bold, but dexterous in his attacks—not easily repelled, but when-repelled, effecting his retreat in good order.—Often severe—much oftener witty, and gay, and graceful—disentangling what was confused—enlivening what was dull—very clear in his arrangement—very comprehensive in his views;—flashing upon his hearers/ with such a burst of brilliancy! when no other-speaker/ was listened-to, he could arrest and chain down the members/ to their seats—all hanging upon him with the most eager attention

* This eulogium was written in 1816, immediately after the death of this unrivalled wit and most commanding and captivating orator, but unfortunate and neglected man!—He had attained the age of 65.

—a'll fixed in won'der and deli'ght; h'e never ti'ed—he could ada'pt him'self (mor'e than any o'ther-man,) to all min'ds, and to all capa'cities:—"From gra've to g'ay, from li'vely to sever'e." Every quality of an o'rator/ was uni'ted-in-him—the mi'nd—the e'ye, (qu'ick, spa'rkling, pene'trating, match'less-almost/ for brill'iancy and expression)—the attitude, the ge'sture, the voic'e. Mr. Pi'tt/ had more di'gnity, more copi'ousness, more gra'sp, more s'arcasm. Bu't, in rich'ness of i'magery, he was infe'rior to She'ridan, who had n'o supe'rior bu't *Bur'ke*.* He was less power'ful and commanding in ar'gument/ than Mr. Fo'x, but th'is was the only advantage Mr. Fo'x/ had o'ver him. As an o'rator, we should place him after Pi'tt and Bu'rke. A friend to the li'ber'ty of the pre'ss, he was ar'dent, u'niform, sin'cere. H'e never relaxed in his effo'r'ts: he was not one of tho'se/ who would disguise their fe'ars of its po'wer/ under af'fec'ted-apprehensions/ of its lice'n'tiousness; he knew that every gre'at-institution ha's its defe'cts: he did not wish to cu't down the t'ree/ because of an excres'cence/-on one of its bra'nches.

From political li'fe/ he had been lo'ng withdra'wn. His re-tire'ment was un'willing, and he had not in it the co'mforts/ that should ac'company-retirement. We fear that he had not even per'sonal-security; and that gri'ef/ may have had no small sha're/ in withdrawing from our sp'h'ere/ so splen'did a lu'minary, the la'st of that constellation' of gre'at-men, who rendered the se'nate of Gr'e-at-Britain mo're-illustrious/ than the se'nates/ either of A'thens, or of Ro'me.

CELA'S DESCRIPTION OF A COMET.

HOGG,—(*The Ettrick Shepherd*).†

I CAN remember well
When yon was such a world as that you left;
A nursery of intellect for those

* Mr. Burke, who has been designated "the saviour of his country," was born in Dublin, and died in London in 1797, aged 67, *regretted*, if not beloved, by *all* parties.

† The "*Ettrick Shepherd*," James Hogg, whose "*Queen's Wake*" and "*Pilgrims of the Sun*" will outlive this generation, died, esteemed and respected by a large circle of friends, in 1835, aged 59.

Where matter lives not. Like these other worlds
It wheeled upon its axle, and it swung
With wide and rapid motion. But the time
That God ordained for its existence, run ;
Its uses in that beautiful creation,
Where nought subsists in vain, remained no more
The saints and angels knew of it, and came
In radiant files, with awful reverence,
Unto the verge of Heaven, where we now stand,
To see the downfall of a sentenced world.
Think of the impetus that urges on
These ponderous spheres, and judge of the event
Just in the middle of its swift career,
The Almighty snapt the golden cord in twain
That hung it to the heaven—Creation sobbed !
And a spontaneous shriek rang on the hills
Of these celestial regions. Down amain
Into the void, the outcast world descended,
Wheeling and thundering on ! Its troubled seas
Were churned into a spray, and, whizzing, flurried
Around it like a dew. The mountain tops,
And ponderous rocks, were off impetuous flung,
And clattered down the steeps of night for ever
Away into the sunless, starless void,
Rushed the abandoned world ; and through its caves,
And rifted channels, airs of Chaos sung.
The realms of night were troubled—for the stillness
Which there from all eternity had reigned,
Was rudely discomposed ; and moaning sounds.
Mixed with a whistling howl, were heard afar
By darkling spirits ! Still with stayless force,
For years and ages, down the wastes of night
Rolled the impetuous mass !—of all its seas
And superficies disencumbered,
It boomed along, till by the gathering speed,
Its furnaced mines, and hills of walled sulphur,
Were blown into a flame.—When, meteor like,
Bursting away upon an arching track,
Wide as the universe, again it scaled
The dusky regions.—Long the heavenly hosts
Had deemed the globe extinct—nor thought of it,
Save as an instance of Almighty power :

Judge of their wonder and astonishment,
 When, far as heavenly eyes can see, they saw
 In yon blue void, that hideous world appear!
 Showering thin flame, and shining vapour forth
 O'er half the breadth of Heaven!—The angels paused,
 And all the nations trembled at the view.
 But great is He who rules them!—He can turn
 And lead it all unhurtful through the spheres,
 Signal of pestilence, or wasting sword,
 That ravage and deface humanity.
 The time will come, when, in like wise, the earth
 Shall be cut off from God's fair universe;
Its end fulfilled.—But *when* that time shall be,
 From *man*, from *saint*, from—*angel* is concealed.

PORTIA'S SPEECH ON MERCY.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE quality of mercy is not strained;
 It droppeth, as the gentle rain from Heaven,
 Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
 The throned monarch *better* than his *crown*!
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
 But *mercy* is above this sceptred sway,
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute of God himself;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's
 When mercy seasons justice! Therefore,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
 That, in the course of justice, none of us
 Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy!

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS,

Spoken at the Theatre-Royal, Liverpool, for the Benefit of the Children of MR. PALMER, who died upon the Stage, while performing the Character of the Stranger; having just repeated the emphatic words, "There is another, and a better world!"

ROSCOE.

YE airy sprites ! who, oft as fancy calls,
Sport 'midst the precincts of these haunted walls,
Light forms, that float in mirth's tumultuous throng,
With frolic, dance, and revelry, and song,
Fold your gay wings !—repress your wonted fire !
And, from your favourite seats, a while retire.
— And thou, whose powers sublimer thoughts impart,
Queen of the springs, that move the human heart
With change alternate !—at whose magic call,
The swelling tides of passion rise or fall,—
Thou too withdraw ;—for, 'midst thy loved abode,
With step more stern, a mightier power has trod.
— Here, on this spot, to every eye confessed,
Enrobed with terrors, stood the kingly guest !
Here, on this spot, Death waved the unerring dart,
And struck his *noblest prize*,—*an honest heart* !

What wondrous links the human feelings bind !
How strong the secret sympathies of mind !
As Fancy's pictured forms around us move,
We hope or fear,—rejoice,—detest or love !
— Nor heaves the sigh for selfish woes alone :
Congenial sorrows mingle with our own.
Hence, as the poet's raptured eye-balls roll,
The fond delirium seizes all his soul,
And, whilst his pulse concordant measures keeps,
He smiles in transport ; or, in anguish weeps.

But ah, lamented shade ! not thine to know
The anguish only of *imagined* woe ;
Destined o'er life's *substantial* ills to mourn,
And fond parental ties untimely torn ;
Then, whilst thy bosom, labouring with its grief,
From fabled sorrows sought a short relief,

The fancied woes (too true to nature's tone !)
 Burst the slight barrier, and became thy own :
 In mingled tides, the swelling passions ran,
 Absorbed the actor, and o'erwhelmed the man.
 Martyr of sympathy ! more sadly true
 Than ever fancy feigned, or poet drew !

Say, why, by Heaven's acknowledged hand impressed,
 Such keen sensations actuate all the breast ?
 Why throbs the heart for joys that long have fled ?
 Why lingers hope around the silent dead ?
 Why spurns the spirit its encumbering clay,
 And longs to soar to *happier* realms away ?
 Does Heaven, unjust, the fond desire instil,
 And add, to mortal woes, *another ill* ?
 Is there, through all the intellectual frame,
 No kindred mind that prompts the nightly dream ?
 Or, in lone musings of remembrance sweet,
 Inspires the secret wish—once more to meet ?
 — There is:—for, not by more determined laws
 Its sympathetic steel the magnet draws,
 Than the freed spirit acts, with strong control,
 On its responsive sympathies of soul ;
 And tells, (in characters by Truth unfurled)—
 —“ There is *another*, and a *better* world !”

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

POPE.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame ;
 Quit, O quit this mortal frame !
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
 Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying !
 Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife
 And let me languish into life.
 Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,
 Sister Spirit, come away ?
 What is this absorbs me quite ;
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ;
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

The world recedes ; it disappears !
 Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring.

Lend, lend your wings ! I mount, I fly,
 O Grave ! where is thy victory ?
 O Death ! where is thy sting ?

PROSPECT OF IMMORTALITY

CAMPBELL.

UNFADING HOPE ! when life's last embers burn,
 When soul to soul, and dust to dust, return ;
 Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour :
 Oh ! then, thy kingdom comes,—Immortal Power !

What ! though each spark of earth-born rapture fly,
 The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye !
 Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
 The morning dream of life's eternal day :—
 Then—then, the triumph and the trance begin !
 And all the phoenix spirit burns within !

Oh ! deep-enchancing prelude to repose !
 The dawn of bliss ! the twilight of our woes !
 — Yet, half I hear the parting spirit sigh—
 It is a dread and awful thing to die !

Mysterious worlds, untravell'd by the sun,
 Where Time's far-wandering tide has never run !
 From your unfathomed shades, and viewless spheres,
 A warning comes, unheard by other ears :
 'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,
 Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud !
 While Nature hears, with terror-mingled trust,
 The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust ;
 And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod
 The roaring waves, and called upon his God,
 With mortal terrors, clouds immortal bliss,
 And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss !

Daughter of Faith, awake ! arise ! illumine
 The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb
 Melt and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll
 Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul !

Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of dismay,
 Chased on his night-steed by the star of day !
 The strife is o'er—the pangs of nature close,
 And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
 Hark ! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
 The noon of Heaven, undazzled by the blaze,
 On heavenly winds that waft her to the sky,
 Float the sweet tones of star-born melody ;
 Wild as that hallowed anthem sent to hail
 Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
 When Jordan hushed his waves, and midnight still
 Watched on the holy towers of Zion hill !

Soul of the just ! companion of the dead !
 Where is thy home ? and whither art thou fled ?

Back to its heavenly source thy being goes ;
 Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose ;
 Doomed on his airy path awhile to burn,
 And doomed, like thee, to travel and return :—
 Hark ! from the world's exploding centre driven,
 With sounds that shook the firmament of Heaven,
 Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,
 On bickering wheels and adamantine car ;
 From planet whirled to planet more remote,
 He visits realms beyond the reach of thought ;
 But wheeling homeward, when his course is run,
 Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun.
 So hath the traveller of earth unfurled
 Her trembling wings, emerging from the world ;
 And, o'er the path by mortal never trod,
 Sprung to her source—the bosom of her God !

}
 Concluding
 tone.

BEAUTY COMPARED TO A BUTTERFLY

BYRON.

As rising on its purple wing
 The insect Queen of eastern spring,
 O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer,
 Invites the young pursuer near,
 And leads him on from flower to flower,
 A weary chase and wasted hour,

Then leaves him, as it soars on high,
 With panting heart and tearful eye:—
 So beauty lures the full-grown child
 With hue as bright, and wing as wild,
 A chase of idle hopes and fears,
 Begun in folly, closed in tears.
 If *won*, to equal ills betrayed,
 Woe waits the Insect and the Maid;
 A life of pain, the loss of peace,
 From infant's play, or man's caprice:
 The lovely toy, so fiercely sought,
 Has lost its charm by being *caught*;
 For every touch that wooed its stay
 Has brushed its brightest hues away,
 Till charm, and hue, and beauty gone,
 'Tis left to fly, or fall alone.
 With wounded wing, or bleeding breast,
 Ah! where shall either victim rest?
 Can *this*, with *faded* pinion, soar
 From rose to tulip as before?
 Or *Beauty*, blighted in an hour,
 Find joy within her broken bower?
 No:—gayer insects fluttering by
 Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die,
 And lovelier things have *mercy* shown
 To every failing but their own!
 And every woe a tear can claim,
 Except an erring Sister's shame!

LINES DESCRIPTIVE OF A CALM SUCCEEDING A STORM.

T. MOORE.

How calm, how beautiful, comes on
 The stilly hour, when storms are gone!
 When warring winds have died away,
 And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
 Melt off, and leave the land and sea
 Sleeping in bright tranquillity—

Fresh as if day again were born,
 Again upon the lap of morn :
 When the gay blossoms, rudely torn,
 And scattered at the whirlwind's will,
 Hang floating on the pure air still,
 Filling it all with precious balm,
 In gratitude for this sweet calm.
 And every drop the thunder showers
 Have left upon the grass and flowers,
 Sparkles as 'twere that lightning gem,
 Whose liquid flame is born of them.
 When, 'stead of one unchanging breeze,
 There blow a thousand gentle airs,
 And each a different perfume bears ;
 As if the loveliest plants and trees
 Had vassal breezes of their own
 To watch, and wait on them alone,
 And waft no other breath than theirs.
 When the blue waters rise and fall,
 In sleepy sunshine mantling all !
 And even *that* swell the tempest leaves
 Is like the full and silent heavens
 Of lovers' hearts, when newly blessed,
 Too newly to be quite at rest !

}
 Concluding
 tone.

 HOHENLINDEN.

CAMPBELL.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow ;
 And dark as winter was the flow
 Of Isar rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
 When the drum beat at dead of night,
 Commanding fires of death to light
 The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
 Each horseman drew his battle blade,
 And furious every charger neighed
 To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, with thunder riven ;
 Then rushed the steed to battle driven ;
 And, louder than the bolts of Heaven,
 Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
 On Linden's hills of stained snow,
 And bloodier yet the torrent flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn ;—but scarce yon level sun,
 Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
 Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
 Shout in their sulphurous canopy !

The combat deepens !—On ye brave,
 Who rush to glory, or the grave !
 Wave, Munich ! all thy banners wave ;
 And charge with all thy chivalry !

Few, few shall part, where many meet !
 The snow shall be their winding sheet ;
 And every turf beneath their feet
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre !

BOUQUET OF "SWEETS."

BYRON.

'Tis sweet to hear
 At midnight, on the blue and moonlit deep,
 The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,
 By distance mellowed, o'er the waters sweep ;
 'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear ;
 'Tis sweet to listen, as the night-winds creep
 From leaf to leaf ; 'tis sweet to view on high
 The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.
 'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
 Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home ;
 'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
 Our coming, and look brighter when we come ;
 'Tis sweet to be awakened by the lark,
 Or lulled by falling waters ; sweet the hum
 Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
 The lisp of children, and their earliest words.

Sweet is the vintage, when the showering grapes
 In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth,
 Purple and gushing: sweet are our escapes
 From civic revelry to rural mirth;—
 Sweet to the miser are his glittering heaps,
 Sweet to the father is his first-born's birth;
 Sweet is revenge—especially to *women*,
 Pillage to soldiers, prize-money to seamen.

Sweet is a legacy, and *passing sweet*
 The unexpected death of some old lady
 Or gentleman of seventy years complete,
 Who've made 'us youth' wait too—too long already
 For an estate, or cash, or country seat,
 Still breaking, but with stamina so steady,
 That all the Israelites are fit to mob its
 Next owner, for their condemned post-obits.

'Tis sweet to win, no matter how, one's laurels,
 By blood or ink; 'tis sweet to put an end
 To strife; 'tis sometimes sweet to have our quarrels,
 Particularly with a tiresome friend:
 Sweet is old wine in bottles, ale in barrels,
 Dear is the helpless creature we defend
 Against the world; and dear the school-boy's spot
 We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot.—

But sweeter still than *this*, than *these*, than *all*,
 Is first and passionate love—it stands alone,
 Like Adam's recollection of his fall;
 The tree of knowledge has been plucked—all's known,
 And life yields nothing further to recall
 Worthy of this ambrosial sin, so shown,
 No doubt in fable, as the unforgiven
 Fire which Prometheus filched for us from Heaven.

SONNET TO THE MOON.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

QUEEN of the silver bow! by thy pale beam,
 Alone and pensive, I delight to stray,
 And watch thy shadow trembling in the stream,
 Or mark the floating clouds that cross thy way.

And while I gaze, thy mild and placid light
 Sheds a soft calm upon my troubled breast;
 And oft I think—fair planet of the night,—
 That in thy orb the wretched may have rest :
 The sufferers of the earth, perhaps, may go,
 Released by death, to thy benignant sphere,
 And the sad children of despair and woe
 Forget in *thee*, their cup of sorrow here !
 O that I soon may reach thy world serene !—
 Poor weary pilgrim in this toiling scene.

DESCRIPTION OF THE LAST SEVEN DAYS OF MADOC'S VOYAGE TO AMERICA.

SOUTHEY.

——— I saw

The clouds hang thick and heavy o'er the deep ;
 And heavily, upon the long slow swell,
 The vessel laboured on the labouring sea.
 The reef-points rattled on the shivering sail,
 At fits, the sudden gusts howled ominous,
 Anon, with unremitting fury raged ;
 High rolled the mighty billows, and the blast
 Swept from their sheeted sides the showery foam.
 Vain, now, were all the seamen's homeward hopes
 Vain all their skill !—we drove before the storm.
 'Tis pleasant, by the cheerful hearth, to hear
 Of tempests, and the dangers of the deep,
 And pause at times, and feel that we are safe ;
 Then listen to the perilous tale again,
 And, with an eager and suspended soul,
 Woo terror to delight us ;—but, to hear
 The roar of raging elements,
 To know all human skill, all human strength,
 Avail not ; to look around, and only see
 The mountain waves incumbent, with their weight
 Of bursting waters, o'er the reeling bark,—
 O God, this is indeed a dreadful thing !
 And he who hath endured the horror, once,
 Of such an hour, doth never hear the storm

Howl round his home, but he remembers it,
And thinks upon the suffering mariners.

Three dreadful nights and days we drove along :
The fourth the welcome rain came rattling down :
The wind had fallen, and through the broken cloud
Appeared the bright dilating blue of heaven.
Emboldened now, I called the mariners :—
Vain were it, should we bend a homeward course,
Driven by storm so far : they saw our barks
For service of that long and perilous way
Disabled, and our food belike to fail.
Silent they heard, reluctant in assent ;
Anon, they shouted joyfully,—I looked
And saw a bird sailing slowly over-head,
His long white pinions by the sun-beam edged :
As though with burnished silver ;—never yet
Heard I so sweet a music as his cry !

Yet three days more, and hope more eager now,
Sure of the signs of land,—weed shoals, and birds
Who flocked the main, and gentle airs that breathed,
Or seemed to breathe, fresh fragrance from the shore.
On the last evening a long shadowy line
Skirted the sea ;—how fast the night closed in
I stood upon the deck, and watched till dawn.
But who can tell what feelings filled my heart,
When, like a cloud, the distant land arose
Grey from the ocean,—when we left the ship,
And cleft with rapid oars the shallow wave,
And stood triumphant on another world !

AN AUTUMNAL DAY IN AMERICA.

SOUTHEY.

THERE was not, on that day, a speck to stain
The azure heaven, the blessed sun, alone,
In unapproachable divinity,
Careered, rejoicing in his fields of light.
How beautiful, beneath the bright blue sky,
The billows heave ! one glowing green expanse,
Save where along the bending line of shore

Such hue is thrown, as when the peacock's neck
 Assumes its proudest tint of amethyst,
 Embathed in emerald glory. All the flocks
 Of ocean are abroad : like floating foam,
 The sea-gulls rise and fall, upon the waves ;
 With long protruded neck the cormorants
 Wing their far flight aloft, and round and round
 The plovers wheel, and give their note of joy.
 It was a day that sent into the heart
 A summer feeling : even the insect swarms
 From their dark nooks and coverts issue forth,
 For one day of existence more, and joy ;
 The solitary primrose on the bank,
 Seemed now, as though it had no cause to mourn
 Its bleak autumnal birth ; the rocks and shores,
 And everlasting mountains, had put on
 The smile of that glad sun-shine,—they partook
 The universal blessing.

THE ALDERMAN'S FUNERAL.

SOUTHEY.*

Stranger. Whom are they ushering from the world, with all
 This pageantry and long parade of death ?

Townsman. A long parade, indeed, Sir, and yet here
 You see but half ; round yonder bend, it reaches
 A furlong farther, carriage behind carriage.

S. 'Tis but a mournful sight, and yet the pomp
 Tempts me to stand a gazer.

T. Yonder schoolboy,
 Who plays the truant, says the proclamation
 Of peace was nothing to the show, and even
 The charring of the members at election
 Would not have been a finer sight than this ;

* This voluminous biographer and original and vigorous poet, Dr. Southey, Poet Laureat, died, at his residence near Keswick, on the 21st of March, 1843, aged 69. The "Alderman's Funeral," though the production of his early muse, and somewhat sarcastic, may be regarded as a fair specimen of the Laureat's peculiar style of versification. The dialogue, though not so smooth and harmonious as the two preceding selections from "Madoc," is nevertheless exceedingly well adapted for recitation.

Only that red and green are prettier colours
Than all this mourning. There, Sir, you behold
One of the red-gowned worthies of the city,
The envy and the boast of our exchange,
Ay, what was worth, last week, a good half million,
Screwed down in yonder hearse.

S. Then he was born
Under a lucky planet, who to-day
Puts mourning on for his inheritance.

T. When first I heard his death, that very wish
Leapt to my lips ; but now the closing scene
Of the comedy, hath wakened wiser thoughts :
And I bless God, that, when I go to the grave,
There will not be the weight of wealth like his
To sink me down.

S. The camel and the needle,—
Is that then in your mind ?

T. Even so. The text
Is Gospel wisdom. I would ride the camel,—
Yea, leap him flying through the needle's eye,
As easily, as such a pampered soul
Could pass the narrow gate.

S. Your pardon, Sir,
But sure this lack of Christian charity
Looks not like Christian truth.

T. Your pardon too, Sir,
If, with this text before me, I should feel
In the preaching mood ! But for these barren fig-trees,
With all their flourish and their leafiness,
We have been told their destiny and use,
When the axe is laid unto the root, and they
Cumber the earth no longer.

S. Was his wealth
Stored fraudfully, the spoil of orphans wronged,
And widows who had none to plead their right ?

T. All honest, open honourable gains,
Fair legal interest, bonds and mortgages,
Ships to the East and West.

S. Why judge you then so hardly of the dead ?

T. For what he left
Undone ; for sins, not one of which is mentioned
In the Ten Commandments. He, I warrant him,

Believed no other Gods, than those of his Creed :
 Bowed to no idols,—but his money-bags ;
 Swore no false oaths, except, at the Custom-house :
 Kept the Sabbath idle : built a monument
 To honour his dead father :—
 Never picked pockets : never bore false witness :
 And never, with that all-commanding wealth,
 Coveted his neighbour's house, nor ox, nor ass.

S. You knew him then, it seems ?

T. As all men know

The virtues of your hundred-thousanders ;
 They never hide their lights beneath a bushel.

S. Nay, nay, uncharitable Sir ! for often
 Doth bounty, like a streamlet, flow unseen,
 Freshening and giving life along its course.

T. We track the streamlet by the brighter green
 And livelier growth it gives ;—but as for this—
 This was a pool that stagnated and stunk,
 The rains of Heaven engendered nothing in it
 But slime and foul corruption.

S. Yet even these
 Are reservoirs whence public charity
 Still keeps her channels full.

T. Now, Sir, you touch
 Upon the point. This man of half a million
 Had all these public virtues which you praise,
 But the poor man never rung at his door ;
 And the old beggar, at the public gate,
 Who, all the summer long, stands, hat in hand,
 He knew how vain it was to lift an eye
 To that hard face. Yet he was always found
 Among your ten and twenty-pound subscribers,
 Your benefactors in the newspapers.

*His alms were money put to interest
 In the other world,—donations to keep open
 A running charity-account with heaven :—*
 Retaining fees against the last assizes,
 When, for the trusted talents, strict accounts
 Shall be required from all, and the old Arch-Lawyer
 Plead his own cause as plaintiff.

S. I must needs
 Believe you, Sir ;—these are your witnesses,

These mourners here, who from their carriages
 Gape at the gaping crowd. A good march wind
 Were to be prayed for now, to lend their eyes
 Some decent rheum. The very hireling mute
 Bears not a face blanker of all emotion,
 Than the old servant of the family !
 How can this man have lived, that thus his death
 Costs not the soiling one white handkerchief ?

T. Who should lament for him, Sir, in whose heart
 Love had no place, nor natural charity ?
 The parlour-spaniel, when she heard his step,
 Rose slowly from the hearth, and stole aside
 With creeping pace ; she never raised her eyes
 To woo kind words from him, nor laid her head
 Upraised upon his knee, with fondling whine.
 How could it be but thus ! Arithmetic
 Was the sole science he was ever taught.
 The multiplication table was his Creed,
 His Pater-noster, and his Decalogue.
 When yet he was a boy, and should have breathed
 The open air and sunshine of the fields,
 To give his blood its natural spring and play,
 He in a close and dusky counting-house
 Smoke-dried, and seared, and shrivelled up his heart.
 So, from the way in which he was trained up,
 His feet departed not ; he toiled and moiled,
 Poor muckworm ! through his three-score years and ten,
 And, when the earth shall now be shovelled on him,
If that which served him for a soul were still
Within its husk, 'TWOULD STILL BE, DIRT TO DIRT !

S. Yet your next newspapers will blazon him
 For industry and honourable wealth
 A bright example.

T. Even half a million
 Gets him no other praise. But come this way
 Some twelve months hence, and you will find his virtues
 Trimly set forth in lapidary lines,
 Faith, with her torch beside, and little Cupids
 Dropping upon his urn their marble tears !

CHARACTER OF MR. WHITBREAD.*

ANONYMOUS.

ANY person who casts a careful eye over the House of Commons, will find that the different portions into which society is divided, are tolerably well represented in that assembly. The landed interest,—the mercantile interest,—the privileged orders, and the professions, have all their adequate proportion of advocates to assert their claims : what seems to be wanting, is a class of persons, who, without reference to any partial interests, should speak the sentiments, and uphold the rights of the nation at large. The history of Parliament will supply but few names to whom this description would be applicable. Mr. Fox, with all his liberal thinking and benevolent feeling, was too much attached to party-views : and Mr. Windham, who has been proclaimed as a complete specimen of the English character, was perhaps the most unnatural compound of heterogeneous qualities, to which the name of Englishman was ever affixed. His brilliant talents,—his manly courage,—his cheerful good-nature, will very readily be allowed to be perfectly English. But what shall be said of the oblique sophistries of his understanding, of his want of feeling, and, above all, of that blind misapprehension which induced him to believe that the people of England were a swinish multitude, incapable of reflection, and in whom not even the common and brutal virtue of bravery could be cherished without cock-fights, and bull-bates, and Jew-boxers. It would be easy to enumerate many more inconsistencies of his character ; but enough has probably been said to show, that such a man could not be called the Representative of the English people.

It was to Mr. Whitbread alone, that this title seemed entirely due. He was an epitome of the national character. It was he who represented the straight-forward good sense,—the warmth of heart, sometimes indiscreet, but always generous,—the simple manners, sometimes abrupt, but always kind,—the sturdy honesty, sometimes rough, but always consistent,—the shrewd

* This, and the characters of Romilly, Grattan, Wilberforce, Lord Stowell, Sir Francis Burdett, and Mr. Hume, appeared, originally, in the "Examiner" newspaper, and were attributed to Mr. Barnes.

penetration, ever active, but ever candid,—the boldness of spirit, sometimes violent, but always steady ;—which, altogether, have ever been considered as the infallible marks of a genuine Englishman. His exterior was as English as his mind : his steady eye, his countenance deeply marked with thoughtfulness, but fluctuating with feeling ; his sober gait, his unaffected gestures, even the decided vigorous cast of his person, gave assurance of a man who belonged to a country where the naked soul may yet walk abroad and feel no shame—where, as yet, the artificial mummeries of a corrupt civilization are not necessary for the support of a public reputation ;—where, as yet, there is none of the imbecility of denaturalized states. The very plainness of his person showed, that he was one of that people among whom the consciousness of internal rectitude is esteemed as the surest property and the noblest ornament. I have frequently smiled at an observation of persons whom I have taken with me to hear Mr. Whitbread : they have allowed the energy and acuteness of his understanding,—the honest boldness of his sentiments,—and the tone of feeling which gave an interest to all that he said ;—but they thought him unpolished, deficient in the graces. Alas ! how much they mistook the objects and views of that distinguished Commoner. He did not take his daily seat in the House of Commons, in order to make graceful obeisances, and pronounce pretty periods : he came there to do the business of the nation,—to take care that the common-weal received no injury,—to watch over, and protect the constitution against the intemperance of zeal, and the insidiousness of ambition,—to animate and assist the labours of the honest,—to crush the efforts of the fraudulent and selfish,—to vindicate the oppressed,—to **SPEAK TRUTH !** To object to a man, occupied in such exalted pursuits, that his manner was not exquisitely polished, was as silly as it would be to complain that Michael Angelo has not the prettiness of Watteau,—that Milton wants the softness of Sedley,—that Newton is not so entertaining as Goldsmith. The manner of Mr. Whitbread seemed perfectly consonant to his objects : he aimed at awakening the attention of the indolent, at rousing the fears of the guilty ; and for this purpose, it was essential that he should appear in earnest ;—a conclusion to which few persons would have come, if they had seen him more attentive about the form, than the *matter* of his speeches. I confess I liked to witness his sharp, sometimes boisterous attacks on the complacent strength of Administration :

he attacked those who were able to defend themselves, and he attacked them in the way best suited to his purpose. I liked his manner, also, because it formed an agreeable contrast to that contemptible namby-pamby gentleness, which is now becoming so fashionable in the House of Commons. Those who wish to form a correct estimate of his character, must not look to two or three particular speeches, but to the whole tenor of his public life. They will then see a consistency of action which is to be found in few other public men: they will see a man, always the strenuous and watchful opponent of Administration, not from any paltry ambition of place, but on the greatest constitutional ground of operating as a check to the natural tyranny of high power: they will see a patriot, who, while his heart glowed at the proud triumphs of his own countrymen, could find leisure to think of the welfare of other nations besides his own: they will see an advocate, ever accessible and ever ready to support the cause of the injured: they will see that union of talent and perseverance,—of justice and courage,—of eloquence and sound sense, which makes the cause of truth as irresistible, as it is respectable. People who think only of ministerial majorities, will call this an exaggerated statement, and say, that too much importance has been attached to the labours of this distinguished member. They have not thoroughly considered the subject. Mr. Whitbread could not indeed command a majority of votes, but he could, and I will venture to say did, on most important occasions, command a majority of opinions. Above all, he commanded and guided the sense of the nation:—a force ten times more powerful than the House of Commons, because it always, directly or indirectly, influences the conduct of that assembly. To this the proudest minister is forced to bow: with reference to this, he fabricated every measure: a piece of meditated tyranny was clipped away from *this law*; a patch of desirable fraud was torn off from *that arrangement*; and corruption itself was quietly purged of the most acrid particles of its poison. *Such is the power of a great moral check, when directed by an able and honest man!* Nay, such was the attention of Mr. Whitbread to every branch of Parliamentary business,—such was his acuteness, and such his fearlessness, that I have no doubt, that many a dirty parish or country job was stripped of half its intended baseness, lest it should have been noticed and denounced by that vigilant and upright Commoner. This

was an elevation of dignified usefulness, to which the most sanguine ambition could hardly have hoped to aspire: and to this proud height he raised himself by the sheer force of consistency. His talents were great, but talents, unsupported by the public esteem, are of no real value. There was a quickness, a dexterity, and an energy about his understanding, which made him one of the best and most formidable debaters in the House. He detected a sophistry with the ken of an eagle, and broke in pieces a falsehood with the vigour of a lion. He was, moreover, the most eloquent speaker in the House, if eloquence consist, not in ornamented sentences, but in the language which, coming from the heart, never fails to *touch* the heart. His speeches afforded a most refreshing contrast to the mild circumlocutions of government harangues, and the gaudy rhetoric of theatrical declamation. Before his matter had made an impression, there was a warmth and earnestness about his tones, which roused and interested all his auditors. They listened, and were charmed with the manly spirit of his sentiments, and the simple strength of his diction: instead of the cold artifices of composition, he gave them the natural dignity of impassioned thinking: for the splendid figures of speech, he gave them the pure brightness of the image of truth.

Some persons may regret that Mr. Whitbread did not attain any of the usual objects of ambition: but could any peerage or blue ribbon be equal to the dignity of having been hailed by the universal people, as the people's guardian! His eye watched for the good of the nation: its eye was ever fixed upon him with a proud and admiring confidence. The people are never ungrateful, but cheerfully give to every merit its due reward. The successful warrior reaps wealth and honours: the skilful negotiator may, if he please, enjoy the same recompense for his labours: but England reserved its full tide of gratitude, affection, and esteem, for that man who, through twenty years of arduous conflict, vindicated the rights of freedom and humanity, and whose successful toils justly entitled him to be called **HER GREATEST AND MOST USEFUL CITIZEN!***

* Mr. Pitt's sincerity in support of the Abolition of the African Slave-Trade, and the Emancipation of the Catholics, has been often doubted. In turning over a file of old Newspapers, the Editor met with the following observation in a Speech of Mr. Whitbread, which for the honour both of the Great Commoner, and the Prime Minister, he takes leave to insert. The subject of debate was the Catholic Question:—"As to the

CHARACTER OF SIR S. ROMILLY.

ANONYMOUS.

SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY was one to whom no rank could give additional lustre, and from whose character, to take away a sentiment or an action, would be to detach a jewel from a crown;—such was the general consistency and harmony of its parts. As this introduction seems to portend a very encomiastic description, I will, before I proceed, show that I am perfectly aware of the failing usually imputed to this excellent lawyer. He was said to be easily irritated; and it must be confessed, that the tone in which he opened his enlightened plans to the House, frequently indicated wounded feelings; or seemed to imply that he should consider any opposition as something worse than mere difference of opinion. I have little doubt that a more conciliating manner would have been more effectual for his purposes; for great bodies of men, like individuals, must be flattered into goodness: anger and reproach should be extended only to old offenders who are past all cure. I was sorry, therefore, to see a defect in Sir Samuel, which may have been some impediment to his objects; but I think it may be easily explained, and even justified. A benevolent man, who is on the watch to be useful, whether he retires to solitary reflection, or walks abroad among his fellow-creatures,—can hardly pass an hour in which some circumstance shall not present itself to disturb and agonize his feelings. If he is not, what many kind-hearted men are, constitutionally careless; if, on the contrary, he is of a contemplative cast, he finds it impossible to disengage the painful idea from his mind: it haunts his dreams, and even his pleasures: distresses upon distresses accumulate before his recollection or his imagination, till he is irritated into a state

authority of Mr. Pitt," observed Mr. Whitbread, "it might as well be said that he was insincere in supporting the measures for the Abolition of the Slave-Trade, because he had not submitted any plan to the Cabinet for that purpose. He would say that it was impossible for any individual, who had heard the divine effusions of that great man, either on the Slave-Trade, or on the Catholic Question, to believe that he was insincere."—The country was deprived of the services of this truly great and good man (Mr. W.) in 1815. Taking him "all in all," he did not leave one equal behind him in the British dominions!

of torture, only equalled by the sufferings of those from which it results. This at first may seem a strange dispensation, that the kind should suffer for their kindness; but who shall presume to arraign the Wisdom of Providence! May not this sensation of uneasiness be the best security for the exercise of active benevolence? It is not in man to endure pain without an effort to relieve it, and every attempt which the good man makes to remove his own anxiety, will be an additional instrument towards effecting the happiness of others. Such was the result of the glorious restlessness of Howard; such will be the consequence of the noble perseverance of Sir Samuel Romilly.

Let this serve in excuse for a failing which he had in common with many good men; but who, even if it were inexcusable, could be base enough to put it in competition with his numerous excellencies? Take him merely as a speaker,—he was not only superior to his brother lawyers, but, with two or three exceptions, to any debater in the House. Though confessedly one of the most learned of his profession, he was the only one who never manifested any of its pedantry: he descanted on legal subjects with the wisdom of a philosopher, as well as the knowledge of an historian; and though he referred to authority, and indeed was fond of building on the authority of the enlightened, yet he discharged the duty of a legislator, which is to examine, and not tacitly to acquiesce in the precedents of former ages. Coming from a mind at once accurate, comprehensive, and enlarged, his sentiments had about them all the marks of wisdom, to which one would think no opposition could ever be offered, unless it was that they were not quite suited to the character of the times. I could dwell with pleasure on his political honesty, in which he has, perhaps, sacrificed the objects of an honourable ambition: but who does not know it, and appreciate it as fully as myself? Who did not look on Sir Samuel Romilly as the sure refuge, either for the redress of a private injury, or the exposure of a public crime!

I should almost feel as if I were insulting the memory of this gentleman, if I were to offer any consolation for the possible loss of a rank, which was so amply compensated by the increase of pure reputation. I should have wished indeed to have seen the first best man of his profession, occupying, *at some time*, the first rank in it; and giving dignity to some new title, which might have been quoted as the heraldic name for fine sense and integrity. But this is merely a matter of taste.

Sir S. Romilly had reached the summit: no honours could add weight to his opinions in the general mind; no station could make his virtues more conspicuous.

With regard to personal aggrandizement, he had nothing left to wish: title and office would have diminished instead of adding to his reputation: to be Chancellor, would have been less than to be ROMILLY. Who, by any practice, by any industry, however laborious, shall attain that elegant, that refined, that persuasive, yet, at times, that nervous and forcible eloquence, in which he has never been exceeded, I doubt if ever equalled, by any lawyer in any age!

In transacting the most ordinary business, there was a peculiar grace about his manner—a gentlemanly ease, an unassuming suavity, that won the hearts of all his hearers. His most graceful sentences flowed from his lips without pomp or ostentation, as if the words he used, however apt and forcible, dropped naturally and inartificially into their places, without the application either of will or memory. One faculty possessed by Sir Samuel Romilly above all competition—was that of never deviating from the point in question; and this is the more remarkable, because, in the multifariousness of his avocations, he must have been frequently called upon to speak on the spur of the moment, when comparatively unprepared: it never could be said of him that he wasted time by unnecessary or frivolous remarks, or dwelt upon matters of little importance to the issue: he always kept the great question in view as a landmark, and arrived at it by the nearest possible road. But if he were admirable as a juridical, he was more so as a parliamentary orator, and in this respect accomplished much more than any professed practical lawyer I ever heard or read of.

The deference paid to his opinions by every member of the profession, speaks all that can be said in favour of his legal knowledge; the delightful attention with which he was heard in the House of Commons, even when the members were worn out by the fatigues of a long debate, is sufficient testimony of his powers as a parliamentary orator; and the ardent attachment of his family, his friends, and his domestics, shows that the brightness of his talents did not exceed the kindness and benignity of his heart.

“ His ruins, (like the sacred carcasses
Of scattered temples,) great and reverend lie,
And the religious/ honour them no less
Than if they stood in all their gallantry.”

As a ministerial Peer, he might no doubt have been better able to carry his schemes by the authority of votes; but as a plain Member of the Commons, he was perhaps working with more valuable advantage, by impressing the excellence of his proposals on the understanding of the voters; and, to a mind like his, it must have appeared nobler to effect his purpose by the influence of reasoning, than by the force of power.*

CHARACTER OF MR. GRATTAN.

ANONYMOUS.

OF Ireland, it is difficult to speak with any accuracy; the natural character of that people has been so exaggerated and defaced by centuries of ill-treatment, that its features can scarcely be seen, except through the distorting mediums of anger and dejection. Enough, however, remains for us to distinguish that they are full of talent and spirit: that if their levity indisposes them for thinking, the intensity of their feelings supplies the place of thought: *they feel till they think, while their neighbour nation thinks till it feels.* Too sensitive to be dull, too careless to be tasteful, their eloquence at once interests and offends: it implies that they have found civilization too great a curse for them to be heedful of the forms of society, and in their glowing appeals to natural justice, they disdain to borrow the technical paraphernalia of custom and taste. It is this feeling, which, in the unnatural condition of Ireland, makes its revenge more savage than a madman's; it is this which sometimes makes its oratory more vulgar than a barbarian's. I will not, however, act so unfairly as to take my specimens of its oratorical powers from its inferior orators; I will rather adduce its best men—its Burkes, and Sheridans, and Grattans. The first is like a cataract of mud, a stagnant ditch vexed into a torrent: the latter are great and powerful streams, rushing along with equal force and majesty, and whose flowings are enough to fill a hundred petty rivulets.

I would not have it supposed, because I have joined the name of Grattan to those of Burke and Sheridan, that I consider him

* This excellent lawyer and eloquent statesman was, from the death of his beloved wife, afflicted with brain fever, and, during a paroxysm, put an end to his valuable life, Nov. 1818, at the age of 60.

as of equal rank. Burke is at an immense distance above both : but between the two last, though Mr. Sheridan was, beyond question, the superior man, I think I see some similarity,—rather, however, in kind than in manner. Mr. Sheridan's aim was always, if he could, to expose the propositions of his adversary by a series of ludicrous contrasts : the mind of Mr. Grattan led him to the same play of opposition and antithesis, though his disposition seemed to feel *anger*, when the other would only *laugh*. The understanding in these cases is evidently alike, though the habits of society have engendered a different taste. Again, there was some likeness-in their style ; there was about them, at the beginning, a conversational carelessness, amounting almost to laziness, a sort of lounging indifference, which more than half concealed their strong feeling. On a sudden, some thought,—some word, set fire to the train of their impressions : they flung away their sloth, as Ulysses flung away the beggar's weeds, and walked abroad in all the majesty of excited intellect and irresistible passion. Who could oppose it ? Reason was content to admire, and forgot to examine ; but fortunately a tempest must be temporary. The paroxysms of Mr. Grattan, however, were shorter than those of Mr. Sheridan : and the former sunk at once from his celestial elevation, down to the earth. Not so Mr. Sheridan : he, when once roused, never subsided into an uninteresting mediocrity : when he ceased to be energetic, he became elegant. When he was no longer the angel of the storm, he became the benignant genius whose presence cheers even the waste, and at whose every step up springs a bed of living verdure. I must confess, however, that I did not know Mr. Grattan in his best days : looking at him now, a veteran not much short of seventy, and observing that attic fire which still warms his heart, I will not presume to say that he did not deserve the high reputation which he enjoyed.* I am content to bow with reverence to the consistent advocate for his country's rights, who, for a long life, stood forward the powerful and almost successful champion of her cause, against an unparalleled weight of influence and prejudice, and who disdained to further his purposes by any paltry intermixture with party. Some have said that Mr. Grattan sunk in character by his trans-

* This deservedly-celebrated Irish orator and statesman died in the year 1820, aged 70.

plantation into the British Parliament. I do not think so: there was no man heard with more fond respect; and deservedly, for there was no man who gave more pleasure. Indeed I knew not a more gratifying sight, than when Mr. Grattan rose: his petit person and unsonorous voice at first awoke no feeling but surprise, that this man should be a commanding orator: but, in a moment, you became interested by his gentlemanly manner, and warm, though very subdued, tone: a striking thought or glowing expression dropped out as if by accident, and assured us that we should not be disappointed.

(The succeeding paragraphs were composed after the death of this patriotic Statesman. They are taken from the Speech of Mr. Plunkett, when he proposed the present Mr. Grattan as the successor of his venerable father, to represent the city of Dublin.)

I will not here attempt the vain task of recapitulating the services and the virtues of the friend we have lost; they are far above the reach of my humble powers to do them justice. But great as his patriotism was, no feeling was ever more grateful to his heart than the support of the Protestant Constitution. It was the rare felicity of that immortal man, to have been at once the advocate of every class of his Majesty's subjects, and to have given equal satisfaction to all; and in the highest soarings of his enthusiasm, and in the warmest zeal of his exertions, the pole-star that guided both was his wish to strengthen the connection. I do not now talk to Protestant or Catholic. It would be profanation to the dead to make any distinction. I come here to talk to Ireland—and never could I perform a duty more serviceable to my countrymen, than to implore them not to degrade themselves by trampling on the ashes of their father and their benefactor. And I tell my learned friend,* that I could never offer him a sincerer mark of friendship, than by advising him to retire from a contest—in which he could not triumph without sharing in the degradation of those who had thrust him forward. How I should compassionate his feelings, when, paraded through those streets, his memory would return to the days when that great man, now no more, passed those same streets, between the files of his

* Mr Ellis, who opposed Mr. Grattan, and who succeeded in the election.

countrymen, who were resting on their arms, as it was said, in admiration of his virtues.

Even when proud Cæsar 'midst triumphant cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Showed Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state,
As her dead father's reverend image past
The pomp was darkened, and the day o'ercast—
The triumph ceased—tears gushed from every eye,
The world's great Master passed unheeded by;
Her last good man dejected Rome adored,
And honoured Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.

When I look at my young friend who sits beside me, my mind is led back to the times when I saw his great father scaring and blasting with his lightnings the ranks of venality and corruption: it is led back to those hours, when, disarmed of his lightnings, I beheld him in the bosom of his family, surrounded by innocence and domestic tenderness. My young friend beside me inherits those virtues; his father's image walks before him, and when a mean idea could enter his breast, he must be possessed of a boldness in infamy, beyond the share of modern degeneracy. If, then, it be asked what security exists for his parliamentary conduct, I will answer, HIS NAME! The son of the man unequalled in the annals of history—the man who raised his country from the degradation of a province to the rank of a nation—the man who has been honoured by the great, the good, the illustrious,—he who sleeps amidst kings and patriots, and the most distinguished statesmen. The empire claims the honour of entombing him, and his very ashes confer a glory on Britain!

PLACIDUS AND TITUS.

MILMAN'S "FALL OF JERUSALEM."

FIRST SELECTION.

Placidus. SON of Vespasian! I have been a soldier,
Till the helm hath worn mine aged temples bare.
Battles have been familiar to mine eyes
As is the sun-light; and the angry Mars
Wears not a terror to appal the souls
Of constant men, but I have fronted it.
I have seen the painted Briton sweep to battle

On his scythed car, and when he fell, he fell
As one that honoured death, by nobly dying.
And I have been, where flying Parthians showered
Their arrows, making the pursuer check
His fierce steed, with the sudden grasp of death.
But war like this, so frantic, and so desperate,
Man ne'er beheld. Our swords are blunt with slaying,
And yet, as though the earth cast up again
Souls discontented with a single death,
They groan beneath the slaughter. Neither battle,
Nor famine, nor the withering pestilence,
Subdues these prodigals of blood : by day
They cast their lives upon our swords ; by night
They turn their civil weapons on themselves,
Even till insatiate war shrinks to behold
The hideous consummation.

Titus. It must be—

And yet it moves me, Romans ! it confounds
The counsel of my firm philosophy,
That Ruin's merciless ploughshare must pass o'er,
And barren salt be sown on yon proud city.
As on our olive-crowned hill we stand,
Where Kedron at our feet its scanty waters
Distils from stone to stone with gentle motion,
As through a valley sacred to sweet peace,
How boldly doth it front us ! how majestically !
Like a luxuriant vineyard, the hill side
Is hung with marble fabrics, line o'er line,
Terrace o'er terrace, nearer still, and nearer
To the blue heavens. There bright and sumptuous palaces,
With cool and verdant gardens interspersed ;
There towers of war that frown in massy strength.
While over all hangs the rich purple eve,
As conscious of its being her last farewell
Of light and glory to that fated city.
And, as our clouds of battle, dust and smoke
Are melted into air, behold the Temple
In undisturbed and lone serenity
Finding itself a solemn sanctuary
In the profound of heaven ! It stands before us
A mount of snow, fretted with golden pinnacles !
The very sun, as though he worshipped there,

Lingers upon the gilded cedar roofs ;
 And down the long and branching porticoes,
 On every flowery sculptured capital,
 Glitters the homage of his parting beams.
 By Hercules ! the sight might almost win
 The offended majesty of Rome to mercy.—
 And yet it cannot be—it must fall !
 Yon lofty city, and yon gorgeous Temple,
 Are consecrate to Rome. Earth is weary
 Of the wild factions of this jealous people,
 And they must feel our wrath, the wrath of Rome,
 Even so that the rapt stranger shall admire
 Where that proud city stood which was Jerusalem.

SECOND SELECTION.

*Time—break of day—The last day the sun shone upon Jerusalem—
 Simon, solus.—Subject—His confident expectation of the final de-
 liverance of the city.*

THE air is still and cool. It comes not yet :
 I thought that I had felt it in my sleep
 Weighing upon my choked and labouring breast,
 That did rejoice beneath the stern oppression ;
 I thought I saw its lurid gloom o'erspreading
 The starless waning night. But yet it comes not,
 The broad and sultry thunder-cloud, wherein
 The God of Israel evermore pavilions
 The chariot of his vengeance. I look out,
 And still, as I have seen, morn after morn,
 The hills of Judah, flash upon my sight
 The accursed radiance of the Gentile arms.

But oh ! ye sky-descending ministers,
 That on invisible and soundless wing
 Stoop to your earthly purposes, as swift
 As rushing fire, and terrible as the wind
 That sweeps the tentless desert.—Ye that move
 Shrouded in secrecy as in a robe,
 And gloom of deepest midnight, the vaunt-courier
 Of your dread presence ! Will ye not reveal ?
 Will ye not one compassionate glimpse vouchsafe,
 By what dark instruments 'tis now your charge

To save the holy city ?—Lord of Israel !
 Thee too I ask, with bold yet holy awe,
 Which now of thy obsequious elements
 Chooseth thou for thy champion and thy combatant ?
 For well they know,—the wide and deluging Waters,
 The ravenous Fire, and the plague-breathing Air,
 Yea, and the yawning and wide-chasmed Earth,—
 They know thy bidding, by fixed habit bound
 To the usage of obedience. Or the rather,
 Look we in weary yet undaunted hope
 For Him that is to come, the mighty arm,
 The wearer of the purple robe of vengeance,
 The crowned with dominion ? Let him haste ;
 The wine-press waits the trampling of his wrath,
 And Judah yearns to unfurl the Lion banner
 Before the terrible radiance of his coming.

THIRD SELECTION.

Simon's reply to Titus, who had requested the Jews to lay down their arms.

———— I speak to thee,
 Titus, as warrior should accost a warrior.
 The world thou boastest, is Rome's slave ; the sun
 Rises and sets upon no realm but yours ;
 Ye plant your giant foot in either ocean
 And vaunt that all which ye o'erstride is Rome's.
 But think ye, that because the common earth
 Surfeits your pride with homage, that our land,
 Our separate, peculiar, sacred land,
 Portioned and sealed unto us by the God
 Who made the round world and the crystal heavens,—
 A wondrous land, where Nature's common course
 Is strange and out of use, so oft the Lord
 Invades it with miraculous interventions,—
 Think ye this land shall be an heathen heritage,
 An high place for your Moloch ! Haughty Gentile !
 Even now ye walk on ruin and on prodigy.
 The air ye breathe is heavy and o'ercharged
 With your dark gathering doom ; and if our earth
 Do yet in its disdain endure the footing,

Of your armed legions, 'tis because it labours
 With silent throes of expectation, waiting
 The signal of your scattering. Lo! the mountains
 Bend o'er you with their huge and lowering shadows,
 Ready to rush and overwhelm : the winds
 Do listen panting for the tardy presence
 Of Him that shall avenge. And there is scorn,
 Yea, there is laughter in our fathers' tombs,
 To think that Heathen conqueror doth aspire
 To lord it over God's Jerusalem !
 Yea, in hell's deep and desolate abode,
 Where dwell the perished kings, the chief of earth ;
 They whose idolatrous warfare erst assailed
 The Holy City, and the chosen people ;
 They wait for thee, the associate of their hopes
 And fatal fall, to join their ruined conclave.
 He whom the Red Sea 'whelmed with all his hosts,
 Pharaoh, the Egyptian ; and the kings of Canaan ;
 The Philistine, the Dagon worshipper ;
 Moab, and Edom, and fierce Amalek ;
 And he of Babylon, whose multitudes,
 Even on the hills where gleam your myriad spears,
 In one brief night the invisible Angel swept
 With the dark, noiseless shadow of his wing,
 And morn beheld the fierce and riotous camp
 One cold, and mute, and tombless cemetery.
 Sennacherib : all, all are risen, are moved ;
 Yea, they take up the taunting song of welcome
 To him who, like themselves, hath madly warred
 'Gainst Zion's walls, and miserably fallen
 Before the avenging God of Israel !

FOURTH SELECTION.

*Josephus the Historian's address to his countrymen, imploring them to
 discontinue their resistance to the Roman arms.*

YE see me rise,
 Oh, men of Israel, brethren, countrymen !
 Even from the earth ye see me rise, where lone,
 And sorrowful, and fasting I have sat
 These three long days ; and sackcloth on the limbs

Which once were wont to wear a soldier's raiment,
And ashes on the head which ye of old
Did honour, when its helmed glories shone
Before you in the paths of battle. Hear me,
Ye that, as I, adore the Law, the Prophets ;
And at the ineffable thrice-holiest name
Bow down your awe-struck foreheads to the ground.
I am not here to tell you, men of Israel,
That it is madness to contend with Rome :
That it were wisdom to submit and follow
The common fortunes of the universe ;
For ye would answer, that 'tis glorious madness
To stand alone amidst the enslaved world
Freedom's last desperate champions : ye would answer,
That the slave's wisdom to the free-born man
Is basest folly. Oh, my countrymen !
Before no earthly king do I command you
To fall subservient, not all-conquering Cæsar,
But in a mightier name I summon you,
The King of kings. He, He is manifest
In the dark visitation that is on you.
'Tis He, whose loosed and raging ministers,
Wild war, gaunt famine, leprous pestilence,
But execute his delegated wrath.
Yea, by the fulness of your crimes, 'tis He.

Alas ! shall I weep o'er thee, or go down
And grovel in the dust, and hide myself
From mine own shame ? Oh, thou defiled Jerusalem !
That drinkest thine own blood as from a fountain ;
That hast piled up the fabric of thy guilt
To such portentous height, that earth is darkened
With its huge shadow—that dost boast the monuments
Of murdered prophets, and dost make the robes
Of God's high-priest a title and a claim
To bloodiest slaughter—thou that every day
Dost trample down the thunder-given Law,
Even with the pride and joy of him that treads
The purple vintage. And Oh, thou, our Temple !
That wert of old the Beauty of Holiness,
The chosen, unapproachable abode
Of Him which dwelt between the cherubim,
Thou art a charnel-house, and sepulchre

Of slaughtered men, a common butchery
 Of civil strife ; and hence proclaim I, brethren,
 It is the LORD who doth avenge his own :
 The Lord, who gives you over to the wicked,
 That ye may perish by their wickedness.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF HENRY KIRKE WHYTE.

BYRON.

UNHAPPY Whyte ! when life was in its spring,
 And thy young Muse just waved her joyous wing,
 The spoiler came ; and all thy promise fair
 Has sought the Grave, to sleep for ever there.
 Oh ! what a noble heart was here undone,
 When Science 'self destroyed her favourite son !
 Yes ! she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,
 She sowed the seed, but death has reaped the fruit.
 'Twas thine own Genius gave the final blow,
 And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low :—
 So the struck Eagle stretched upon the plain,
 No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
 Viewed his own feather on the winged dart,
 And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart :
 Keen were his feelings, keener far to feel
 He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel,
 While the same plumage that had warmed his nest
 Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.

Pronounced in a lower
voice.

TO "CHILDE HAROLD."

MRS. ELLIOT.

Oh Fortune ! what avails thy smiles !
 No smiles to Harold's cheek they bring,
 Oh beauty ! cease thy blandish wiles,
 For Harold only feels the sting.

Oh Nature ! why on him bestow
Gifts more than mortal minds adorn,
In vain for him thy roses blow,
For Harold only feels the thorn.
Oh Genius ! why with rays divine
And magic power his soul illumine,
In vain thy starry lamp may shine,
For Harold only feels its gloom.
Yet still one boon the "Childe" may claim,
A boon to mortals rarely given,
On earth to hear his deathless fame,
And feel at last a ray from Heaven.
Dear wayward "Childe," I read and weep,
And almost feel thy fancied woes ;
Nay, e'en thy image, while I sleep,
Dwells in my dreams and breaks repose.
But dream not thou some woman fair
With snowy arms and eyes of blue,
Know, fifty summers o'er my hair
And on my cheek have blanched their hue.
Yet in my heart nor pain nor age
I feel, though both have marked my brow,
When gazing o'er thy witching page,
With pleasure never felt till now.
And wert thou, "Childe," a child of mine,
I'd soothe thee with a mother's love,
And pray not to the tuneful nine,
But to the blessed powers above.
That hope in Heaven, and peace on earth,
And social bliss may still be thine ;
And feelings which from conscious worth,
Can raise the soul to joys divine.
Then, Harold, strike again the lyre,
And pour sublime the flood of song,
And let each chord the genius fire
As o'er its strings thou sweep'st along.
No gloomy thoughts of man's decay
Shall then thy spotless pages soil,
But wreathes unfaded crown my lay,
And fame immortal bless thy toil.

HARLEY'S VISIT TO BEDLAM.

MACKENZIE.*

(Harley and his friends proceeded to that quarter of the melancholy mansion, which is appropriated to the insane of the softer sex, several of whom gathered about the female visitors, and examined the particulars of their dress.)

SEPARATE from the rest stood a female, whose appearance had something of superior dignity. Her face, though pale and wasted, was less squalid than those of the others, and showed a dejection of that decent kind, which moves our pity unmixed with horror; upon her, therefore, the eyes of all were immediately turned. The keeper who accompanied them observed it: "This (said he) is a young lady, who was born to ride in her coach and six. She was beloved, if the story I have heard be true, by a young gentleman, her equal in birth, though by no means her match in fortune: but love, they say, is blind, and so she fancied him as much as he did her. Her father, it seems, would not hear of their marriage, and threatened to turn her out of doors, if ever she saw him again. Upon this, the young gentleman took a voyage to the West Indies, in hopes of bettering his fortune, and obtaining his mistress; but, he was scarcely landed when he was seized with one of the fevers which are common in those islands, and died in a few days, lamented by every one who knew him. This news soon reached his mistress, who was, at the same time, pressed by her father to marry a rich miserly fellow, who was old enough to be her grandfather. The death of her lover had no effect on her inhuman parent: he was only the more earnest for her marriage with the man he had provided for her; and, what between her despair at the death of the one, and her aversion to the other, the poor young lady was reduced to the condition you now see her in. But God would not prosper such cruelty; her father's affairs soon after went to wreck, and he died almost a beggar."

Though this story was told in very plain language, it had particularly attracted Harley's notice; he had given it the tri-

* Henry Mackenzie, the amiable author of the "Man of Feeling," "La Roche," &c. &c., and for many years the ornament of the literary circles in Edinburgh, died in 1831, aged 86. Mackenzie has been called by some "the Addison of the North;" but his style, though more refined and chastened, is certainly more like that of Sterne.

bute of some tears. The unfortunate young lady had till now seemed entranced in thought, with her eyes fixed on a little garnet ring she wore on her finger; she turned them now upon Harley. "My Billy is no more!" said she, "do you weep for my Billy? Blessings on your tears! I would weep too, but my brain is dry; and it burns, it burns!"—She drew nearer to Harley—"Be comforted, young lady," said he, "your Billy is in Heaven."—"Is he indeed? and shall we meet again? and shall that frightful man (pointing to the keeper) not be there?—Alas! I am grown naughty of late; I have almost forgotten to think of Heaven: yet I pray sometimes; when I can, I pray, and sometimes I sing; when I am saddest, I sing: You shall hear me, hush!—

"Light be the earth on Billy's breast,
And green the sod that wraps his grave!"

There was a plaintive wildness in the air, not to be withstood; and, except the keeper's, there was not an unmoistened eye around her.

"Do you weep again?" said she; "I would not have you weep: you are like my Billy: you are, believe me; just so he looked when he gave me this ring: poor Billy! 'twas the last time we ever met,—

'Twas when the seas were roaring."

I love you for resembling my Billy; but I shall never love any man like him."—She stretched out her hand to Harley; he pressed it between both of his, and bathed it with his tears—"Nay, that is Billy's ring," said she; "you cannot have it, indeed; but here is another, look here, which I plaited to-day of some gold thread from this bit of stuff; will you keep it for my sake? I am a strange girl;—but my heart is harmless: my poor heart, it will burst some day; feel how it beats!"—She pressed his hand to her bosom, then, holding her head in the attitude of listening—"Hark! one, two, three! be quiet, thou little trembler; my Billy is cold!—but I had forgotten the ring."—She put it on his finger—"Farewell! I must leave you now."—She would have withdrawn her hand; Harley held it to his lips—"I dare not stay longer," said she; "my head throbs sadly: farewell!"—She walked with a hurried step to a little apartment at some distance. Harley stood fixed in astonishment and pity; his friend gave money to the keeper.—Harley looked on his ring. He put a couple of guineas into the man's hand; "Be kind to that unfortunate," he said;—and burst into tears.

HARLEY'S DEATH.

MACKENZIE.

"THERE are some remembrances (said Harley) which rise involuntarily on my heart, and make me almost wish to live. I have been blessed with a few friends, who redeem my opinion of mankind. I recollect, with the tenderest emotion, the scenes of pleasure I have passed among them; but we shall meet again, my friend, never to be separated. There are some feelings which perhaps are too tender to be suffered by the world. The world in general is selfish, interested, and unthinking, and throws the imputation of romance, or melancholy, on every temper more susceptible than its own. I cannot but think in those regions which I contemplate, if there is any thing of mortality left about us, that these feelings will subsist;—they are called—perhaps they are—weaknesses here;—but there may be some better modifications of them in Heaven, which may deserve the name of virtues." He sighed as he spoke these last words. He had scarcely finished them, when the door opened, and his aunt appeared, leading in Miss Walton. "My dear (said she,) here is Miss Walton, who has been so kind as to come and inquire for you herself." I could perceive a transient glow on his face. He rose from his seat.—"If to know Miss Walton's goodness (said he) be a title to deserve it, I have some claim." She begged him to resume his seat, and placed herself on the sofa beside him. I took my leave. His aunt accompanied me to the door. He was left with Miss Walton alone. She inquired anxiously after his health. "I believe (said he) from the accounts which my physicians unwillingly give me, that they have no great hopes of my recovery."—She started as he spoke; but recollecting herself immediately, endeavoured to flatter him into a belief that his apprehensions were groundless. "I know (said he) that it is usual with persons at my time of life to have these hopes which your kindness suggests; but I would not wish to be deceived. To meet death as becomes a man, is a privilege bestowed on few: I would endeavour to make it mine:—nor do I think, that I can ever be better prepared for it than now:—'tis that chiefly which determines the fitness of its approach." "Those sentiments," answered Miss Walton, "are just; but your good sense, Mr. Harley, will own, that life has its proper value.—As the province of virtue, life

is ennobled ; as such, it is to be desired.—To virtue has the Supreme Director of all things assigned rewards enough even here to fix its attachments."

The subject began to overpower her.—Harley lifted his eyes from the ground—"There are (said he, in a low voice) there are attachments, Miss Walton."—His glance met her's—they both betrayed a confusion, and were both instantly withdrawn.—He paused some moments—"I am (he said) in such a state as calls for sincerity ; let that alone excuse it—it is, perhaps, the last time we shall ever meet. I feel something particularly solemn in the acknowledgment ; yet my heart swells to make it, awed as it is by a sense of my presumption,—by a sense of your perfections."—He paused again—"Let it not offend you, (he resumed), to know their power over one so unworthy. My heart will, I believe, soon cease to beat, even with that feeling which it shall lose the latest.—To love Miss Walton could not be a crime ;—if to declare it, is one, the expiation will be made." Her tears were now flowing without controul.—"Let me intreat you (said she) to have better hopes—let not life be so indifferent to you ; if my wishes can put any value upon it—I will not pretend to misunderstand you—I know your worth—I have long known it ;—I have esteemed it—what would you have me say ?—I have loved it, as it deserved !" He seized her hand :—a languid colour reddened his cheek—a smile brightened faintly in his eye. As he gazed on her, it grew dim, it fixed, it closed—he sighed, and fell back on his seat.—Miss Walton screamed at the sight—his aunt and the servants rushed into the room—they found them lying motionless together.—His physician happened to call at that instant—every art was tried to recover them—with Miss Walton they succeeded—but Harley was gone for ever !

LA ROCHE.

MACKENZIE.

THE celebrated historian and philosopher, Mr. H—, resided for some time at a small town in France. One morning, while he sat busied in those speculations which afterwards astonished the world, an old female domestic, who served him for a house-keeper, brought him word, that an elderly gentleman and his

daughter had arrived in the village, the preceding evening, on their way to some distant country, and that the father had been suddenly seized in the night with a dangerous disorder, which the people of the inn, where they lodged, feared would prove mortal: that she had been sent for, as having some knowledge in medicine, the village surgeon being then absent; and that it was truly piteous to see the good old man, who seemed not so much afflicted by his own distress, as by that which it caused to his daughter.—Her master laid aside the volume in his hand, and broke off the chain of ideas it had inspired. His night-gown was exchanged for a coat, and he followed his *gouvernante* to the sick man's apartment.

'Twas the best in the little inn where they lay, but a paltry one notwithstanding. Mr. H— was obliged to stoop as he entered it.—On a sick bed, at one end, lay the old man he came to visit; at the foot of it sat his daughter. She was dressed in a clean white bed-gown; her dark locks hung loosely over it as she bent forward, watching the languid looks of her father. Mr. H— and his housekeeper had stood some moments in the room, without the young lady's being sensible of their entering it.—“*Mademoiselle!*” said the old woman at last, in a soft tone.—She turned, and showed one of the finest faces in the world.—It was touched, not spoiled with sorrow; and when she perceived a stranger, whom the old woman now introduced to her, a blush at first, and then the gentle ceremonial of native politeness, which the affliction of the time tempered but did not extinguish, crossed it for a moment, and changed its expression. 'Twas sweetness all, however, and our philosopher felt it strongly. It was not a time for words; he offered his services in a few sincere ones. “*Monsieur* lies miserably ill here,” said the *gouvernante*; “if he could possibly be moved any where.”—“If he could be moved to our house,” said her master.—He had a spare bed for a friend, and there was a garret room unoccupied, next to the *gouvernante*'s. It was contrived accordingly. The scruples of the stranger, who could *look* scruples, though he could not *speck* them, were overcome, and the bashful reluctance of his daughter gave way to her belief of its use to her father. The sick man was wrapt in blankets, and carried across the street to the English gentleman's. The old woman helped his daughter to nurse him there. The surgeon, who arrived soon after, prescribed a little, and nature did much for him; in a week he was able to thank his benefactor.

By that time his host had learned the name and character of his guest. He was a Protestant clergyman of Switzerland, called La Roche, a widower, who had lately buried his wife, after a long and lingering illness, for which travelling had been prescribed, and was now returning home, after an ineffectual and melancholy journey, with his only child, the daughter we have mentioned.

It happened one day, that the philosopher walked out, with his long staff and his dog, and left his gouvernante, and the old man and his daughter, to their prayers and thanksgivings.—“My master,”—said the old woman,—“alas ! he is not a Christian ; but he is the best of unbelievers.”—“Not a Christian !”—exclaimed Mademoiselle La Roche,—“yet he saved my father ! heaven bless him for it ! I would he were a Christian !” “There is a pride in human knowledge, my child,” said her father, “which often blinds men to the sublime truths of revelation.”—“But Mr. H—,” said his daughter, “alas ! my father, he shall be a Christian before he dies.”—She was interrupted by the arrival of their landlord.—He took her hand with an air of kindness :—She drew it away from him in silence ; threw down her eyes to the ground, and left the room.—“I have been thanking God,” said the good La Roche, “for my recovery.”—“That is right, my dear Sir,” replied the philosopher ; “but you are not yet re-established enough to talk much—you must take care of your health, and neither study nor preach for some time. I have been thinking over a scheme that struck me to-day, when you mentioned your intended departure. I never was in Switzerland ; I have a great mind to accompany your daughter and you into that country.—I will help to take care of you by the road ; for as I was your first physician, I hold myself responsible for your cure.” La Roche’s eyes glistened at the proposal ; and his daughter was equally pleased with her father.

They travelled by short stages ; for the philosopher was as good as his word, in taking care that the old man should not be fatigued. The party had time to be well acquainted with one another, and their friendship was increased by acquaintance. La Roche found a degree of simplicity and gentleness in his companion, which is not always annexed to the character of a learned, or a wise man. His daughter, who was prepared to be afraid of him, was equally undeceived. She found in him

nothing of that self-importance which superior parts, or great cultivation of them, is apt to confer.

On his part, he was charmed with the society of the good clergyman and his lovely daughter. He found in them the guileless manner of the earliest times, with the culture and accomplishment of the most refined ones. Every better feeling, warm and vivid; every ungentle one, repressed or overcome. He was not addicted to love; but he felt himself happy in being the friend of Mademoiselle La Roche, and sometimes envied her father the possession of such a child.

After a journey of eleven days they arrived at the dwelling of La Roche. It was situated in one of those valleys of the canton of Berne, where nature seems to repose, as it were, in quiet, and has inclosed her retreat with mountains inaccessible.—A stream, that spent its fury in the hills above, ran in front of the house, and a broken water-fall was seen through the wood that covered its sides; below, it circled round a tufted plain, and formed a little lake in front of a village, at the end of which appeared the spire of La Roche's church, rising above a clump of beeches.

Mr. H.—enjoyed the beauty of the scene: but to his companions, it recalled the memory of a wife and parent they had lost.—The old man's sorrow was silent; his daughter sobbed and wept. Her father took her hand, kissed it twice, pressed it to his bosom, threw up his eyes to heaven; and having wiped off a tear that was just about to drop from each, began to point out to his guest some of the most striking objects which the prospect afforded. The philosopher interpreted all this: and he could but slightly censure the creed from which it arose.

They had not been long arrived, when a number of La Roche's parishioners, who had heard of his return, came to the house to see and welcome him. The honest folks were awkward, but sincere, in their professions of regard.—They made some attempts at condolence;—it was too delicate for their handling; but La Roche took it in good part. "It has pleased God,"—said he: and they saw he had settled the matter with himself.—Philosophy could not have done so much with a thousand words!

It was now evening, and the good peasants were about to depart, when a clock was heard to strike seven, and the hour was followed by a particular chime. The country people, who

had come to welcome their pastor, turned their looks towards him at the sound; he explained their meaning to his guest. "That is the signal," said he, "for our evening exercise; this is one of the nights of the week in which some of my parishioners are wont to join in it; a little rustic saloon serves for the chapel of our family, and such of the good people as are with us.—If you choose rather to walk out, I will furnish you with an attendant; or here are a few old books that may afford you some entertainment within." "By no means," answered the philosopher, "I will attend Ma'moiselle at her devotions." "She is our organist," said La Roche; "our neighbourhood is the country of musical mechanism; and I have a small organ fitted up for the purpose of assisting our singing."—" 'Tis an additional inducement," replied the other; and they walked into the room together. At the end stood the organ mentioned by La Roche; his daughter placing herself on a seat within, and drawing the curtain close, so as to save her the awkwardness of an exhibition, began a voluntary, solemn and beautiful in the highest degree. Mr. H— was no musician, but he was not altogether insensible to music; this fastened on his mind more strongly, from its beauty being unexpected. The solemn prelude introduced a hymn, in which such of the audience as could sing immediately joined; the words were mostly taken from holy writ; it spoke the praises of God, and his care of good men. Something was said of the death of the just, of such as die in the Lord.—The organ was touched with a hand less firm;—it paused, it ceased;—and the sobbing of Ma'moiselle La Roche was heard in its stead. Her father gave a sign for stopping the psalmody, and rose to pray. He was discomposed at first, and his voice faltered as he spoke; but his heart was in his words, and his warmth overcame his embarrassment. He addressed a Being whom he loved, and he spoke for those he loved. His parishioners caught the ardour of the good old man; *even the philosopher felt himself moved, and forgot, for a moment, to think why he should not!*

'Twas with regret Mr. H— left a society in which he found himself so happy; but he settled with La Roche and his daughter a plan of correspondence; and they took his promise, that, if ever he came within fifty leagues of their dwelling, he should travel those fifty leagues to visit them.

About three years after, our philosopher was at Geneva. While he was hesitating about a visit to La Roche, he received

a letter from the old man, which had been forwarded to him from Paris, where he had then his fixed residence. It informed him of the approaching nuptials of Ma'moiselle La Roche, with a young man, a relation of her own, and formerly a pupil of her father's, of the most amiable disposition and respectable character. Attached from their earliest years, they had been separated by his joining one of the subsidiary regiments of the Canton, then in the service of a foreign power. The term of his service was now expired, and they expected him to return in a few weeks, when the old man hoped, as he expressed it in his letter, to join their hands, and see them happy before he died.

Mr. H— felt himself interested in this event; but he was not, perhaps, altogether so happy in the tidings of Ma'moiselle La Roche's marriage, as her father supposed him.—Not that he was ever a lover of the lady; but he thought her one of the most amiable women he had seen, and there was something in the idea of her being another's for ever, that struck him, he knew not why, like a disappointment.—After some little speculation on the matter, however, he could not but look on it as a thing fitting, if not quite agreeable, and determined on this visit to see his old friend and his daughter happy.

On the last day of his journey, different accidents had retarded his progress; he was benighted before he reached the quarter in which La Roche resided. His guide, however, was well acquainted with the road, and he found himself at last in view of the lake, which I have before described, in the neighbourhood of La Roche's dwelling. A light gleamed on the water, that seemed to proceed from the house; it moved slowly along as he proceeded up the side of the lake, and at last he saw it glimmer through the trees, and stop at some distance from the place where he then was. He supposed it some piece of bridal merriment, and pushed on his horse that he might be a spectator of the scene; but he was a good deal shocked, on approaching the spot, to find it proceed from a torch of a person clothed in the dress of an attendant on a funeral, and accompanied by several others, who, like him, seemed to have been employed in the rites of sepulture.

On Mr. H—'s making inquiry who the person was they had been burying, one of them, with an accent more mournful than is common to their profession, answered, "Then you knew not Mademoiselle, Sir!—you never beheld a lovelier"—"La Roche!" exclaimed he, in reply.—"Alas! it was she indeed!"—

The appearance of surprise and grief which his countenance assumed, attracted the notice of the peasant with whom he talked.—He came up closer to Mr. H—; “I perceive, Sir, you were acquainted with Mademoiselle La Roche.”—“Acquainted with her!—(Good God!)—when—how did she die?—where is her father?”—“She died, Sir, of heart-break, I believe; the young gentleman to whom she was soon to have been married, was killed in a duel by a French officer, his intimate companion, and to whom, before their quarrel, he had often done the greatest favours. Her worthy father bears her death, as he has often told us a Christian should; he is even so composed as to be now in his pulpit, ready to deliver a few exhortations to his parishioners, as is the custom with us on such occasions,—Follow me, Sir, and you shall hear him.”—He followed the man without answering.

The church was dimly lighted, except near the pulpit, where the venerable La Roche was seated. His people were now lifting up their voices in a psalm to that Being whom their pastor had taught them ever to bless and to revere. La Roche sat, his figure bending gently forward, his eyes, half closed, lift up in silent devotion. A lamp placed near him threw its light strong on his head, and marked the shadowy lines of age across the paleness of his brow, thinly covered with grey hairs.

The music ceased:—La Roche sat for a moment, and nature wrung a few tears from him. His people were loud in their grief. Mr. H— was not less affected than they—La Roche arose.—“Father of mercies!” said he, “forgive these tears; assist thy servant to lift up his soul to thee, to lift to thee the souls of thy people!—My friends! it is good so to do; at all seasons it is good! but, in the days of our distress, what a privilege it is! Well, saith the sacred book, ‘Trust in the Lord; at all times, trust in the Lord.’ When every other support fails us, when the fountains of worldly comfort are dried up, let us then seek those living waters which flow from the throne of God.—’Tis only from the belief of the goodness and wisdom of a supreme Being, that our calamities can be borne in that manner which becomes a man. Human wisdom is here of little use; for, in proportion as it bestows comfort, it represses feeling, without which we may cease to be hurt by calamity, but we shall also cease to enjoy happiness.—I will not bid you be insensible, my friends; I cannot, I cannot, if I would, (his tears flowed afresh)—I feel too much myself, and I

am not ashamed of my feelings ; but therefore may I the more willingly be heard ; therefore have I prayed God to give me strength to speak to you : to direct you to him, not with empty words, but with these tears ; not from speculation, but from experience,—that while you see me suffer, you may know also my consolation.

“ You behold the mourner of his only child, the last earthly stay and blessing of his declining years ! Such a child, too !—It becomes not me to speak of her virtues ; yet it is but gratitude to mention them, because they were exerted towards myself.—Not many days ago you saw her young, beautiful, virtuous, and happy ;—ye who are parents, will judge of my felicity then,—ye will judge of my affliction now. But I look towards Him who struck me ; I see the hand of a father amidst the chastenings of my God.—Oh ! could I make you feel what it is to pour out the heart, when it is pressed down with many sorrows, to pour it out with confidence to Him in whose hands are life and death, on whose power awaits all that the first enjoys, and in contemplation of whom disappears all that the last can inflict!—For we are not as those who die without hope ; we know that our Redeemer liveth,—that we shall live with Him, with our friends his servants, in that blessed land where sorrow is unknown, and happiness is endless as it is perfect.—Go then, mourn not for me ; I have not lost my child : but a little while, and we shall meet again, never to be separated.—But ye are also my children : would ye that I should grieve without comfort ?—So live as she lived ; that, when your death cometh, it may be ‘the death of the righteous, and your latter end like his.’ ”

Such was the exhortation of La Roche ; his audience answered it with their tears. The good old man had dried up his at the altar of the Lord ; his countenance had lost its sadness, and assumed the glow of faith and of hope.—Mr. H.— followed him into his house—The inspiration of the pulpit was past ; at sight of him the scenes they had last met in rushed again on his mind ; La Roche threw his arms round his neck, and watered it with his tears. The other was equally affected ; they went together, in silence, into the parlour, where the evening service was wont to be performed.—The curtains of the organ were open ; La Roche started back at the sight.—“ Oh ! my friend ! ” said he, and his tears burst forth again. Mr. H.— had now recollected himself : he stepped forward, and drew the curtains close—the old man wiped off his tears, and taking his friend’s

hand, "You see my weakness," said he; "'tis the weakness of humanity; but my comfort is not therefore lost."—"I heard you," said the other, "in the pulpit; I rejoice that such consolation is yours."—"It is, my friend," said he, "and I trust I shall ever hold it fast;—if there are any who doubt our faith, let them think of what importance religion is to calamity, and forbear to weaken its force; if they cannot restore our happiness, let them not take away the solace of our affliction."

Mr. H—'s heart was smitten;—and I have heard him, long after, confess that there were moments when the remembrance overcame him even to weakness; when, amidst all the pleasures of philosophical discovery, and the pride of literary fame, he recalled to his mind the venerable figure of the good La Roche, and wished that he had never doubted!

LINES,

*Describing "Childe Harold's" last Departure from England, and the
Acme of the Shipwreck in "Don Juan."*

BYRON.

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child?

Ada!* sole daughter of my house and heart!

When last I saw thy young blue eyes, they smiled,

And then we parted,—not as now we part,

But with a hope.—

Awaking with a start,

The waters heave around me; and on high

The winds lift up their voices: I depart,

Whither I know not; but the hour's gone by

When Albion's lessening shores could grieve or glad mine eye.

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!

And the waves bound beneath me as a steed

That knows his rider. Welcome, to their roar!

Swift by their guidance, wherso'er it lead!

* It is gratifying to Lord Byron's admirers, who can hardly fail to feel an interest in his *daughter*, (notwithstanding the offensive exclusion of his Lordship's monument from Westminster Abbey), that the beautiful and accomplished "Ada" is happily married to the man of her choice, the Earl of Lovelace, son of the well-remembered Lord King.

Though the strained mast should quiver as a reed,
 And the rent canvass fluttering strew the gale,
 Still must I on ; for I am as a weed,
 Flung from some rock, on Ocean's foam, to sail
 Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail.

* * * * *

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell,
 Then shrieked the timid—and stood still the brave ;
 Then some leaped overboard with dreadful yell,
 As eager to anticipate their grave :
 And the sea yawned around her like a hell,
 And down she sucked with her the whirling wave,
 Like one who grapples with his enemy,
 And strives to strangle him before he die.
 And first, one universal shriek there rushed,
 Louder than the loud ocean ; like a crash
 Of echoing thunder : And then all was hushed,
 Save the wild wind, and the remorseless dash
 Of billows ; but, at intervals, there gushed,
 Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
 A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
 Of some strong swimmer in his agony.*

THE CREEK-INDIAN CHIEF'S RELATION OF HIS FORTUNES AND MARRIAGE.

TOBIN.†

In the excellent Drama of the Indians, the governor of a Spanish settlement sends his daughter, for purposes of policy, into the prison of the leader of the Creeks, an Englishman by birth, who thus relates his story:—

SOME years are past (no matter now the cause)
 Like jarring friends, I, and my country parted ;—

* “As a piece of terrible painting, this is as much superior as can be to every description of the kind—not even excepting that in the *Æneid*—that ever was created.”—*Vide “Blackwood” for Aug. 1819.*

† The worthy and talented Author of the “*Honey Moon*,” Mr. Tobin, (who was a respectable Solicitor in London,) died at sea on his passage to the West Indies, whither he was going for the benefit of his health. “*The Honey Moon*,” as is well known, besides being a most successful acting-Comedy, contains some as delectable portions of poetry as our language affords.

I sought my fortune 'midst the Indian Creeks.
 'Twas at the close of a long sultry day,
 Upon a wild savanna, faint with hunger,
 Shook with a fever, I looked round in vain
 For trace of living object, man or beast :
 But all was horrid stillness :—on the ground
 I lay me down in absolute despair ;
 So very sick at heart, that when at last
 My jaded senses dropt into oblivion,
 I cared not, if mine eye-lids, as they closed,
 Should ever open on another dawn.
 But long I slept not ; sudden in mine ear
 These accents softly whispered—“ Wake, poor man !
 White man, awake ! the rattle-snake is near !
 The tiger is not couched yet ! ”—I awoke :
 It was a woman—she drew back awhile
 To gaze full on me, and put forth her hand
 With such a look of kindness (pardon me,
 I ne'er can think on't with impunity !)—
 She led me to her hut—brought me fresh food,
 And water from the spring—watched o'er my sleep ;
 And, when I awoke, she brought me food again :
 Thus, three long weeks she nursed me, and, meanwhile,
 Taught me her language, with a breath so sweet,
 And was so apt a scholar learning mine,
 (For of such little offices as these,
 The mighty sum of love is all made up !)
 That, with reviving health, I drew in that
 Which wanted still a cure : and not long after,
 When of the Creeks I was appointed chief,
 Then I remembered *Zoa*, and her care
 Of me at life's extremity. Yes, then,
 In the full face of our assembled warriors,
 I took her for my wife ; and shall I leave her ?
 No : not for all the white complexioned dames
 That dazzle Europe : Never !—Never !

 THE MAGDALEN.—A FRAGMENT.

BARRY CORNWALL.

I do remember it. 'Twas such a face
 As Guido would have loved to dwell upon ;

But oh ! the touches of his pencil never
Could paint her perfect beauty. In her home
(Which once she did desert) I saw her last ;
Propped up by pillows, swelling round her like
Soft heaps of snow, yielding, and fit to bear
Her faded figure.—I observed her well :
Her brow was fair, but *very* pale, and looked
Like stainless marble ; a touch methought would soil
Its whiteness. O'er her temple one blue vein
Ran like a tendril ; one through her shadowy hand
Branched like the fibre of a leaf—away.
Her mouth was tremulous, and her cheek wore then
A flush of beautiful vermilion,
But more like art than nature ; and her eye
Spoke as became the youthful Magdalen,
Dying and broken-hearted.

“BE KIND!”

ANONYMOUS.

Be kind to thy father—for when thou wert young,
Who loved thee so fondly as he ?
He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,
And joined in thine innocent glee.
Be kind to thy father, for now he is old,
His locks intermingled with grey,
His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold ;
Thy father is passing away.
Be kind to thy mother—for lo ! on her brow,
May traces of sorrow be seen ;
O well may'st thou cherish and comfort her now,
For loving and kind hath she been.
Remember thy mother—for thee will she pray,
As long as God giveth her breath,
With accents of kindness, then cheer her lone way,
E'en to the dark valley of death.
Be kind to thy brother—his heart will have dearth,
If the smile of thy love be withdrawn ;
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth,
If the dew of affection be gone.

Be kind to thy brother—wherever you are,
 The love of a brother shall be
 An ornament purer and richer by far,
 Than pearls from the depths of the sea.

Be kind to thy sister—not many may know
 The depths of true sisterly love;
 The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
 The surface that sparkles above.

Thy kindness shall bring to thee many sweet hours
 And blessings thy pathway to crown;
 Affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers,
 More precious than wealth or renown.

LOVE COMPARED TO THE GOUT.

CRABBE.—“*Tales of the Hall.*”

[The following little dialogue seems to require a few prefatory observations. The subject is the meeting of two brothers who had been long apart, and, during the separation, the younger (Richard) had got married, and was struggling with the world, and a large family; while the elder (George, who had remained Benedict) had been successful, and had accumulated considerable wealth. After the long separation, they have just met, and Richard has been detailing the happy circumstances of his married life to his brother, who, with some incredulity, replies,]

GEORGE. “Thanks, my dear Richard; and I pray thee, deign
 To speak the truth—does all this love remain,
 And all this joy? for views and flights sublime,
 Ardent and tender, are subdued by time.
 Speak’st thou of her to whom thou mad’st thy vows,
 Of my fair sister, of thy lawful spouse?
 Or art thou talking some *frail love* about
 The *rambling* fit before the *abiding* gout?”

Richard. “Nay, spare me, brother, an *adorer* spare:
Love and the *gout*! thou wouldst not these *compare*?”

George. “Yea, and correctly; teasing ere they come,
 They then confine their victim to his home:
 In both are previous feints and false attacks,
 Both place the grieving patient on their racks!
 They *both* are ours, with all they bring, *for life*;
 ’Tis not in us to expel or *gout* or *wife*!”

On man a kind of dignity they shed,
 A sort of gloomy pomp about his bed:
 Then, if he leaves them, go where'er he will,
 They have a claim upon his body still;
 Nay, when they quit him, as they sometimes do,
 What is there left to enjoy, or to pursue?
 But dost thou love this woman?

Richard. "O! beyond
 What I can tell thee of the true and fond!
 Hath she not *soothed* me, *sick*, *enriched* me, *poor*,
 And banished death and misery from my *door*?
 Hath she not cherished every moment's bliss,
 And made an *Eden* of a world like *this*?
 When *Care* would strive with us his watch to keep,
 Hath she not sung the snarling fiend to sleep?
 And when *distress* has looked us in the face,
 Has she not told him, 'Thou art not *disgrace*?'"

APOSTROPHE TO LOVE,—THE COTTER'S EVENING WORSHIP, &c.

BOANS.

O HAPPY love! where love like this is found;
 O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
 I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
 And sage experience bids me this declare—
 "If heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
 "One cordial in this melancholy vale,
 "'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
 "In others' arms breathe out the tender tale,
 "Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."
 Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
 A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
 Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
 Woe to his perjured arts! dissembling smooth!
 Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exiled?
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their child,
 Then paints the ruined maid, and their distraction wild?

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
 How Abram was the friend of God on high ;
 Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny ;
 Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire !
 Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;
 Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire ;
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.
 Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;
 How He, who bore in Heaven the second name,
 Had not on earth whereon to lay his head :
 How his first followers and servants sped ;
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land ;
 How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand ;
 And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced by Heaven's
 command.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
 The saint, the father, and the husband prays :
 Hope " springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
 That thus they all shall meet in future days :
 There ever bask in uncreated rays,
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear :
 While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.
 Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
 In all the pomp of method and of art,
 When men display to congregations wide,
 Devotion's every grace, except the heart !
 The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;
 But haply, in some cottage, far apart,
 May hear, well-pleased, the language of the soul :
 And in his book of life the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their several way ;
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest ;
 The parent pair their secret homage pay,
 And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,

That He, who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
 And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
 Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
 For them, and for their little ones, provide;
 But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.
 From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
 That makes her loved at home, revered abroad;
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
 "An honest man's the noblest work of God!"
 And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
 The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
 What is a lordling's pomp!—a cumbrous load,
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
 Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!
 O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
 For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
 And, O! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
 From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
 Then, how'er crowns and coronets be rent,
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved Isle.
 O Thou! who poured the patriotic tide
 That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart;
 Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part!
 (The patriot's God, peculiarly, Thou art,
 His friend, inspirer, guardian and reward!)
 O never, never, Scotia's realm desert;
 But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

LETTER TO MR. CUNNINGHAM.

BURNS.

CANST thou minister to a mind diseased? Canst thou speak
 peace and rest to a soul tossed on a sea of troubles, without one
 friendly star to guide her course, and dreading that the next

surge may overwhelm her? Canst thou give to a frame, tremblingly alive to the tortures of suspense, the stability and hardihood of the rock that braves the blast? If thou canst not do the least of these, why wouldst thou disturb me in my miseries with thy inquiries after me?

For these two months I have not been able to lift a pen. My constitution and frame were, *ab origine*, blasted with a deep and incurable taint of hypochondria, which poisons my existence. Of late a number of domestic vexations, and some pecuniary share in the ruin of these ***** times—losses which, though trifling, were yet what I could ill bear—have so irritated me, that my feelings at times could only be envied by a reprobate spirit listening to the sentence that dooms it to perdition.

Are you deep in the language of consolation? I have exhausted in reflection every topic of comfort. *A heart at ease* would have been charmed with my sentiments and reasonings; but as to myself, I was like Judas Iscariot preaching the gospel: he might melt and mould the hearts of those around him, but his own kept its native incorrigibility. Still there are two great pillars that bear us up, amid the wreck of misfortune and misery. The one is composed of the different modifications of a noble, stubborn something in man, known by the names of courage, fortitude, magnanimity. The other is made up of those feelings and sentiments, which, however the sceptic may deny, or the enthusiast disfigure, are yet, I am convinced, original and component parts of the human soul; those *senses of the mind*, if I may be allowed the expression, which connect us with, and link us *to*, those awful obscure realities—an all-powerful, and equally beneficent God; and a world to come, beyond death and the grave. The first gives the nerve of combat, while a ray of hope beams on the field;—the last pours the balm of comfort into the wounds which time can never cure.

I do not remember, my dear Cunningham, that you and I ever talked on the subject of religion at all. I know some who laugh at it, as the trick of the crafty few, to lead the undiscerning MANY; or at most as an uncertain obscurity, which mankind can never know anything of, and with which they are fools if they give themselves much to do. Nor would I quarrel with a man for his irreligion, any more than I would for his want of a musical ear. I would regret that he was shut out from what, to me and to others, were such superlative sources of enjoyment. It is in this point of view, and for this reason,

that I will deeply imbue the mind of every child of mine with religion. If my son should happen to be a man of feeling, sentiment, and taste, I shall thus add largely to his enjoyments. Let me flatter myself that this sweet little fellow (who is just now running about my desk,) will be a man of a melting, ardent, glowing heart; that he will possess an imagination, delighted with the painter, and rapt with the poet. Let me figure him wandering out in a sweet evening to inhale the balmy gales, and enjoy the growing luxuriance of the spring; himself the while in the blooming youth of life. He looks abroad on all nature, and through nature up to nature's God. His soul, by swift, delighting degrees, is rapt above this sublunary sphere, until he can be silent no longer, and bursts out in the glorious enthusiasm of Thomson,

"These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God.—The rolling year
Is full of thee."

These are no ideal pleasures; they are real delights; and I ask, what of the delights among the sons of men are superior, not to say equal, to them? And they have this precious, vast addition, that conscious virtue stamps them for her own; and lays hold on them to bring herself into the presence of a witnessing, judging, and approving God.

LETTER TO JOHN FRANCIS ERSKINE, ESQ. OF MAR.

BURNS.

DEGENERATE as human nature is said to be; and, in many instances, worthless and unprincipled it is; still there are bright examples to the contrary; examples that, even in the eyes of superior beings, must shed a lustre on the name of Man.

Such an example I have now before me, when you, Sir, came forward to patronize and befriend a distant, obscure stranger, merely because poverty had made him helpless, and his British hardihood of mind had provoked the arbitrary wantonness of power. My much esteemed friend, Mr. Riddel of Glenriddel, has just read me a paragraph of a letter he had from you. Accept, Sir, of the silent throb of gratitude; for words would but mock the emotions of my soul.

You have been misinformed as to my final dismission from the Excise; I am still in the service.—Indeed, but for the exertions of a gentleman who must be known to you, Mr. Graham of Fintry,—a gentleman, who has ever been my warm and generous friend,—I had, without so much as a hearing, or the slightest previous intimation, been turned adrift, with my helpless family, to all the horrors of want. Had I had any other resource, probably I might have saved them the trouble of a dismission; but the little money I gained by my publication, is almost every guinea embarked to save from ruin an only brother, who, though one of the worthiest, is by no means one of the most fortunate of men.

In my defence to their accusations, I said, that, whatever might be my sentiments of republics, ancient or modern, as to Britain I abjured the idea:—That a Constitution, which, in its original principles, experience had proved to be every way fitted for our happiness in society, it would be insanity to sacrifice to an untried visionary theory:—That, in consideration of my being situated in a department, however humble, immediately in the hands of people in power, I had forborne taking any active part, either personally, or as an author, in the present business of REFORM. But that, where I must declare my sentiments, I would say there existed a system of corruption between the executive power and the representative part of the legislature, which boded no good to our glorious Constitution, and which every patriotic Briton must wish to see amended. Some such sentiments as these, I stated in my letter to my generous patron Mr. Graham, which he laid before the board at large; where, it seems, my last remark gave great offence; and one of our supervisors-general, a Mr. Corbet, was instructed to inquire on the spot, and to document me—"That my business was to act, *not to think*; and that, whatever might be men or measures, it was for me to be *silent and obedient*."

Mr. Corbet was likewise my steady friend; so between Mr. Graham and him, I have been partly forgiven; only I understand, that all hopes of my getting officially forward, are blasted.

Now, Sir, to the business in which I would more immediately interest you. The partiality of my Countrymen has brought me forward as a man of genius, and has given me a character to support.

In the POET, I have avowed manly and independent sen-

timents, which I trust will be found in the MAN ! Reasons of no less weight than the support of a wife and family, have pointed out as the eligible, and, situated as I was, the only eligible, line of life for me, my present occupation. Still my honest fame is my dearest concern ; and a thousand times have I trembled at the idea of those *degrading* epithets that malice or misrepresentation may fix to my name. I have often, in blasting anticipation, listened to some future hackney scribbler, with the heavy malice of savage stupidity, exulting in his hireling paragraphs—"BURNS, notwithstanding the *fanfaronnade* of independence to be found in his works, and after having been held forth to public view, and to public estimation, as a man of some genius, yet, quite destitute of resources within himself to support his borrowed dignity, dwindled into a paltry exciseman, and slunk out the rest of his insignificant existence in the meanest of pursuits, and among the vilest of mankind."

In your illustrious hands, Sir, permit me to lodge my disavowal and defiance of these slanderous falsehoods. — BURNS was a poor man from birth, and an exciseman by necessity : but, *I will* say it ! the sterling of his honest worth no poverty could debase, and his independent British mind oppression might bend, but could not subdue ! Have not I, to me, a more precious stake in my country's welfare, than the richest dukedom in it ?—I have a large family of children, and the prospect of many more. I have three sons, who, I see, already have brought into the world souls ill qualified to inhabit the bodies of SLAVES.—Can I look tamely on, and see any machination to wrest from them the birth-right of my boys,—the little independent BRITONS, in whose veins run my own blood ?—No, I will not ! should my heart's blood stream around my attempt to defend it !

Does any man tell me, that my full efforts can be of no service ; and that it does not belong to my humble station to meddle with the concerns of a nation ?

I can tell him that it is on such individuals as I, that a nation has to rest ; both for the hand of support, and the eye of intelligence. The uninformed MOB may swell a nation's bulk ; and the titled, tinsel, courtly throng, may be its feathered ornament ; but, the number of those who are elevated enough in life to reason and to reflect, yet low enough to keep clear of the venal contagion of a court ;—these are a nation's strength.

I know not how to apologize for the impertinent length of,

this epistle; but one small request I must ask of you farther—When you have honoured this letter with a perusal, please to commit it to the flames. BURNS, in whose behalf you have so generously interested yourself, I have here, in his native colours, drawn *as he is*; but, should any of the people in whose hands is the very bread he eats, get the least knowledge of the picture, *it would ruin the poor BARD for ever!**

LONDON.

R. MUDIE.—“*Babylon the Great.*”

LONDON may be considered, not merely as the capital of England or the British empire, but as the metropolis of the world,—not merely as the seat of a government which extends its connexions and exercises its influence to the remotest points of the earth's surface,—not merely as it contains the wealth and the machinery by which the freedom and the slavery of nations are bought and sold,—not merely as the heart, by whose pulses and tides intelligence, activity, and commerce are made to circulate throughout every land,—not merely as possessing a freedom of opinion, and a hardihood in the expression of that opinion, unknown to every other city,—not merely as taking the lead in every informing science, and in every useful and embellishing art,—but as being foremost, and without a rival, in every means of aggrandisement and enjoyment, and also of neglect and misery—of every thing that can render life sweet and man happy, or that can render life bitter and man wretched!

Considered by itself, and without reference to the power and influence of that government of which it is the chief locality, or of the extended ramifications of those people of which it forms the connecting link, it is a great nation in respect of the numbers of its people, and a mighty one when their wealth, their

* Though Burns' letters have been charged with a tinge of pedantry and assumption, a modern critic, Dr. Drake, has said—and perhaps, upon the whole, justly—that “Modern Europe has not equalled the epistolary productions of Cowper and Burns.” The unfortunate *Ayrshire* Bard died in 1796, in the 38th year of his age. This highly gifted genius (who has been called the “Shakspeare of Scotland”) has been considered to possess the *humour* of SMOLLETT; the *tenderness* of STERNE or RICHARDSON; the *real life* of FIELDING; and the *descriptive powers* of THOMSON.

intelligence, their concentration, and the prompt and immediate use to which all of them can apply their talents, are taken into the account. Within a circumference, the radius of which does not exceed five miles, there are never fewer than two millions of human beings; and if the great bell of St. Paul's were swung to the full pitch of its tocsin-sound, more ears would hear it than could hear the loudest roaring of *Ætna* or *Vesuvius*,—or, indeed, the mightiest elemental crash that could happen at any other spot upon the earth's surface; and if one were to take one's station in the ball or the upper gallery of that great edifice, the wide horizon, crowded as it is with men and their dwellings, would form a panorama of industry and of life, more astonishing than could be gazed upon from any other point. In the streets immediately below, the congregated multitude of men, of animals, and of machines, diminished as they are by the distance, appear like streams of living atoms reeling to and fro; and, as they are lost in the vapoury distances (rendered murky by the smoke of a million fires), the sublime but sad thought of the clashing and careering streams of life hurrying to, and losing themselves in, the impervious gloom of eternity, starts across the mind. Nor is the contemplation of the marvels of man's making, which that horizon displays, less wonderful than the multitudes and the movements of the men themselves. It seems as if the wand of an enchanter had been stretched out, or the fiat of a creating Divinity had gone forth over every foot of the land and of the waters. To-day one may discover a line of hovels; a month passes, and there is a rank of palaces. Now, the eye may haply light upon a few spots of that delicious green which is the native vesture of Old England; but, ere the moon has exhibited all the phases of her brief circle of change, the earth shall have been moulded into abodes for the ever-accumulating multitude. House after house, palace after palace, street after street, and square after square—it stretches on and on, till the eye fails in catching its termination, and the fancy easily pictures it as every where gliding into the infinitude of space.—If the love of moralizing, or even the common reflection of man, shall happen to come upon him who stands upon this airy height, and views the magnificence, the bustle, and the confusion of the great *Babylon* beneath and around him, there is one subject that he cannot easily overlook; and that is, — Where have gone those countless multitudes, which, during hundreds of years, and, for aught that history tells

to the contrary, during hundreds of ages, succeeded one another in this most wonderful of cities? He will look to the places of their residence,—little lowly spots of dull earth, scattered here and there, and deformed by a few crumbling stones, the inscriptions upon which men are forgetting, or have forgotten; and he will remark the vast difference that there is between the stir and bustle and pretence of one generation of living men, and the stilly silence and unobtruding humility of a thousand generations that are now in the dust. He will think of the atoms of once animated clay, that must be scattered through, and mingled with, every thing in such a place: and he cannot refrain from imagining that the present inhabitants of London trample upon the bodies of their ancestors in the streets, and tenant them in the houses. When the merchant trudges through the mire from his warehouse to his banker's, or from his counting-house to 'Change, one component part of the mire that cleaves to his boots may be the substance of a merchant of the olden times, who was as keen in the pursuit, and as comfortable in the enjoyment of wealth as himself. The foot of the barrister, as he runs from court to court, may fall upon part of the tongue of him after whom he copies his eloquence—the chariot-wheel of the peer may roll over the head of the peer who preceded him—the mud which soils the slipper of the present beauty, may have bloomed in the cheek of one as fair and as fascinating—and the walls of the apartment where aldermen dine, may be plastered with those who in their time dined as copiously and with as fond a zest.—The train of speculation which this single thought opens up, runs into channels into which feeling will not look, and which fancy fears to imagine; and London seems as wonderful in the multitudes which it has lost, as in those which it displays in every shade of station, of conduct, and of character.

JOHN BULL.

R. MUDIE.—“*Babylon the Great.*”

THE imprint upon John is as deeply stamped as upon a Greek medal; and wherever you find him, whether in London or Calcutta, whatever be his rank, and whether he commands or obeys, he never can be mistaken. Every where he is a blunt matter of fact sort of being, very honest, but cold, and repulsive withal.

He has the solidity of a material substance all over ; and you can never fail to observe, that wherever he is, or with whomsoever he associates, John always considers himself the foremost man,—nor will he take an advice or a lesson from any body that previously gives him a hint that he needs it. Wherever he is, too, you can perceive that his own comfort—his own immediate personal comfort—is the grand object of all his exertions, and all his wishes.

John Bull, if he thinks there is any chance of making a profit by it, will bargain with you at first sight; but before you can make an intimate of him, you must court him as you would a lady ; and even then, if you be romantic in your friendships, you soon discover that his friendship, like the love of a coquette, is not much worth the having. He gives you cold and polite civility before his courting, and he has not much more to give you after. There is such a mechanical formality, and such a frank avowal of that selfishness which other people may feel just as strongly, but which they are more careful to conceal, that you do not enjoy the luxury of an Englishman's feast with half the zest that you would a handful of dates with the Bedouin in the desert.

But, while he is thus the coldest friend that you can imagine, he is the safest neighbour, and the most fair-dealing and generous enemy : while he keeps his own castle like a bashaw, he never thinks of invading yours. Comfort—meaning thereby the capacity of purchasing whatever he thinks will render himself snug ; and independence—that is, feeling that he can do whatever he wishes, and say whatever he thinks,—being the grand objects with him, he cares not a straw for those adventitious, and perhaps ideal distinctions, that so much plague the rest of the world. His pride—and pride he has in great abundance—is not the pride of Haman ; he cares not a straw though Mordecai the Jew should sit ever so long at his gate, his only solicitude being that the said Mordecai shall not come within it, without the special permission of the owner, and that granted for something that shall conduce to the said owner's advantage or comfort.

His selfishness is not like the selfishness of most other nations : it does not go out after ideal whims and visionary fancies, but remains constant and attentive to himself. No man can devote himself more entirely or more successfully to the accumulation of wealth than John Bull, nor is any nation so little

careful of kicking away and despising the ladder (if an unseemly one) by which he climbs to opulence, as the English. Let it be the humblest profession in the world—the sale of carrion, or the collecting of rags or rubbish, and that in consequence of success in it he is able to retire to his box, and set up his equipage in the purlieus of the metropolis:—John Bull never despises the carrion or the dust; they are the best of all possible things, and, in his estimate, for the best of all possible reasons, “they made him a warm man, and he is now as snug as a lord.”

His pride, too, is a plant of English growth; and though he boasts a good deal, his boasts are not of the kind met with in the rest of the world. You never hear him giving himself airs on account of his ancestry; for if John be what he calls warm, he cares not a straw whether his grandfather was a duke or a dustman. “Every man is himself, and no man is his father,” is John’s theory; and upon this theory he acts very steadily. It is true that he does boast of being an Englishman,—that he does reckon his being born somewhere between Lowestoff and St. David’s, and between Penzance and Berwick, as being a much more fortunate circumstance than if he had drawn his first breath in any other locality in the solar system. Old England is his, and he is Old England’s: there is nothing like it in all the world; it can enrich the world, instruct the world, and, if properly provoked, *conquer the world!*

CHARACTER OF MR. WILBERFORCE.

ANONYMOUS.

HE whose wish is to emancipate opinion from penalty, will rejoice to have for his companion the man who has so eloquently pleaded the Catholic cause, and who for years stood forth the irrepressible champion of the rights of the Negro. Indeed, when I consider the ardent and persevering struggle which Mr. Wilberforce so long maintained against the united strength of power and prejudice, and contemplate his final success in that noble work, I feel it to be a humiliation to descend to scan petty defects, and the mere errors of our common humanity. Who that looks upon an abundant harvest, ripened by the rays of a summer sun, will sit down to calculate how often that sun has been overclouded? Or, to come more to men and things, who would estimate Locke by his prolixity, or Shake-

peare by his puns ? Yet such is the rage for analyzing faults ;—the common mind is so much more fitted to seize a flaw, than to comprehend an excellence, that a writer would be thought most blind and partial who would suffer even a *saint* to pass by unreprehended. What then can be alleged against Mr. Wilberforce ? Want of decision (arising, some think, from timidity) seems to be his principal foible. Often will he support a position in a strain of eloquence to which the House is but little accustomed, and end in persuading almost every mind but his own. He has at length, however, broken the chain of his scruples, and, with a warmth of language and manner quite his own, unequivocally recommended the abolition of penal statutes in religion. The speeches of Mr. Wilberforce, indeed, are among the very few good things now remaining in the British Parliament : his diction is elegant, rich, and spirited : his tones are so distinct and so melodious, that the most hostile ear hangs on them delighted. Then his address is so insinuating, that, if he talked nonsense, you would feel yourself obliged to hear him. I recollect when the House had been tired night after night with discussing the endless questions relating to Indian policy, when the commerce and finances and resources of our oriental empire had exhausted the lungs of all the speakers, and the patience of all the auditors—at that period, Mr. Wilberforce, with a just confidence in his powers, ventured to broach the hackneyed subject of Hindoo conversion. He spoke three hours, but nobody seemed fatigued : all, indeed, were pleased—some with the ingenious artifices of his manner, but most with the glowing language of his heart. Much as I differed from him in opinion, it was impossible not to be delighted with his eloquence : and though I wish most heartily that the Hindoos might be left to their own trinity, yet I felt disposed to agree with him, that some good must arise to the human mind, by being engaged in a controversy which will exercise most of its faculties. Mr. Wilberforce is now verging towards age,* and speaks but seldom ; he, however, never speaks without exciting a wish that he would say more ; he maintains, like Mr. Grattan, great respectability of character, by disdaining to mix in the daily paltry squabbles of party : he is no hunter after place, though it has been said he is a little too much haunted with a passion for which he may quote the authority of St. Paul, of

* Written in 1814 or 1815.

pleasing all men, and of being all to all.—I was sorry that the representative of the greatest county in the kingdom condescended to sit as member for a borough. But something must be forgiven to an old man whose habits are formed. Parliament has been to him the scene of all his active exertions, of his pleasures and his glory. We can pardon the old dramatist who goes every night to take his unviolated seat in the pit: we sympathize with the old soldier, who would hobble a whole day's march to see a review: and shall less indulgence be given to the man who shows a fondness to cling to the place ennobled by the memory of great men now no more, and *endeared by the recollection of his own triumphs!* I confess I always look with equal respect and pleasure on this eloquent veteran, lingering among his bustling, but far inferior posterity; and well has he a *right* to linger on the spot where he achieved one of the greatest laurels that ever brightened in the wreath of fame: a laurel better than that of the hero, as it is not stained with blood or tears: better even than that of the statesman who improves the civilization of his country, inasmuch as to create is better than to improve. And the man whose labours abolished the Slave Trade, at one blow struck away the barbarism of a hundred nations, and elevated myriads of human beings, degraded to the brute, into all the dignified capacities of civilized man,—to have done this is the most noble, as it is the most useful work, which any individual could accomplish!*

CHARACTER OF SIR WILLIAM SCOTT,— LORD STOWELL.

ANONYMOUS.

AMONG the men of cultivated understanding who have directed their powers to the public service, it would not be easy to find one who has brought more natural and acquired energies into action than Sir William Scott. His understanding is acute and inquisitive, and full of that excellent quality, good sense, by which the mind is enabled to detect imposition, and to

* This eminent Christian, unwearied philanthropist, and distinguished Parliamentary orator, whose memory posterity will revere in more than one quarter of the globe, died in 1833, aged 73 years.

stand firm against the violence of enthusiastic declamation : it is also ambitious and comprehensive, never content with picking its way through small details, but seizes at once the whole subject matter with all its possible appendages, conscious that it can manage it all with the easiest mastery, arranging every compartment, and dovetailing every joint. Besides this, his mind is stored with the best ancient and modern learning, philosophical, polite, and technical ; and the whole is corrected and adorned with the finest taste. So gifted and so improved, he is a person to whom it would be difficult to find a parallel, even on the bench of English judicature, though that bench has been frequently adorned with the most learned and accomplished men. Lord Coke is so mere a unique, that it would be ridiculous to compare him with any living thing, unless indeed he would come to earth, and furnish me with one of his own ludicrous and inimitable similes. The mind of the great and good Sir Matthew Hale was disfigured with bigotry, and perhaps with ostentation. Lord Somers was an honest man, of various and extensive learning, and with a very elegant taste : but he showed, occasionally, an infirmity of mind that corresponds but too accurately with that unhappy deprivation of his intellect that visited his later years.

Next to these, and in some respects greater than these, was Lord Mansfield, a man who at one time was the idol of all parties, and who even to the last, and in the midst of political animosities, retained the admiration of his enemies. He possessed a more extended fame than usually falls to the lot of a lawyer : yet I think that, judging solely from the Books of Reports, no man could fairly say that any one of them could be put on an equality with some of those masterly interpretations of the law of nations, which are reported to have come from the lips of Sir William Scott. There is one judgment, and on a different subject, which strikes me as the finest combination of well-digested learning and elegant taste that can be found in the range of our literature. It is the decision in the case of Dalrymple and Dalrymple, where he has thought proper to discuss the whole doctrine of Scotch marriages, as well as to reason on the particular facts of the transaction laid before him. The quantity of reading there displayed is, perhaps, no more than should be expected from every judge ; but who else could have distributed it with a skill which enforces conviction, and *alone* amounts almost to eloquence ? Who else could have

supplied the deep thinking and discriminative view of human character? Who else could have handled the nicer parts of the subject with a delicacy from which the purest mind would not shrink? To speak a little of his Parliamentary conduct—he is an enemy to the claims of the Catholics, and this, no doubt, with many, detracts much from the enlargement of his understanding. The Catholic Question, though not to be treated as some affect to treat it, as the easiest and the most a matter of course of any thing in the world, certainly does seem one on which it is difficult for enlightened men long to doubt. I wish too well to that cause to go out of my way to explain and justify a conduct which is so positively hostile: but it is only justice to Sir W. Scott to observe that his perseverance is not that of a vulgar bigot. He takes higher ground, and seems to think that the predominant party in a state should not suffer another to rise to sufficient strength to be able to conflict with it for the superiority. The reasoning may perhaps be correct, but the fear, on which in this case it is founded, seems entirely visionary, and arises probably from early habits and prejudices. Perhaps, as he owes his elevation to the present system (though indeed such a man must have risen under any system), he may view innovation with distaste, and cling to the existing order from mere gratitude. I am aware that this concession will open a thousand mouths against me. “What! (I hear them exclaim) is your enlightened man degraded by the commonest prejudices of the commonest men?” This question admits a very extended answer, but I shall content myself with a very short one: “Yes, gentlemen, it may be so; and now make the most of the concession: deduct from his intellect all that even your anger shall think ought to be deducted on this score; and when you have so done, I will defy you to produce,—nor do I say this in spleen, for I am your friend,—but I defy you to produce in the ranks of your champions one who, even after these deductions are made, possesses so comprehensive and so enlightened a mind.”

Sir W. Scott began life as the tutor of his College, and his many improvements, together with his superior style of instruction, are still remembered there with gratitude and respect. He then became an active and learned Advocate, and has since presided in two courts, with an ability that has been equally serviceable to his country and to his own fame: for his name is not confined to this island, but is as much respected abroad as

it is at home. He is now old,* but he has lived long enough for glory: and whenever he passes away, he will leave a memory equally venerable for talents, integrity, and services done to the State; and, as far as I have ever heard, unsullied with one considerable stain.

LORD ELDON.

R. MUDIE.—“*Babylon the Great.*”

YOU enter the House of Lords just as the Chancellor has taken his seat upon the woolsack, and while there is no other person in the House, save a casual Bishop.—The Chancellor is the only person you behold, sitting with the imperturbable serenity and unbroken cheerfulness of a Brahmin at his devotions, amid the richness of some Indian solitude. You cannot help feeling pleased that you are enabled thus to contemplate this man,—many would compliment him by saying this *nobleman*—this foremost of England’s Peers, in importance of office, and (discounting prejudices) in clearness and in grasp of intellect—many would compliment Lord Eldon thus; but, it is more due to his being the architect of his own fortunes,—to his unbounded knowledge of justice and of equity between man and man—to his unwearied attention to his professional and parliamentary duties—to his undeviating straight-forwardness in his political course, erring and antiquated as that course may be, which will not bend itself to the line, or come out to the light of the spirit and practice of an ever-changing world, to pay the tribute to *man*! You are pleased, and you have great reason to be pleased, that you are enabled to contemplate Lord Eldon, without any thing to distract your observation or disturb your reflections; and when you look upon him, you cannot but feel that you are looking at a personage of no every-day occurrence. The lines of his face, deeply as they are marked, have none of those twistings and angularities which say that the spirit within (whatever may be its strength, or its sparkling), is apt to be blown about by the winds of adverse passions. There is a shrewdness—a perfect *approfondissement* in every point of his

* At the time of the third edition of the Rhetorical Reader’s going to press, this venerable ornament of his country was in the enjoyment of tolerable health, though in the 90th year of his age. His Lordship died in 1836, in his 91st year.

visage, which shows you that his mind can in an instant scan the whole, and measure the parts, of the most extensive and most complicated subject that can come before him; there is a firmness, and yet a softness and repose, in the strong muscles above his lips, which at once tell you that he will never utter what he does not himself believe, and that he will never utter it in a way which shall not be agreeable. His eyes, though they have the stillness and the apparent depth of mountain lakes when the wind dares not even whisper; and though they indicate that some profound mental operation is going on within,—some knotty point, darkened by all the sophistry of the bar, and damaged by the blundering of less clear-headed men of the bench, is in the act of being resolved, and brought back again to clearness and consistency—or some deeply laid and cunningly conducted fraud, by which generations unborn were all but spoiled of their heritage, is in the very act of being detected, exposed, put an end to,—though they tell you this, they have none of that dull filminess, that oblivious glimmer of hunting after thought, which deadens the eyes of minor men while in cogitation upon minor subjects: there plays a gentleness, a perfect good humour, a wit happy and harmless as that of an infant, and a something else which no one can name, about them, which, if you have any speculation in you at all, force you to come to the conclusion, that the cheerfulness which Lord Eldon has uniformly possessed during the very long period of his labours, is a cheerfulness resulting from the consciousness of having done his DUTY,—a consciousness in which, if you be free from prejudice, you cannot bring yourself to believe that he is mistaken.—Altogether, Lord Eldon is an uncommon man;—uncommon, not in a party or an administration merely, but uncommon in a nation or an age—even in nations or ages. Even his enemies, and they have been neither few nor silent, must concede to him the possession of natural talents and capacities of the very highest order; nor can they deny to him the largest stock of acquired knowledge—that is, more especially, of acquired *legal* knowledge, of any man now living.—That Lord Eldon—that the humbly descended, and for a long time unsuccessful and neglected, John Scott, should have risen to the very summit of trust-worthy and political office,—should have been for so long a period Lord Chancellor of England and Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, is equally creditable to himself and to his country! *

* The county of Northumberland may well be proud of having given

LORD ERSKINE.

R. MUDIE.—“*Babylon the Great.*”

THE Peers of Parliament are as thoroughly imbued with the principles and the love of liberty, and with the knowledge of every thing that can advance the interests of society, as any class of British subjects. Nor are they the less likely to exercise those feelings and defend those rights, because they are somewhat more measured in their temper and their eloquence than the members of the other House.

One of their Lordships—in point of ardent love of liberty and of man,—a man in whom the sheer and almost unbidden power of genius planted itself with a firmness, and shot up with a strength and a sublimity, to which there is nothing counterpart in the recent annals of the world. Born not under the most auspicious circumstances, and nurtured not upon the world's most flowery side, a portion of the genuine spirit of man—an intense breathing of that afflatus which not all the Courts and all the Colleges in the world can inspire, came upon the Hon. Thomas Erskine, and enabled him, in the teeth of many an adverse circumstance, to make a stand for English liberty, and take a station among British patriots, of which the genuine instances are but too easily numbered.

When a general movement toward revolution on the part of nations, and a general disposition to meet that movement with haughtiness and harshness on the part of their rulers, threatened to lacerate the social compact in many of the European states—when the government of this country, yet feeling the disgrace and defeat which it had sustained from its own colonists in the West, and dreading the dark clouds which were every where collecting in the most lowering and appalling shapes in the East, was disturbed from its usual wisdom, and driven away from its usual paternal solicitude, for the happiness, the prosperity, and the liberty of its subjects, and proceeding or preparing, or at least seeming

birth to the two illustrious lawyers, Lords Eldon and Stowell;—they would have been distinguished in any country and in any age; and though their *politics* are not popular—perhaps not liberal—no unprejudiced person can deny their unrivalled merit.—Lord Eldon died in 1838, in his 87th year.

to prepare, for modes of actions and lines of policy which, had they been adopted and proceeded in, might have embroiled it in the impending ruin, Thomas Erskine arose, and did perhaps more for the Government, and certainly more for the PEOPLE of England, than any other man of almost any time. When they who looked only to the stability of the throne, or, rather, to the security of their own places under the throne, were preparing, in the anguish of begun despair, to do that which even they never would have dreamed of in the exercise of judicious courage—when even the orators, who professed to despise that which they had schooled themselves in oratory in the hope of obtaining, were wavering and irresolute, or, at any rate, wasting their time, and dissipating their abilities, in Utopian projects of general reform, (which never were fitted, and probably never intended, to come into practical operation)—when the very corner-stone of England's Palladium was threatened to be moved from its place—when the most glorious leaf in the volume of her liberties, seemed about to be given as dry stubble to the blasts of anarchy—when that Jury of his Peers, by which England's best law says that every man shall be TRIED, was in jeopardy of being made a piece of idle mummary—when there was some danger that justice would abandon the scales of equity and the *curtana* of mercy, and grasp the crooked falchion of vengeance with both her hands—when, in short, England and England's weal were rocking to their very bases, and the governors and the governed were in the very act of being burst asunder, to meet again in the collision of national ruin,—it was then, *then* that Erskine, with no weapon save that of TRUTH, and no auxiliary but that of transcendent and overpowering genius, sprang forward at the very point of extremity, and by preserving the integrity of the law, worked at once the salvation of the throne and of the people !*

* This brilliant forensic orator died in 1823, aged 73. Though upwards of 25 years old when he commenced the study of "the law" (having previously served both in the army and navy,) he shortly became the most effective Counsel of his time; outshone, by his forcible and captivating eloquence, all his brother barristers; and, during Mr. Fox's administration, had the honour of becoming the first *subject in the State*—LORD CHANCELLOR !

PICTURE OF A LADY'S TAKING THE VEIL.

REV. GEO. CROLY.

IN the low echoes of the anthem's close
The murmurs of a distant chorus rose.
A portal opened ; in its shadow stood
A sable pomp, the hallowed sisterhood.
They led a white-robed form, young, delicate,
Where life's delicious spring was opening yet ;
Yet was she stately, and, as up the isle
She moved, her proud, pale lip half wore a smile :
Her eye was firm, yet those who saw it near,
Saw on its lash the glistening of a tear.
All to Sidonia's passing daughter bowed,
And she returned it gravely, like one vowed
To loftier things. But once she paused, and pressed,
With quick, strange force, her slight hand to her breast,
And her wan cheek was reddened with a glow
That spread its crimson to her forehead's snow,
As if the vestal felt the throes that wreak
Their stings upon young hearts about to break :
She struggled—sighed ; her look of agony
Was calmed, and she was at Sidonia's knee.
Her father's chasing tears upon her fell ;
His gentle heart abhorred the convent cell ;
Even now he bade her pause. She looked to Heaven ;
One long, wild pressure to his cheek was given,
Her pale lip quivered, would not say, "farewell !"
The bell gave one deep toll—it seemed her knell ;
She started, strove his strong embrace to sever,
Then rushed within the gate that shuts for ever.
The final, fatal rite was duly done,
The tress was shorn, the sable veil put on,
That shades like night the day of hope and youth—
The golden ring was given, the pledge of truth,
That bound on earth, grows firmer in the grave.

TO JESSY.

(*The following Stanzas were addressed by Lord Byron to his Lady,
a few months before their separation.*)

BYRON.

THERE is a mystic thread of life
So dearly wreathed with mine alone,
That destiny's relentless knife
At once must sever *both* or *none*.

THERE is a *form*, on which those eyes
Have often gazed with fond delight;
By day, that form their joy supplies,
And dreams restore it through the night.

THERE is a *voice*, whose tones inspire
Such thrills of rapture in my breast;
I would not hear a seraph choir
Unless that voice would join the rest.

THERE is a *face*, whose blushes tell
Affection's tale upon the cheek;
But, pallid at one fond farewell,
Proclaims more words than love can speak.

THERE is a *lip*, which mine hath prest,
And none had ever prest before;
It vowed to make me sweetly blest,
And mine, mine only, press it more.

THERE is a *bosom* all mine own,
Hath pillowed oft this aching head;
A *mouth*, which smiles on me alone;
An *eye*, whose tears with mine are shed.

THERE are two *hearts*, whose movements thrill
In unison so closely sweet,
That pulse to pulse, responsive still,
They both must heave, or cease to beat.

THERE are two *souls*, whose equal flow,
In gentle streams so calmly run,
That when they part, *they part*—*Oh! no!*
They cannot part—their souls are one!

THE SAILOR-ORPHAN BOY'S TALE.

MRS. OPIE.

STAY, lady—stay, for mercy's sake,
And hear a helpless orphan's tale :
Ah, sure my looks must pity wake—
'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale !
Yet I was once a mother's pride,
And my brave father's hope and joy :
But in the Nile's proud fight he died—
And I am now an orphan boy !

Poor, foolish child ! how pleased was I
When news of Nelson's victory came,
Along the crowded streets to fly,
To see the lighted windows flame !
To force me home my mother sought—
She could not bear to see my joy !
For with my father's life 'twas bought—
And made me a poor orphan boy !

The people's shouts were long and loud ;
My mother, shuddering, closed her ears ;
" Rejoice ! rejoice ! " still cried the crowd—
My mother answered with her tears !
" Oh ! why do tears steal down your cheeks, "
Cried I, " while others shout for joy ? "
She kissed me, and in accents weak,
She called me her poor orphan boy !

" What is an orphan boy ? " I said ;
When suddenly she gasped for breath,
And her eyes closed ; I shrieked for aid :—
But, ah ! her eyes were closed for death !
My hardships since I will not tell :
But now no more a parent's joy ;
Ah ! lady, I have learnt too well
What 'tis to be an orphan boy !

Oh ! were I by your bounty fed !
Nay, gentle lady, do not chide :
Trust me, I mean to earn my bread—
The sailor's orphan boy has pride.

"Lady, you weep:—what is't you say?
 You'll give me clothing, food, employ!
 Look down, dear parents! look, and see
 Your happy, happy, orphan boy!"

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

BYRON.*

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then
 Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair woman and brave men;
 A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!
 Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
 On with the dance; let joy be unconfined;
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing hours with flying feet:—
 But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
 Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

* Johnson has shrewdly said, "Few characters can bear the microscopic eye of Scrutiny!" How far those pseudo critics and provincial lecturers who, to please the party for which they write or speak, cast their pharisaical missiles at the head of the noble poet, and, in their profound want of feeling and taste, talk even "lightly" of his unrivalled productions—how far, it may be asked, those *Joseph-Surface*-like gentry apply the Doctor's apophthegm to *themselves*, it would be somewhat curious to speculate; and yet, perhaps, hardly worth the investigating;—certain it is, however, that their morals, as well as their intellect, are far inferior to those of the highly-gifted individual whom they wish to malign; and, "when the hand of time shall have swept" *them* and their *grovelling lucubrations* from the face of the earth, the poetical fame of Lord Byron will go on increasing, and his character, as the *most original poet of his time*, be admitted and established by posterity, both in Europe and America.

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain ; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with death's prophetic ear ;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell,
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness ;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated ; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon nights so sweet such awful morn could rise ?

And there was mounting in hot haste the steed :
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar ;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe ! they come !
they come !"

And wild and high the "Camerons' gathering" rose !
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard ; and heard, too, have her Saxon foes :—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill ! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears !

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas !

Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
 The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
 Battle's magnificently-stern array !
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
 The earth is covered thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent !

THE OCEAN,

An Image of the Immensity of Eternity.

BYRON.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society where none intrudes,
 By the deep Sea, and music in its roar :
 I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
 From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the Universe and feel,
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll !
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
 Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknelt, uncoffined, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
 Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
 And shake him from thee ; the vile strength he wields
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
 And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
 And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,
 And dashest him again to earth :—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals ;
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war ;
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into the yeast of waves, which mar
 Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?
 Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts :—not so *thou*,
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
 Such as Creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving ;—boundless, endless, and sublime—
 The image of Eternity—the throne—
 Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
 Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

THE LAST MINSTREL:

His address to his Native Country.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.*

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
The minstrel was infirm and old ;
His withered cheek, and tresses gray,
Seemed to have known a better day ;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy ;
The last of all the Bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry.
For well-a-day ! their date was fled
His tuneful brethren all were dead ;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them, and at rest.
No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
He carolled, light as lark at morn ;
No longer courted and caressed,
High-placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay ;
Old times were changed, old manners gone,
A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne ;
The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandering Harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door ;
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear.
He passed where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower ;
The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye—
No humbler resting-place was nigh.

* This extraordinary and versatile genius and amiable and excellent man (the successful author of a hundred volumes), after dazzling and delighting the whole reading world of two hemispheres during a quarter of a century, gradually sunk to rest in the bosom of his family in 1832, aged 61.

With hesitating step, at last,
The embattled portal-arch he passed,
Whose ponderous grate and massy bar
Had oft rolled back the tide of war,
But never closed the iron door
Against the desolate and poor
The Duchess* marked his weary pace,
His timid mien, and reverend face,
And bade her page the menials tell,
That they should tend the old man well :
For she had known adversity,
Though born in such a high degree ;
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb !

When kindness had his wants supplied,
And the old man was gratified,
Began to rise his minstrel pride :
And he began to talk anon,
Of good Earl Francis, dead and gone,
And of Earl Walter, rest him God !
A braver ne'er to battle rode :
And how full many a tale he knew,
Of the old warriors of Buccleuch ;
And, would the noble Duchess deign
To listen to an old man's strain,
Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak,
He thought even yet, the sooth to speak,
That, if she loved the harp to hear,
He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtained ;
The aged minstrel audience gained.
But, when he reached the room of state,
Where she, with all her ladies, sate,
Perchance he wished his boon denied :
For, when to tune his harp he tried,
His trembling hand had lost the ease
Which marks security to please ;
And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,
Came wildering o'er his aged brain—
He tried to tune his harp in vain.

* Ann, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth.

The pitying Duchess praised its chime,
And gave him heart, and gave him time,
Till every string's according glee
Was blended into harmony.
And then, he said, he would full fain
He could recal an ancient strain
He never thought to sing again.
It was not framed for village churls,
But for high dames, and mighty Earls ;
He had played it to King Charles the Good,
When he kept court in Holyrood ;
And much he wished, yet feared, to try
The long forgotten melody.

Amid the strings his fingers strayed.
And an uncertain warbling made,
And oft he shook his hoary head.
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face, and smiled ;
And lightened up his faded eye,
With all a poet's ecstasy !
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along !
The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot :
Cold diffidence, and age's frost,
In the full tide of soul were lost ;
Each blank, in faithless memory void,
The poet's glowing thought supplied ;
And, while his harp responsive rung,
'Twas thus the Latest Minstrel sung :—

“Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native land !
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,

From wandering on a foreign strand !
If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;
For him no Minstrel raptures swell ;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim .
Despite those titles, power, and pelf
The wretch, concentred all in self,

Living shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.

By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my withered cheek;
Still lay my head by Teviot-stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The Bard may draw his parting groan.

Sweet Teviot! on thy silver tide
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more;
No longer steel-clad warriors ride
Along thy wild and willowed shore;
Where'er thou wind'st by dale or hill,
All, all is peaceful, all is still.

As if thy waves, since Time was born,
Since first they rolled upon the Tweed,
Had only heard the shepherd's reed,

Nor started at the bugle-horn.
Unlike the tide of human time,
Which, though it change in ceaseless flow,
Retains each grief, retains each crime,
Its earliest course was doomed to know,
And, darker as it downward bears,
Is stained with past and present tears.

THE THREATENED INVASION.*

REV. ROBERT HALL, A. M.†

By a series of criminal enterprises, by the success of guilty ambition, the liberties of Europe have been gradually extinguished: the subjugation of Holland, Switzerland, and the free towns of Germany, has completed that catastrophe: and we are the only people in the eastern hemisphere who are in possession of equal laws, and a free constitution. Freedom, driven from every spot on the Continent, has sought an asylum in a country which she always chose for her favourite abode: but she is pursued even here, and threatened with destruction. The inundation of lawless power, after covering the whole earth, threatens to follow us here; and we are most exactly, most critically placed in the only aperture where it can be successfully repelled, *in the Thermopylae of the universe*. As far as the interests of freedom are concerned, (*the most important by far of sublunary interests!*) you, my countrymen, stand in the capacity of the fœderal representatives of the human race; for with you it is to determine (under God) in what condition the latest posterity shall be born; their fortunes are entrusted to your care, and on your conduct at this moment depends the colour and complexion of their destiny. If liberty, after being extinguished on the Continent, is suffered to expire here, whence is it ever to emerge in the midst of that thick night that will invest it? It remains with you then to decide, whether that freedom, at whose voice the kingdoms of Europe awoke from the sleep of ages, to run a career of virtuous emulation in every thing great and good; that freedom which dispelled the mists of superstition, and invited the nations to behold their God; whose magic torch kindled the rays of genius, the enthusiasm of poetry, and the flame of eloquence; that freedom which poured into our lap opulence and arts, and

* This selection formed the peroration of a Sermon preached October 19, 1803, when this country was threatened with an invasion from France; Napoleon Buonaparte having collected a large flotilla of flat-bottomed boats, and encamped 200,000 troops in the neighbourhood of Boulogne.

† This extraordinary man, the greatest pulpit orator of his time (whom Dr. Parr has so justly eulogized), died in 1831, aged 67. His acuteness and learning were surpassed only by his piety and patriotism!

embellished life with innumerable institutions and improvements, till it became a theatre of wonders; it is for you to decide whether this freedom shall yet survive, or be covered with a funeral pall, and wrapt in eternal gloom. It is not necessary to await your determination. In the solicitude you feel to approve yourselves worthy of such a trust, every thought of what is afflicting in warfare, every apprehension of danger must vanish, and you are impatient to mingle in the battle of the civilized world. Go then, ye defenders of your country, accompanied with every auspicious omen; advance with alacrity into the field, where God himself musters the host to war. Religion is too much interested in your success, not to lend you her aid; she will shed over this enterprise her selectest influence. While you are engaged in the field, many will repair to the closet, many to the sanctuary; the faithful of every name will employ that prayer which has power with God; the feeble hands which are unequal to any other weapon, will grasp the sword of the Spirit; and from myriads of humble, contrite hearts, the voice of intercession, supplication, and weeping, will mingle in its ascent to heaven with the shouts of battle and the shock of arms. The extent of your resources, under God, is equal to the justice of your cause. But should Providence determine otherwise, should you fall in this struggle, should the nation fall, you will have the satisfaction (*the purest allotted to man!*) of having performed your part; your names will be enrolled with the most illustrious dead; while posterity to the end of time, as often as they revolve the events of this period (and they will incessantly revolve them) will turn to you a reverential eye, while they mourn over the freedom which is entombed in your sepulchre. I cannot but imagine the virtuous heroes, legislators, and patriots of every age and country, are bending from their elevated seats to witness this contest, as if they were incapable, till it be brought to a favourable issue, of enjoying their eternal repose. Enjoy that repose, illustrious immortals! Your mantle fell when you ascended; and thousands, inflamed with your spirit, and impatient to tread in your steps, are ready to *swear by Him that sitteth upon the throne and liveth for ever and ever*, that they will protect FREEDOM in her last asylum, and never desert that cause which you sustained by your labours, and cemented with your blood. And Thou, sole Ruler among the children of men, to whom the shields of the earth belong, *gird on thy*

sword, thou Most Mighty : go forth with our hosts in the day of battle ! Impart, in addition to their hereditary valour, that confidence of success which springs from thy presence ! Pour into their hearts the spirits of departed heroes ! Inspire them with their own ; and, while led by thy hand, and fighting under thy banners, open thou their eyes to behold in every valley and in every plain, what the prophet beheld by the same illumination—chariots of fire and horses of fire ! *Then shall the strong man be as tow, and the maker of it as a spark ; and they shall both burn together, and none shall quench them.*

ON THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

REV. ROBERT HALL, A. M.

THAT such an event should affect us in a manner very superior to similar calamities which occur in private life, is agreeable to the order of nature, and the will of God ; nor is the profound sensation it has produced to be considered as the symbol of courtly adulation.* The catastrophe itself, it is true, apart from its peculiar circumstances, is not a rare occurrence. Mothers often expire in the ineffectual effort to give birth to their offspring : both are consigned to the same tomb, and the survivor, after witnessing the wreck of so many hopes and joys, is left to mourn alone, “ refusing to be comforted, because they are not.”

There is no sorrow which the imagination can picture, no sign of anguish which nature, agonised and oppressed, can exhibit, no accent of woe, but what is already familiar to the ear of fallen, afflicted humanity ; and the roll which Ezekiel beheld

* Pronounced *ad-ju-la-shun* : D like T, to which it is so nearly related, when it comes after the accent, either *primary* or *secondary*, and is followed by the diphthong *ia, ie, io, eu, or u* long, slides into the sound of the consonant *j* ; thus *soldier* is universally and justly pronounced as if written *solejur* ; *grandeur, gran-jur* ; and *verdure* (where it must be remembered that *u* is a diphthong) *ver-jure* ; and, for the same reason, *education* is elegantly pronounced *ed-jucation*.

But where the accent is upon the vowel, the preceding D or T is not aspirated—hence it is improper to pronounce *Duke* and *reduce*, as if *juke* and *rejuce* : and in *satiate*, where the accent precedes the consonant, it takes the sound of *she*, and is pronounced *sa-she-ate* ; but in the noun *satiety*, where the accent is upon the vowel, the preceding consonant is not aspirated, and the word is pronounced *sa-ti'-e-te*.

flying through the heavens, inscribed within and without, "with sorrow, lamentation, and woe," enters, sooner or later, into every house, and discharges its contents in every bosom. But, in the private departments of life, the distressing incidents which occur, are confined to a narrow circle. The hope of an individual is crushed; the happiness of a family is destroyed; but the social system is unimpaired, and its movements experience no impediment, and sustain no sensible injury. (The arrow passes through the air, which soon closes upon it, and all again is tranquil.) But when the great lights and ornaments of the world, placed aloft to conduct its inferior movements, are extinguished, such an event resembles the apocalyptic vial poured into that element which changes its whole temperature, and is the presage of fearful* commotions, of thunders, and lightnings, and tempests.

Born to inherit the most illustrious monarchy in the world, and united at an early period to the object of her choice, whose virtues amply justified her preference, the Princess enjoyed the highest connubial felicity, and had the prospect of combining all the tranquil enjoyments of private life, with the splendour of a royal station. Placed on the summit of society, to her every eye was turned, in her every hope was centred, and nothing was wanting to complete her felicity, excepting perpetuity. To a grandeur of mind suited to her illustrious birth and lofty destination, she joined an exquisite taste for the beauties of nature and the charms of retirement; where, far from the gaze of the multitude, and the frivolous agitations of fashionable life, she employed her hours in visiting, with her illustrious consort,† the

* When this adjective means *awful*, as it does here, it is pronounced as if written *ferful*; when the being afraid, *fereful*.

† A clever writer in "Bentley" for the present month (April, 1845), speaking of the admirable picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence of this incomparable Princess, says,—“I visited Claremont‡ during the first burst of

‡ Claremont!—the once superlatively happy, brilliant, *envied* Claremont—What an assemblage of reminiscences, and associations, does the writing of *thy* name conjure up! But to go into the subject *here* were alike impracticable and absurd! The adored mistress of this delightful mansion—the never-to-be-forgotten Princess Charlotte Augusta—was married on the 2nd of May, 1816, to the worthy object of her choice, Prince Leopold of Saxe Cobourg (uncle to our beloved, noble-spirited Queen, and, since 1831, King of Belgium.) and died at Claremont—having been “spared just long enough to hear the tidings of her infant’s death”—on the 6th of Nov., 1817.—ED.

cottages of the poor, in improving her virtues, in perfecting her reason, and acquiring the knowledge best adapted to qualify her for the possession of power, and the cares of empire.

One thing only was wanting to render our satisfaction complete, in the prospect of the accession of such a Princess; it was that she might become the living mother of children.

The long wished for moment at length arrived; but, alas! the event, anticipated with so much eagerness, will form the most melancholy page in our history. It is no reflection on this amiable Princess to suppose, that in her early dawn, with the "dew of her youth" so fresh upon her, she anticipated a long series of years, and expected to be led through successive scenes of enchantment, rising above each other in fascination and beauty. It is natural to suppose she identified herself with this great nation, which she was born to govern; and that while she contemplated its pre-eminent lustre in arts and in arms, its commerce encircling the globe, its colonies diffused through both hemispheres, and the beneficial effects of its institutions, extending over the whole earth; she considered them as so many component parts of her own grandeur. Her heart, we may well conceive, would often be ruffled with emotions of trembling

that universal lament which rung throughout England, which clothed our very churches in black, and called forth, (on the night when the cold remains of that lovely and royal creature were deposited in St. George's Chapel,) responsive services, and tolling bells, and the funeral chant in most of the parish churches in England,—I *then* visited Claremont. There I saw that exquisite effort of Lawrence's art. The face is delicacy itself, and has, indeed, a look of ill-health, perhaps to be accounted for merely on the score of the young ill-fated Princess's situation; perhaps, it might be an indication of a doom already sealed. A black mantle is held over the form, which seems enfeebled, and bears no longer the majestic air of the usual portraits. No coronet of roses decks her brow; but her hair, in careless curls, falls upon the fair, but scarcely tinted cheek. The attributes of the Princess are lost in the lovelier, though homelier characteristics of the woman. With what mournful interest must her royal husband (once her's alone) look upon that, the last portrait of that matchless being, when he visits Claremont. I have heard that he desires to be alone—and is sometimes long alone—in that chamber in which imagination can paint the agony,—the young mother's hopes,—their blight,—the heroic submission,—the look of fond affection,—the first love of that warm heart,—the whispered tenderness on either side,—the hands clasped in each other; then the chill,—the pain,—the ominous faintness,—the consternation around,—the suffering of a few short moments,—the farewell, *looked*, not uttered,—the *death*!"

ecstasy, when she reflected that it was *her* province to live entirely for others ; to compose the felicity of a great people ; to move in a sphere which would afford scope for the exercise of philanthropy the most enlarged, of wisdom the most enlightened ; and that, while others are doomed to pass through the world in obscurity, she was to supply the materials of history, and to impart that impulse to society which was to decide the destiny of future generations. Fired with the ambition of equalling, or surpassing, the most distinguished of her predecessors, she probably did not despair of reviving the remembrance of the brightest parts of their story, and of once more attaching the epoch of British glory to the annals of a female reign. It is needless to add, that the nation went with her, and probably, outstripped her in these delightful anticipations. We fondly hoped that a life so inestimable, would be protracted to a distant period, and that after diffusing the blessings of a just and enlightened administration, and being surrounded by a numerous progeny, she would gradually, in a good old age, sink under the horizon, amidst the embraces of her family, and the benedictions of her country. But, alas ! these delightful visions are fled, and what do we behold in their room, but the funeral pall and shroud, a palace in mourning, a nation in tears, and the shadow of death settled over both like a cloud ! O the unspeakable vanity of human hopes ! the incurable blindness of man to futurity ! ever doomed to grasp at shadows, to seize with avidity what turns to dust and ashes in his hand, "to sow the wind, and reap the whirlwind."—

Without the slightest warning, without the opportunity of a moment's immediate preparation, in the midst of the deepest tranquillity, at midnight a voice was heard in the palace, not of singing men and singing women, not of revelry and mirth, but the cry, "Behold the bridegroom cometh !" The mother in the bloom of youth, spared just long enough to hear the tidings of her infant's death, almost immediately, as if summoned by his spirit, follows him into eternity. "It is a night much to be remembered." Who foretold this event, who conjectured it, who detected at a distance the faintest presage of its approach, which, when it arrived, mocked the efforts of human skill, as much by their incapacity to prevent, as their inability to foresee it ! Unmoved by the tears of conjugal affection, unawed by the presence of grandeur and the prerogatives of power, inexorable death hastened to execute his stern commission, leaving nothing

to royalty itself, but to retire and weep. Who can fail to discern, on this awful occasion, the hand of Him who "bringeth princes to nothing, who maketh the judges of the earth as vanity;" who says, "they shall not be planted; yea, they shall not be sown; yea, their stock shall not take root in the earth;" and he "shall blow upon them, and they shall wither, and the whirlwind shall take them away as stubble."

But is it now any subject of regret, think you, to this amiable Princess so suddenly removed, "that her sun went down while it was yet day," or that, prematurely snatched from prospects the most brilliant and enchanting, she was compelled to close her eyes so soon on a world, of whose grandeur she formed so conspicuous a part? No! in the full fruition of eternal joys, for which we humbly hope Religion prepared her, she is so far from looking back with lingering regret on what she has quitted, that she is surprised it had the power of affecting her so much;—that she took so deep an interest in the scenes of this shadowy state of being, while so near to an "eternal weight of glory;" and, as far as memory may be supposed to contribute to her happiness, by associating the present with the past, it is not the recollection of her illustrious birth and elevated prospects, but that she visited the abodes of the poor, and learned to weep with those that weep; that, surrounded with the fascinations of pleasure, she was not inebriated by its charms; that she resisted the strongest temptations to pride, preserved her ears open to truth, was impatient of the voice of flattery; in a word, that she sought and cherished the inspirations of piety, and walked humbly with her God.

The nation has certainly not been wanting in the proper expression of its poignant regret, at the sudden removal of this most lamented Princess, nor of their sympathy with the royal family, deprived by this visitation of its brightest ornament. Sorrow is painted in every countenance, the pursuits of business and of pleasure have been suspended, and the kingdom is covered with the signals of distress. But what, my friends, (if it were lawful to indulge such a thought) what would be the funeral obsequies of a *lost soul*? Where shall we find tears fit to be wept at such a spectacle; or, could we realize the calamity in all its extent, what tokens of commiseration and concern would be deemed equal to the occasion? Would it suffice for the sun to veil his light, and the moon her brightness; to cover the ocean with mourning and the heavens with

sackcloth ; or, were the whole fabric of nature to become animated and vocal, would it be possible for her to utter a groan too deep, or a cry too piercing, to express the magnitude and extent of such a catastrophe !*

SOLITUDE.

BYRON.

Tis night, when Meditation bids us feel
 We once have loved, though love is at an end :
 The heart, lone mourner of its baffled zeal,
 Though friendless now, will dream it had a friend.
 Who with the weight of years would wish to bend,
 When Youth itself survives young Love and Joy ?
 Alas ! when mingling souls forget to blend,
 Death hath but little left him to destroy !
 Ah ! happy years ! once more who would not be a boy ?

Thus bending o'er the vessel's laving side,
 To gaze on Dian's wave-reflected sphere ;
 The soul forgets her schemes of hope and pride,
 And flies unconscious o'er each backward year.
 None are so desolate, but something dear,
 Dearer than self, possesses or possessed
 A thought, and claims the homage of a tear ;
 A flashing pang ! of which the weary breast
 Would still, albeit in vain, the heavy heart divest.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
 To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
 Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
 And mortal foot hath ne'er, or rarely been ;
 To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
 With the wild flock that never needs a fold ;
 Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean,
 This is not solitude ; 'tis but to hold
 Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled.

* As *this* selection of the justly celebrated Sermon has been copied without remark into other " Collections," the Editor of this volume deems it necessary to say that it was originally selected, as it is here given, by him.

But, 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
 To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
 And roam along the world's tired denizen,
 With none who bless us, none whom we can bless;
 Minions of splendour shrinking from distress!
 None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
 If we were not, would seem to smile the less,
 Of all that flattered, followed, sought and sued,
 This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE OF AFFECTION IN HUMBLE LIFE.

REV. GEORGE CRABBE.*

YES! there are† real mourners—I have seen
 A fair, sad girl, mild, suffering, and serene,
 Attention (through the day) her duties claimed,
 And to be useful as resigned she aimed;
 Neatly she dressed, nor vainly seemed to expect
 Pity for grief, or pardon for neglect;
 But when her wearied parents sunk to sleep,
 She sought her place to meditate and weep;

* This exemplary divine, and nature's admired truth-loving poet, died in 1832, aged 78. He was born at Aldborough, in Suffolk.

† The copula here ("are") is accented. Readers in general are apt to give the copula "is" or "not" an emphatic force when the predicate should plainly receive it;—thus, in the proposition "truly

sub. cop. pred.
 God | is | loving | unto Israel," we often hear the copula "is" made emphatic, when the subject "God" and the predicate "loving" demand the emphasis. In some cases, however, "the copula" is properly the emphatic word when the proposition may be considered as in opposition to its contradictory; and then, if the proposition be affirmative (as in the present example) the verb *is* or *are* is accented; if *negative*, the adverb *not*. And with reference to the *Decalogue*, as Archbishop Whately most judiciously observes, if it had been a question *whether we ought to steal or not*, the commandment in answer to that, would have been rightly pronounced, "Thou shalt *not* steal;"—but the question being, *what things we are forbidden to do*, the answer is that "to steal" is one of them, and, consequently, the command should be read

"Thou | shalt not | steal."

Then to her mind was all the past displayed,
That faithful Memory brings to Sorrow's aid :
For then she thought on one regretted youth,
Her tender trust and his unquestioned truth ;
In every place she wandered where they'd been,
And sadly-sacred held the parting scene
Where last for sea he took his leave;—that place
With double interest would she nightly trace.
For long the courtship was, and he would say
Each time he sailed—this one, and then the day—
Yet prudence tarried, and when last he went,
He drew from pitying love a full consent.

Happy he sailed, and great the care she took,
That he should softly sleep, and smartly look ;
White was his better linen, and his check
Was made more trim than any on the deck ;
And every comfort men at sea can know,
Was hers to buy, to make, and to bestow :
For he to Greenland sailed, and much she told,
How he should guard against the climate's cold ;
Yet saw not danger ; dangers he'd withstood,
Nor could she trace the fever in his blood :
His messmates smiled at flushings in his cheek,
And he too smiled, but seldom would he speak ;
For now he found the danger, felt the pain,
With grievous symptoms he could not explain.

He called his friend, and prefaced, with a sigh,
A lover's message—Thomas, I must die :
Would I could see my Sally, and could rest
My throbbing temples on her faithful breast,
And gazing go !—if not this trifle take,
And say, till death, I wore it for her sake :
Yes ! I must die—blow on, sweet breeze, blow on !
Give me one look, before my life be gone ;
Oh ! give me that ! and let me not despair,—
One last fond look !—and now repeat the prayer."

He had his wish—had more ; I will not paint
The lovers' meeting ; she beheld him faint—
With tender fears she took a nearer view,
Her terrors doubling as her hopes withdrew ;
He tried to smile ; and half succeeding, said,
" Yes ! I must die"—and hope for ever fled.

Still long she nursed him; tender thoughts meantime
Were interchanged, and hopes and views sublime.
To her he came to die, and every day
She took some portion of the dread away;
With him she prayed, to him his Bible read,
Soothed the faint heart, and held the aching head:
She came with smiles the hour of pain to cheer,
Apart she sighed; alone she shed the tear;
Then, as if breaking from a cloud, she gave
Fresh light, and guilt the prospect of the grave.

One day he lighter seemed, and they forgot
The care, the dread, the anguish of their lot;
They spoke with cheerfulness, and seemed to think,
Yet said not so—"Perhaps he will not sink."

A sudden brightness in his look appeared,
A sudden vigour in his voice was heard;—
She had been reading in the book of prayer,
And led him forth, and placed him in his chair;
Lively he seemed, and spoke of all he knew,
The friendly many, and the favourite few;
Nor one that day did he to mind recall,
But she has treasured, and she loves them all.
When in her way she meets them, they appear
Peculiar people—death has made them dear.
He named his friend, but then his hand she pressed,
And fondly whispered, "Thou must go to rest."
"I go," he said; but as he spoke, she found
His hand more cold, and fluttering was the sound!
Then gazed, affrightened; but she caught a last,
A dying look of love, and all was past!

* * * * *

She placed a decent stone his grave above,
Neatly engraved an offering of her love;
For that she wrought, for that forsook her bed,
Awake alike to duty and the dead.
She would have grieved had friends presumed to spare
The least assistance—'twas her proper care.
There will she come, and on the grave will sit,
Folding her arms in long abstracted fit;
But if observer pass, will take her round,
And careless seem, for she would not be found;
Then go again, and thus her hour employ,
While vi'sions please her, and while woes destroy.

A change of manner here, to one more purely narrative.

Forbear, sweet maid! nor be by fancy led
 To hold mysterious converse with the de'ad!
 For sure at length thy thoughts—*their constant strain*—
 In this sad conflict will disturb thy brain!
 All have their tasks and trials; *thine* are hard,
 But short the time and glorious the reward.
 Thy patient spirit to thy duties give,
 Regard the de'ad, but, to the li'ving, li've!*

Concluded in a lower
 soothing tone.

PRIDE OF RANK—OF ANCESTRY—OF A COXCOMB!

DR. THOMAS BROWN.†

IN this preparatory scene, we are placed to enjoy as much happiness, as is consistent with the preparation for a nobler world,—to diffuse to others all the happiness which it is in our power to communicate to them,—and to offer to Him, who made us, that best adoration, which consists in love of his goodness, and an unremitting zeal to execute the honourable charge which he has consigned to us, of furthering those *great views of good*, which men, indeed, may thus instrumentally promote, but which only the divine mind could have originally conceived. In this glorious *delegation*, all earthly, and, I may say, all eternal excellence consists. With whatever illusion human pride may delight to flatter itself, *he* is truly the noblest, in the sight of wisdom and of Heaven, however small his share may be of that adventitious grandeur, which, in those who are morally *great*, is nothing, and less than nothing in those who are morally vile,—*he* is the noblest, who applies his faculties *most sedulously* to the most *generous purposes*, with the warmest impression of that divine goodness which has formed the heart to be susceptible of wishes so divine. ' If we be proud

* While on his death-bed, and very shortly before closing his brilliant earthly sojourn, Charles James Fox, whose refined taste in literature was surpassed only by the benevolence of his heart, is said to have requested one of his sorrowing attendant friends to read to him this beautiful touching Episode;—it is almost equally unnecessary to add, that the request was granted, and that the dying statesman felt himself soothed and gratified!

† Late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh.

of any thing which does not confer dignity on the intellectual, or moral or religious nature of man, we may be certain that we are proud of that which, if considered without relation to objects that may be indirectly promoted by it, is, in itself, more worthy of our contempt than of our pride. The peace and good order, and consequently the happiness of society, require, indeed that forms of respect should be paid to mere station, and to the accidental possession of wealth and hereditary honours ; but they do not require, that the *possessor* of these should conceive himself truly raised above others in that only real dignity which is more than a trapping, or form of courteous salutation in the gaudy pageantries of the day. "If the great," says Massillon, "have no other glory than that of their ancestors ; if their titles are their only virtues ; if we must recal *past ages* to find in them something that is worthy of our homage,—their *birth* dishonours them even in the estimation of the world." Their name is opposed by us to their *person*—we read the histories that record the great deeds of their ancestors, and we demand of their unworthy successors the virtues which formerly conferred so much glory on their country. The weight of honour, which they inherit, is to them but a burthen, that sinks them still lower to the ground. Yet, how visible on every brow is the pride of their origin ! They count the degrees of their grandeur by ages, which are no more,—by dignities, which they no longer possess,—by actions, which *they* have not performed,—by ancestors, of whom a little indistinguishable dust is all that remains,—by monuments, which the passing injuries of season after season have effaced ; and they think themselves superior to the rest of mankind, because they have more domestic ruins to mark the desolation of time, and can thus produce more proofs than other men of the vanity of all earthly things. High birth, it will be readily allowed, is an illustrious prerogative, to which the consent of nations, in every period of the world, has attached peculiar distinctions of honour. Yet it is a title only, not a virtue ;—an engagement to glory, and a domestic lesson of the *means by which it may be obtained—not that which either constitutes glory, or confers it !* The succession of honour, which it seems to convey to us, perishes, and becomes extinct in us, if we inherit only the *name*, without inheriting the *virtues* that rendered it illustrious. We sink, then, into the general mass of mankind, and begin, as it were, a new race.

Our nobility belongs to our na^me only, and our pe^rson, in every thing which is truly our own, has as little ancestry as the meanest of the crowd. If a pride, which has still at least some relation to virtue, or to what was counted virtue, however distant, involve absurdity,—what are we to think of those species of pride, which have no relation to virtue of any kind, which are founded on every frivolity, or perhaps on every vice, as if it were the highest title to the applause of mankind *to be of the least possible service to their interests*? What shall we think of the mind of that man, who, endowed with a capacity of serving God by benefiting the world in which he is placed to represent him, can derive dignity from the thought of having placed a button where a button never had been placed before,—whose face glows with a noble pride, as he walks the streets with this new dignity,—and who derives from the consciousness of this button,—I will not say as much happiness, for I will not prostitute the noble word,—but, at least, as much self-complacency as is felt, in the hour of his glorious mortality, by the expiring combatant for freedom, or the martyr!

DUTIES OF CONJUGAL RELATION.

DR. THOMAS BROWN.

THE husband should have as his great object and rule of conduct, the happiness of the wife. Of that happiness, the confidence in *his* affection is the chief element; and the proofs of this affection on his part, therefore, constitute his chief duty,—an affection that is not lavish of caresses only, as if these were the only demonstrations of love, but of that respect which distinguishes love as a *principle*, from that brief passion which assumes, and only assumes, the name,—a respect which consults the judgment, as well as the wishes of the object beloved,—which considers *her*, who is worthy of being taken to the heart, as worthy of being admitted to all the *counsels* of the heart. If there be any delights, of which he feels the value as essential to his own happiness,—if his soul be sensible to the charms of literary excellence,—and if he consider the improvement of his own understanding, and the cultivation of his own taste, as a duty, and one of the most delightful duties, of an intellectual being,—he will not consider it as a duty or a

delight that belongs only to man, but will feel it more delightful, as there is now *another soul* that may share with him all the pleasure of the progress. To love the happiness of her whose happiness is in his affection, is of course to be conjugally faithful; but it is more than to be merely faithful; it is not to allow room even for a doubt as to that fidelity, at least for such a doubt as a reasonable mind might form. It is truly to love her best—but it is also to seem to feel that love which is truly felt.

As the happiness of the wife is the rule of conjugal duty to the husband, the happiness of the husband is in like manner the rule of conjugal duty to the wife. There is no human being, whose affection is to be to her like *his* affection, as there is no happiness, which is to be to her like the happiness which *he* enjoys. What I have said of the moral obligation of the husband, is not less applicable to her duty; but, though the gentle duties belong to both, it is to her province that they more especially belong; because she is at once best fitted by nature for the ministry of tender courtesies, and best exercised in the offices that inspire them. While man is occupied in other cares during the business of the day, the business of *her* day is but the continued discharge of many little duties, that have a direct relation to wedlock, in the common household which it has formed. He must often forget her, or be useless to the world! she is most useful to the world by remembering *him*! From the tumultuous scenes which agitate many of his hours, he returns to the calm scene, where peace awaits him, and happiness is sure to attend him—because *she* is there waiting, whose smile is peace, and whose very presence is more than happiness to his heart.

Here Love his golden shafts employs—here lights
His constant lamp and waves his purple wings—
Here reigns, and revels.

THE GREAT EVIL IN MATRIMONIAL LIFE,— MUTUAL DUTIES OF HUSBAND AND WIFE.

DR. THOMAS BROWN.

THE great evil in matrimonial life, is the cessation of those cares which were regarded as necessary for obtaining love, but

which are unfortunately conceived to be less necessary when love is once obtained. The carelessnesses of a husband are not less severely felt, however, because they are the neglects of one whose attentions are more valuable, as he who offers them is more valued: and frequent inattentions, by producing frequent displeasure, may at last, though they do not destroy love wholly, destroy the best *happiness* of love. No advice can be more salutary for happiness, than that which recommends an equal attention to please, and an anxiety not to offend, after twenty years of wedlock, as when it was the object of the lover to awake the passion on which he conceived every enjoyment of his life to depend. We gain at least as much in *preserving* a heart, as in conquering one.

The cessation of these cares would be, of itself, no slight evil, even though love had originally been less profuse of them, than it usually is, in the extravagance of an unreflecting passion. She who has been worshipped as a goddess, must feel doubly the insult of the neglect, which afterwards disdains to bestow on her the common honour that is paid to woman; and with the ordinary passions of a human being, it will be difficult for her to retain, I will not say love—for that is abandoned—but the decorous and dignified *semblance* of love, for him who has cared little for the *reality* of it. It is not easy to say by how insensible a transition, in many cases, this conjugal resentment, or forced indifference, passes into conjugal infidelity; though it is easy, in such a case, to determine to whom the greater portion of the guilt is to be ascribed.

If, however, it be necessary for man to be careful to whom he engages himself by a vow so solemn, it is surely not less necessary for the gentler tenderness of woman. She, too, has duties to fulfil, that depend on love, or at least that can be sweetened only by love; and when she engages to perform them where love is not felt, she is little aware of the precariousness of such a pledge, and of the perils to which she is exposing herself. It is truly painful, then, to see, in the intercourse of the world, how seldom affection is considered as a necessary matrimonial preliminary.—It is painful to see one, who has in other respects, perhaps, many moral excellencies, consent, as an accomplice in this fraud, to forego the moral delicacy which condemns the apparent sale of affection, that is not to be sold,—rejoice in the splendid sacrifice which is thus made of her peace,—consign her *person* to one whom she despises, with the same

indifference as she consigns her *hand*,—a prostitute for gold, not less truly because the prostitution is to be for life, and not less criminally a prostitute, because to the guilt and meanness of the pecuniary barter are added the guilt of a mockery of tenderness, that wishes to deceive man, and the still greater guilt of a perjury that, in vows which the heart belies, would wish to deceive God, on whom it calls to sanction the deceit.

“There is a place on the earth,” it has been said, “where pure joys are unknown—from which politeness is banished, and has given place to selfishness, contradiction, and half-veiled insults. Remorse and inquietude, like furies, that are never weary of assailing, torment the inhabitants. This place is the house of a wedded pair, who have no mutual love, nor even esteem.—There is a place on the earth, to which vice has no entrance,—where the gloomy passions have no empire,—where pleasure and innocence dwell constantly together,—where cares and labours are delightful,—where every pain is forgotten in reciprocal tenderness,—where there is an equal enjoyment of the past, the present, and the future. It is the house, too, of a wedded pair—but of a pair who, *in wedlock*, are *lovers still*!”

DUTIES OF A BENEFACTOR—GRATITUDE.

DR. THOMAS BROWN.

WHEN a benefactor forgets his duties, and makes a cruel use of the favours which he may have conferred, there is no tyrant whose cruelty is more oppressive; because it is the tyranny of one whom we cannot oppose like other tyrants. They may, indeed, shackle our arms; but the iron clasp of this moral oppressor is placed where it is most powerfully felt, upon the heart itself, that may feel the worthlessness, but that is deprived of all power of rising against it. There are beings of this kind, who use the means of beneficence only for purposes the most malevolent,—whose very gifts are snares,—who oblige, that they may afterwards be malicious with impunity,—exact, ever after, from their unfortunate victims, assiduities and services which it is unreasonable to pay,—and rejoicing, if he fail in them, that they may have the still greater pleasure of proclaiming his ingratitude.

“Ingratitude indeed,” as Rousseau justly observes, “would be far rarer than it is, if the benefactor were less frequently a

usurer. What has done us good, is dear to us, by the very sentiment of our nature. Ingratitude is not in the heart of man ; but *interest* is there ; and the obliged who are *ungrateful*, are far fewer in number than the *obligers*, who are *interested*, and who have sold what they have only feigned to *give*."—"When is it," he continues, "that we see any one who is forgotten by his benefactor, forget *him*? A benefactor who can thus forget, the obliged never fails to remember,—he speaks of him with pleasure, as he thinks of him with tenderness. If an opportunity occur, on which he can show,—by any unexpected service, that he remembers the service which was before conferred on himself,—with what internal delight does he *then* satisfy his gratitude,—with what expression of joy does he *make* himself recognised,—with what transport does he say, *My* turn is *come*! Such is the genuine voice of nature. A kindness, that was *truly* a kindness, never yet found a bosom that was ungrateful."

The expression, if it were meant to be understood strictly, would certainly be a little too strong ; since there *may* be ingratitude even to the most generous, as there may be any other atrocious offence. But it is only in the bosoms of the most atrocious, that *such* ingratitude *can* arise ; and, of this, at least, we may be sure, that the best preservative against a failure of duty on the part of the obliged, is for the obliger himself to fulfil *all* the *duties* of a benefactor.*

THE ELDER'S DEATH-BED.

JOHN WILSON, sq.†

FOR six years' Sabbaths I had seen the ELDER in his accustomed place beneath the pulpit—and, with a sort of solemn fear, had looked on his steadfast countenance, during sermon, psalm, and prayer. On returning to the scenes of my infancy, I met

* The poetry of Dr. Brown, though correct and refined, is for the most part feeble and unimpassioned ; but his *Prose* compositions, as the four preceding selections may testify, are often both energetic and eloquent.

† The distinguished occupant of the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh was born in Paisley, in the year 1788. He entered the College of Glasgow during his 13th year ; was thence transferred to Magdalen College, Oxford ; and about 1820, succeeded the late Dr. Thomas Brown. This truly great man—beloved and respected by all who know him—earned his first laurels as a poet ;—his connexion with Blackwood's Magazine as "Christopher North," is well known ; and Mr.

the Pastor going to pray by his death-bed—and with the privilege which nature gives us to behold, even in their last extremity, the loving and beloved, I turned to accompany him to the house of sorrow, of resignation, and of death.

And now, for the first time, I observed, walking close to the feet of his horse, a little boy about ten years of age, who kept frequently looking up in the Pastor's face, with his blue eyes bathed in tears. A changeful expression of grief, hope, and despair, made almost pale cheeks which otherwise were blooming in health and beauty,—and I recognised, in the small features and smooth forehead of childhood, a resemblance to the aged man who, we understood, was now lying on his death-bed. "They had to send his grandson for me through the snow, mere child as he is," said the Minister, looking tenderly on the boy; "but love makes the young heart bold—and there is One who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

As we slowly approached the cottage, through a deep snow-drift, which the distress within had prevented the inmates from removing, we saw, peeping out from the door, brothers and sisters of our little guide, who quickly disappeared, and then their mother showed herself in their stead, expressing, by her raised eyes, and arms folded across her breast, how thankful she was to see, at last, the Pastor, beloved in joy, and trusted in trouble.

A few words sufficed to say who was the stranger—and the dying man, blessing me by name, held out to me his cold shrivelled hand in token of recognition. I took my seat at a small distance from the bed side, and left a closer station for those who were more dear. The Pastor sat down near the Elder's head—and by the bed, leaning on it with gentle hands, stood that matron, his daughter-in-law: a figure that would have sainted a higher dwelling, and whose native beauty was now more touching in its grief. But religion upheld her whom nature was bowing down; not now for the first time were the lessons taught by her father to be put into practice, for I saw that she was clothed in deep mourning—and she behaved like the daughter of a man whose life had not only been irreproachable, but lofty, with fear and hope fighting desperately, but silently, in the core of her pure and pious heart.

Hallam, in reference to the splendid effusions of the noble Professor in that popular miscellany, has justly characterised him as "a living writer of the most ardent and enthusiastic genius, whose eloquence is as the rush of mighty waters."

"If the storm do not abate," said the sick man, after a pause, "it will be hard for my friends to carry me over the drifts to the kirk-yard." This sudden approach to the grave, struck, as with a bar of ice, the heart of the loving boy—and, with a long deep sigh, he fell down, with his face like ashes, on the bed, while the old man's palsied right hand had just strength to lay itself upon his head.

"God has been gracious to me a sinner," said the dying man. "During thirty years that I have been an elder in your kirk, never have I missed sitting there one Sabbath. When the mother of my children was taken from me—it was on a Tuesday she died—and on a Saturday she was buried. We stood together when my Alice was let down into the narrow house made for all living. On the Sabbath I joined in the public worship of God—she commanded me to do so the night before she went away. I could not join in the psalm that Sabbath, for her voice was not in the throng.—Her grave was covered up, and grass and flowers grew there."

The old man ceased speaking—and his grand-child, now able to endure the scene,—for strong passion is its own support,—glided softly to a little table, and bringing a cup in which a cordial had been mixed, held it in his small soft hands to his grandfather's lips. He drank, and then said, "Come closer to me, Jamie, and kiss me for thine own and thy father's sake;" and as the child fondly pressed his rosy lips on those of his grandfather, so white and withered, the tears fell over all the old man's face, and then trickled down on the golden head of the child sobbing in his bosom.

"Jamie, thy own father has forgotten thee in thy infancy, and me in my old age; but, Jamie, forget not thou thy father, nor thy mother; for that, thou knowest and feelest, is the commandment of God."

The broken-hearted boy could give no reply. He had gradually stolen closer and closer unto the loving old man, and now was lying, worn out with sorrow, drenched and dissolved in tears, in his grandfather's bosom. His mother had sunk down on her knees, and hid her face with her hand. "Oh! if my husband knew but of this—he would never, never desert his dying father?" And I now knew that the Elder was praying on his death-bed for a disobedient and wicked son.

At this affecting time the Minister took the Family-Bible on his kness, and said, "Let us sing to the praise and glory of

God, part of the fifteenth Psalm ;" and he read, with a tremulous and broken voice, those beautiful verses,—

"Within thy tabernacle, Lord,
Who shall abide with thee?
And in thy high and holy hill
Who shall a dweller be?

"The man that walketh uprightly,
And worketh righteousness,
And as he thinketh in his heart,
So doth he truth express."

Ere the psalm was yet over, the door was opened, and a tall fine-looking man entered, but with a lowering and dark countenance, seemingly in sorrow, in misery, and remorse. Agitated, confounded, and awe-struck by the melancholy and dirge-like music, he sat down on a chair, and looked with a ghastly face towards his father's death-bed. When the psalm ceased, the Elder said with a solemn voice, "My son—thou art come in time to receive thy father's blessing. May the remembrance of what will happen in this room, before the morning again shine over the Hazel-glen, win thee from the error of thy ways ! Thou art here to witness the mercy of thy God and thy Saviour, whom thou hast forgotten."

The Minister looked, if not with a stern, yet with an upbraiding countenance, on the young man, who had not recovered his speech, and said, "William ! for three years past your shadow has not darkened the door of the house of God. They who fear not the thunder, may tremble at the still small voice—now is the hour for repentance—that your father's spirit may carry up to Heaven tidings of a contrite soul saved from the company of sinners !"

The young man, with much effort, advanced to the bedside, and at last found voice to say, "Father—I am not without affections of nature—and I hurried home the moment I heard that the minister had been seen riding towards our house. I hope that you will yet recover, and, if I have ever made you unhappy, I ask your forgiveness—for though I may not think as you do on matters of religion, I have a human heart. Father ! I may have been unkind, but I am not cruel. I ask your forgiveness."

"Come near to me, William ; kneel down by the bedside, and let my hand feel the head of my beloved son—for blindness is coming fast upon me. Thou wert my first born, and thou art my only living son. All thy brothers and sisters are lying

in the church-yard, beside her whose sweet face thine own, William, did once so much resemble. Long wert thou the joy, the pride of my soul,—aye, too much the pride, for there was not in all the parish such a man, such a son, as my own William. If thy heart has since been changed, God may inspire it again with right thoughts. I have sorely wept for thee—ay, William, when there was none near me—even as David wept for Absalom—for thee, my son, my son!”

A long deep groan was the only reply; but the whole body of the kneeling man was convulsed; and it was easy to see his suffering, his contrition, his remorse, and his despair. The Pastor said, with a sterner voice and austerer countenance than were natural to him, “Know you whose hand is now lying on your rebellious head? But what signifies the word father to him who has denied God, the Father of us all?” “Oh! press him not too hardly,” said his weeping wife, coming forward from a dark corner of the room, where she tried to conceal herself in grief, fear, and shame. “Spare, oh! spare my husband—he has ever been kind to me;” and with that she knelt down beside him, with her long soft white arms mournfully, and affectionately laid across his neck. “Go thou, likewise, my sweet little Jamie,” said the Elder, “go even out of my bosom, and kneel down beside thy father and thy mother, so that I may bless you all at once, and with one yearning prayer.” The child did as the solemn voice commanded, and knelt down somewhat timidly by his father’s side; nor did the unhappy man decline encircling with his arm, the child too much neglected, but still dear to him as his own blood, in spite of the deadening and debasing influence of infidelity.

“Put the word of God into the hands of my son, and let him read aloud to his dying father the 25th, 26th, and 27th verses of the eleventh chapter of the Gospel according to St. John.” The Pastor went up to the kneelers, and, with a voice of pity, condolence, and pardon, said, “There was a time when none, William, could read the Scriptures better than couldst thou—can it be that the son of my friend hath forgotten the lessons of his youth?” He had not forgotten them—there was no need of the repentant sinner to lift up his eyes from the bed-side. The sacred stream of the Gospel had worn a channel in his heart, and the waters were again flowing. With a choked voice he said, “Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life: And whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never

die. Believest thou this? She said unto him, Yea, Lord: I believe thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world."

"That is not an unbeliever's voice," said the dying man, triumphantly; "nor, William, hast thou an unbeliever's heart. Say that thou believest in what thou hast now read, and thy father will die happy!" "I do believe; and as thou forgivest me, so may I be forgiven by my Father who is in heaven." The Elder seemed like a person suddenly inspired with a new life. His faded eyes kindled—his pale cheeks glowed—his palsied hands seemed to wax strong—and his voice was clear as that of manhood in its prime. "Into thy hands, O God! I commit my spirit;" and so saying, he gently sunk back on his pillow; and I thought I heard a sigh.—There was then a long deep silence, and the father, the mother, and the child, rose from their knees. The eyes of us all were turned towards the white placid face of the figure now stretched in everlasting rest; and without lamentations, save the silent lamentations of the resigned soul, we stood around the DEATH-BED OF THE ELDER.

EXTRACT FROM THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET.

SHAKESPEARE.

Persons represented,—Hamlet, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

Ham. ——— WHAT news?

Ros. None, my lord; but that the world's grown honest.

Ham. Then is dooms-day near: But your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: What have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; Denmark being one of the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then, 'tis none to *you*; for there is nothing either good or bad, but *thinking* makes it so: to *me* it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then, your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O! I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count myself a king of infinite space; were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars, bodies; and our monarchs, and outstretched heroes, the beggars' shadows: Shall we to the court? for, by my say, I cannot reason.

Ros. Guil. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come; deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Any thing—but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know, the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and, by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late, (but, wherefore, I know not,) lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises: and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent

canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is man ! How noble in reason ! how infinite in faculties ! in form, and moving, how express and admirable ! in action, how like an angel ! in apprehension, how like a god ! the beauty of the world ! the paragon of animals ! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust ? man delights not me, nor woman neither ; though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

DEATH OF LORD BYRON.*

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

AMIDST the general calmness of the political atmosphere, we have been stunned, from another quarter, by one of those death-notes, which are pealed at intervals as from an Archangel's trumpet, to awaken the soul of a whole people at once. Lord Byron, who has so long and so amply filled the highest place in the public eye, has shared the lot of humanity. His lordship died at Missolonghi on the 19th of April. That mighty genius, which walked amongst men as something superior to ordinary mortality, and whose powers were beheld with wonder, and something approaching to terror, (as if we knew not whether they were of good or of evil,) is laid as soundly to rest as the poor peasant whose ideas never went beyond his daily task. The voice of just blame, and of malignant censure, are at once silenced ; and we feel almost as if the great luminary of Heaven had suddenly disappeared from the sky, at the moment when every telescope was levelled for the examination of the spots which dimmed its brightness. It is not now the question, what were BYRON'S faults, — what his mistakes ; but, how is the blank which he has left in British literature to be filled up ? Not, we fear, in one generation which, among many highly gifted persons, has produced none who approached Byron in originality, the first attribute of genius. Only thirty-seven years old—so much already done for immortality—so much time remaining, as it seemed to us short-

* This brilliant genius was taken from us in his 37th year (April, 1824).

sighted mortals, to maintain and to extend his fame, and to atone for errors in conduct, and levities in composition,—who will not grieve that such a race has been shortened, though not always keeping the straight path,—such a light extinguished, though sometimes flaming to dazzle and to bewilder? One word on this ungrateful subject, ere we quit it for ever.

The errors of Lord Byron arose neither from depravity of heart,—for nature had not committed the anomaly of uniting to such extraordinary talents an imperfect moral sense,—nor from feelings dead to the admiration of virtue. No man had ever a kinder heart for sympathy, or a more open hand for the relief of distress; and no mind was ever more formed for the enthusiastic admiration of noble actions, providing he was convinced that the actors had proceeded on distinterested principles. Lord Byron was totally free from the curse and degradation of literature,—its jealousies, we mean, and its envy. But his wonderful genius was of a nature which disdained restraint, even when restraint was most wholesome. When at school, the tasks in which he excelled, were those only which he undertook voluntarily; and his situation as a young man of rank, with strong passions, and in the uncontrolled enjoyment of a considerable fortune, added to that impatience of strictures or coercion which was natural to him. As an author, he refused to plead at the bar of criticism; as a man, he would not submit to be morally amenable to the tribunal of public opinion. Remonstrances from a friend, of whose intentions and kindness he was secure, had often great weight with him; but there were few who could venture on a task so difficult. Reproof he endured with impatience, and reproach hardened him in his error; so that he often resembled the gallant war-steed, who rushes forward on the steel, that wounds him.

We are not, however, Byron's apologists, for *now*, alas! he needs none. His excellencies will *now* be universally acknowledged, and his faults (let us hope and believe) not remembered in his epitaph. It will be recollected what a part he has sustained in British literature since the first appearance of Childe Harold, a space of nearly sixteen years. There has been no reposing under the shade of his laurels, no living upon the resource of past reputation; none of that *coddling* and petty precaution, which little authors call "taking care of their fame." Byron let his fame take care of itself. His foot was always in

the arena, his shield hung always in the lists; and although his own gigantic renown increased the difficulty of the struggle—since he could produce nothing, however great, which exceeded the public estimate of his genius—yet he advanced to the honourable contest again and again and again, and came always off with distinction, almost always with complete triumph. As various in composition as Shakspeare himself, he has embraced every topic of human life, and sounded every string on the divine harp, from its slightest to its most powerful and heart-astrounding tones. There is scarce a passion or a situation, which has escaped his pen; and he might be drawn, like Garrick, between the Weeping and the Laughing Muse, although his most powerful efforts have certainly been dedicated to *Melpomene*. His genius seemed as prolific as various. The most prodigal use did not exhaust his powers, nay, seemed rather to increase their vigour. Neither *Childe Harold*, nor any of the most beautiful of Byron's earlier tales, contain more exquisite morsels of poetry than are to be found scattered through the cantos of *Don Juan*, amidst verses which the author appears to have thrown off with an effort as spontaneous as that of a tree resigning its leaves to the wind.—But that noble tree will never more bear fruit or blossom! It has been cut down in its strength, and the past is all that remains to us of Byron. We can scarce reconcile ourselves to the idea—scarce think that the voice is silent for ever, which, bursting so often on our ear, was often heard with rapturous admiration, sometimes with regret, but always with the deepest interest.

All that's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest!

With a strong feeling of awful sorrow, we take leave of the subject. Death creeps upon our most serious as well as upon our most idle employments; and it is a reflection solemn and gratifying, that he found our Byron in no moment of levity, but contributing his fortune, and hazarding his life, in behalf of a people only endeared to him by their past glories, and as fellow-creatures suffering under the yoke of a heathen oppressor. To have fallen in a crusade for Freedom and Humanity, as in olden times it would have been an atonement for the blackest crimes, may in the present be allowed to expiate greater follies than even exaggerating calumny has propagated against Byron.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS CONDEMNED—THEIR
GOOD AND USEFUL PROPERTIES APPRE-
CIATED.

COWPER.

I WOULD not enter on my list of friends,
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting *sensibility*.) the man,
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail
That crawls at evening in the public path ;
But he that has humanity, forewarned,
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.
The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight,
And charged perhaps with venom, that intrudes,
A visitor unwelcome, into scenes
Sacred to neatness and repose, the alcove,
The chamber, or refectory, may die :
A necessary act incurs no blame.
Not so when held within their proper bounds,
And guiltless of offence, they range the air,
Or take their pastime in the spacious field :
There they are privileged; and he that hurts
Or harms them *there* is guilty of a wrong,
Disturbs the economy of Nature's realm,
Who, when she formed, designed them an abode.
The sum is this : If man's convenience, health,
Or safety, interfere, *his* rights and claims
Are paramount, and must extinguish *theirs*.
Else they are all — the meanest things that are—
As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
As God was free to form them at the first,
Who, in his sovereign wisdom, made them all.
Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach your sons
To love it too. The spring-time of our years
Is soon dishonoured and defiled in most
By budding ills, that ask a prudent hand
To check them. But, alas ! none sooner shoots,
If unrestrained, into luxuriant growth,

Than cruelty, *most devilish of them all !*
Mercy to him, that shows it, is the rule
And righteous limitation of its act,
By which heaven moves in pardoning guilty man ;
And he that shows none, being ripe in years,
And conscious of the outrage he commits,
Shall *seek* it, and *not find* it, in *his turn* !

Distinguished much by reason, and still more
By our capacity of Grace divine,
From creatures, that exist but for our sake,
Which, having served us, perish, we are held
Accountable ; and God some future day
Will reckon with us roundly for the abuse
Of what he deems no mean or trivial trust.
Superior as we are, they yet depend
Not more on human help than we on theirs.
Their strength, or speed, or vigilance, were given
In aid of our defects. In some are found
Such teachable and apprehensive parts,
That man's attainments in his own concerns,
Matched with the expertness of the brutes in theirs,
Are oftentimes vanquished and thrown far behind.
Some show that nice sagacity of smell,
And read with such discernment, in the port
And figure of the man, his secret aim,
That oft we owe our safety to a skill
We could not teach, and must despair to learn.
But learn we might, if not too proud to stoop
To quadruped instructors, many a good
And useful quality, and virtue too,
Rarely exemplified among ourselves.
Attachment never to be weaned, or changed
By any change of fortune ; proof alike
Against unkindness, absence, and neglect ;
Fidelity, that neither bribe nor threat
Can move or warp ; and gratitude for small
And trivial favours, lasting as the life,
And glistening even in the dying eye.

NATURAL EQUALITY OF MAN—SLAVERY
DEPRECATED.

COWPER.

OH for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more ! My ear is pained,
My soul is sick with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart—
It does not feel for man. That natural bond
Of brotherhood is severed as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not coloured like his own, and, having power
To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause,
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey !
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys ;
And, worse than all, and most to be deplored,
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes that mercy with a bleeding heart
Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast !
Then what is man ? And what man seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush
And hang his head, to think himself a man ?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble while I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.
No : dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation prized above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.

We have no slaves at home—then why abroad ?
 And they themselves once ferried o'er the wave
 That parts us, are emancipate and loosed.
 Slaves cannot breathe in England ; if their lungs
 Receive our air, that moment they are free ;
 They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
 That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
 And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
 And let it circulate through every vein
 Of all your empire. That where Britain's power
 Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

RESPECTIVE MERITS OF PATRIOTS AND MARTYRS—PECULIAR FREEDOM AND PRI- VILEGES OF THE CHRISTIAN.

COWPER.

PATRIOTS have toiled, and in their country's cause
 Bled nobly ; and their deeds, as they deserve,
 Receive proud recompense. We give in charge
 Their names to the sweet lyre. The historic muse,
 Proud of the treasure, marches with it down
 To latest times ; and sculpture, in her turn,
 Gives bond in stone and ever-during brass
 To guard them, and immortalize her trust ;
 But fairer wreaths are due, though never paid,
 To those, who, posted at the shrine of Truth,
 Have fallen in her defence. A patriot's blood,
 Well spent in such a strife, may earn indeed,
 And for a time, ensure to his loved land
 The sweets of liberty, and equal laws ;
 But MARTYRS struggle for a brighter prize,
 And win it with more pain. THEIR blood is shed
 In confirmation of the *noblest* claim—
 Our claim to feed upon immortal truth,
 To walk with God, to be divinely free,
 To soar, and to anticipate the skies.—
 Yet few remember them ; they lived unknown,
 Till persecution dragged them into fame,
 And chased them up to Heaven. Their ashes flew—

No marble tells us whither. With their names
No bard embalms and sanctifies his song:
And history, so warm on meaner themes,
Is cold on this. She execrates indeed
The tyranny that doomed them to the fire;
But gives the glorious sufferers little praise.
He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain,
That hellish foes confederate for his harm,
Can wind around him, but he casts it off,
With as much ease as Samson his green withes.
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and though poor perhaps, compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel
But who with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say—"My Father made them all."
Are they not his by a peculiar right,
And by an emphasis of interest his,
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love,
That planned, and built, and still upholds, a world
So clothed with beauty for rebellious man?
Yes—ye may fill your garner, ye that reap
The loaded soil, and ye may waste much good
In senseless riot; but, ye will not find
In feast, or in the chase, in song or dance,
A liberty like HIS, who unimpeached
Of usurpation, and to no man's wrong,
Appropriates nature as his Father's work,
And has a richer use of yours than you.
He is indeed a freeman. Free by birth
Of no mean city; planned or ere the hills
Were built, the fountains opened, or the sea
With all his roaring multitude of waves.
His freedom is the same in every state;
And no condition of this changeful life,

So manifold in cares, whose every day
 Brings its own evil with it, makes it less ;
 For he has wings, that neither sickness, pain,
 Nor penury, can cripple, or confine.
 No nook so narrow but he spreads them there
 With ease, and is at large. The oppressor holds
 His body bound ; but knows not what a range
 His spirit takes, unconscious of a charm ;
 And that to bind him is a vain attempt
 Whom God delights in, and in whom he dwells.

ON THE RECEIPT OF HIS MOTHER'S PICTURE.

COWPER.*

O THAT those lips had language ! Life has passed
 With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
 Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
 The same, that oft in childhood solaced me ;
 Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
 "Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away !"
 The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
 (Blest be the art that can immortalize,
 The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
 To quench it !) here shines on me still the same ;
 Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
 O welcome guest, though unexpected here !
 Who bidst me honour with an artless song,

* We are anxious that the venerated name of the universally-loved author of "The Task" should be properly *pronounced*—that it should not be confounded with *Cooper* ! "C-o-w," as a syllable, in no language, nor under any combination, can be pronounced *Coo* ! That pleasure-giving, delightful domestic animal, the Cow, indeed, in vulgar Scotch, is sounded something like "Coo ;" but this is confined to the lowest classes in the Highland agricultural districts. In defence of this barbarism, it has been contended by a public lecturer, we were told, that it must be right, because, forsooth, *Cooper* and not *Cowper* is, or *was*, the pronunciation of the people belonging to the poet's neighbourhood. Why, to show the absurdity of this hypothesis, we might almost with equal propriety contend, because our humble name, in the locality to which we belong, is pronounced *Hymers*, that *that* is the genuine pronunciation of *Hindmarsh* !—Let us praise as we may *Cooper* the novelist, but let us not forget our own delightful poet, *William Cowper* !

Affectionate, a mother lost so long :
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own :
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother ! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun ?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss ;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah that maternal smile ! it answers—Yes. }
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse, that bore thee, slow, away,
And turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !
But was it such ?—It was.—Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more !
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wished, I long believed,
And disappointed still, was still deceived,
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor ;
And where the gardener, Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession ! but the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,

Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
 A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
 Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
 That thou mightest know me safe, and warmly laid ;
 Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
 The biscuit or confectionary plum ;
 The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
 By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed ;
 All this, and more endearing still than all,
 Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
 Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks,
 That humour interposed too often makes ;
 All this still legible in my memory's page,
 And still to be so to my latest age,
 Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
 Such honours to thee as my numbers may ;
 Perhaps a frail memorial but sincere,
 Nor scorned in Heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
 When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
 The violet, the pink, the jessamine,
 I pricked them into paper with a pin,—
 (And thou wast happier than myself the while,
 Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and smile,)—
 Could those few pleasant days again appear,
 Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here ?
 I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
 Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.—
 But, no—what here we call our life is such,
 So little to be loved, and thou so much,
 That I should ill requite thee to constrain
 Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou as a gallant bark from Albion's coast,
 (The storms all weathered, and the ocean crossed,)
 Shoots into port, at some well-havened isle,
 Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
 There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
 Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
 While airs impregnated with incense play
 Around her fanning light her streamers gay ;
 So thou, with sails how swift ! hast reached the shore,
 " Where tempests never beat, nor billows roar,"

And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
 Of life long since has anchored by thy side.
 But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
 Always from port withheld, always distressed—
 Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,
 Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
 And day by day some current's thwarting force
 Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
 Yet, O the thought, that thou art safe, and he !
 That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
 My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
 From loins enthroned, and rulers of the Earth ;
 But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
 The son of parents passed into the skies.
 And now, farewell—Time unrevoked has run
 His wonted course, yet what I wished is done,
 By contemplation's help not sought in vain,
 I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again ;
 To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
 Without the sin of violating thine ;
 And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,
 And I can view this mimic show of thee,
 Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
 Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

DR. CHALMERS.*

THERE are perhaps no two sets of human beings, who comprehend less the movements, and enter less into the

* "This most distinguished and able of living Scottish divines, one of the first Presbyterian Ministers who obtained an honorary degree from the University of Cambridge, and one of the few Scotsmen who have been elected a Corresponding Member of the Royal Institute of France, was born about 1780, at Anstruther, in the county of Fife. His collected works number twenty-five duodecimo volumes.—When the Doctor visited London, the hold he took on the minds of the people was unprecedented. It was a time of strong political feeling ; but even that was unheeded, and all parties thronged to hear the Scottish preacher. The very best judges were unprepared for the display ! Canning and Wilberforce went to hear the celebrated stranger. Chalmers began in his usual unpromis-

cares and concerns of each other, than the wide and busy public on the one hand; and, on the other, those men of close and studious retirement, whom the world never hears of, save when, from their thoughtful solitude, there issues forth some splendid discovery, to set the world on a gaze of admiration. Then will the brilliancy of a superior genius draw every eye towards it—and the homage paid to intellectual superiority will place its idol on a loftier eminence *than all wealth or than all titles can bestow*,—and the name of the successful philosopher will circulate, in his own age, over the whole extent of civilized society, and be borne down to posterity in the characters of ever-during remembrance:—and thus it is, that, when we look back on the days of Newton, we annex a kind of mysterious greatness to him, who, by the pure force of his understanding, rose to such a gigantic elevation above the level of ordinary men—that the kings and warriors of other days sink into insignificance around him—and he, at this moment, stands forth to the public eye, in a prouder array of glory than circles the memory of all the men of former generations—and, while all the vulgar grandeur of other days is now mouldering in forgetfulness, the achievements of one great astronomer are still fresh in the veneration of his countrymen, and they carry him forward on the stream of time, with a reputation ever gathering, and *the triumphs of a distinction that will never die!*

BENEVOLENCE OF THE SUPREME BEING.

DR. CHALMERS.

IT is saying much for the benevolence of God, to say, that a single world, or a single system, is not enough for it—that it must have the spread of a mightier region, on which it may

ing way, by stating a few self-evident propositions, neither in the choicest language, nor in the most impressive voice. “If this be all,” said Canning to his companion, “it will never do!” Chalmers went on; he got into the mass of his subject; his weakness became strength—his hesitation was turned into energy; and bringing the whole volume of his mind to bear upon it, he poured forth a torrent of the most close and conclusive argument, brilliant with the exuberance of an imagination which ranged over all nature for illustrations, and yet managed and applied each of them with the same unerring dexterity, as if that single one had been the study of a whole life. “The tartan beats us,” said Canning, “we have no preaching like this in England.”

pour forth a tide of exuberancy throughout all its provinces—that, as far as our vision can carry us, it has strewed immensity with the floating receptacles of life, and has stretched over each of them the garniture of such a sky as mantles our own habitation—and that, even from distances which are far beyond the reach of human eye, the songs of gratitude and praise may now be arising to the one God, who sits surrounded by the regards of his one great and universal family.

Now it is saying much for the benevolence of God, to say, that it sends forth these wide and distant emanations over the surface of a territory so ample—that the world we inhabit, lying imbedded as it does, amidst so much surrounding greatness, shrinks into a point that to the universal eye might appear to be almost imperceptible. But does it not add to the power and to the perfection of this universal eye, that at the very moment it is taking a comprehensive survey of the vast, it can fasten a steady and undistracted attention on each minute and separate portion of it; that at the very moment it is looking at all worlds, it can look most pointedly and most intelligently to each of them; that at the very moment it sweeps the field of immensity, it can settle all the earnestness of its regards upon every distinct hand-breadth of that field; that at the very moment at which it embraces the totality of existence, it can send a most thorough and penetrating inspection into each of its details, and into every one of its endless diversities? You cannot fail to perceive how much this adds to the power of the all-seeing eye. Tell me, then, if it do not add as much perfection to the benevolence of God, that while it is expatiating over the vast field of created things, there is not one portion of the field overlooked by it; that while it scatters blessings over the whole of an infinite range, it causes them to descend in a shower of plenty on every separate habitation; that while his arm is underneath and round about all worlds, he enters within the precincts of every one of them, and gives a care and a tenderness to each individual of their teeming population. Oh! does not the God, who is said to be love, shed over this attribute of his its finest illustration! when, while he sits in the highest heaven, and pours out his fulness on the whole subordinate domain of nature and of providence, he bows a pitying regard on the very humblest of his children, and sends his reviving Spirit into every heart, and cheers by his presence every home, and provides for the wants of every family, and watches every sick-bed, and listens to the complaints

of every sufferer ; and while, by his wondrous mind, the weight of universal government is borne, oh ! is it not more wondrous and more excellent still, that he feels for every sorrow, and has an ear open to every prayer !

PATRIOTISM—PHILANTHROPY.

DR. CHALMERS.

I NOW make my appeal to the sensibilities of your heart ; and tell me, to whom does the moral feeling within it yield its readiest testimony—to the infidel, who would make this world of ours vanish away into abandonment—or to those angels, who ring throughout all their mansions the hosannas of joy over every one individual of its repentant population ?

And here I cannot omit to take advantage of that opening with which our Saviour has furnished us, by the parables of this chapter,* and by which he admits us into a familiar view of that principle on which the inhabitants of Heaven are so awake to the deliverance and the restoration of our species. To illustrate the difference in the reach of knowledge and of affection, between a man and an angel, let us think of the difference of reach between one man and another. You may often witness a man, who feels neither tenderness nor care beyond the precincts of his own family ; but who, on the strength of those instinctive fondnesses which nature has implanted in his bosom, may earn the character of an amiable father, or a kind husband, or a bright example of all that is soft and endearing in the relations of domestic society. Now, conceive him, in addition to all this, to carry his affections abroad, without, at the same time, any abatement of their intensity towards the objects which are at home—that, stepping across the limits of the house he occupies, he takes an interest in the families which are near him—that he lends his services to the town or the district wherein he is placed, and gives up a portion of his time to the thoughtful labours of a humane and public-spirited citizen. By this enlargement in the sphere of his attention, he has extended his reach ; and provided he has not done so at the expence of that regard which is due to his own family,—a thing which, cramped and confined as we are, we are very apt, in the exercise of our humble faculties, to do—I put it to you, whe-

* Luke xv. 7.

ther, by extending the reach of his views and his affections, he has not extended his worth, and his moral respectability along with it ?

But I can conceive a still further enlargement. I can figure to myself a man, whose wakeful sympathy overflows the field of his own immediate neighbourhood—to whom the name of COUNTRY comes with all the omnipotence of a charm upon his heart, and with all the urgency of a most righteous and resistless claim upon his services—who never hears the name of BRITAIN sounded in his ears, but it stirs up all his enthusiasm in behalf of the worth and the welfare of its people—who gives himself up, with all the devotedness of a passion, to the best and the purest objects of patriotism—and who, spurning away from him the vulgarities of party ambition, separates his life and his labours to the fine pursuit of augmenting the science, or the virtue, or the substantial prosperity of his nation. Oh ! could such a man retain all the tenderness, and fulfil all the duties which home and which neighbourhood require of him, and, at the same time, expatiate in the might of his untried faculties, on so wide a field of benevolent contemplation—would not this extension of reach place him still higher than before, on the scale both of moral and intellectual gradation, and give him a still brighter and more enduring name in the records of human excellence ?

And lastly, I can perceive a still loftier flight of humanity—a man, the aspiring of whose heart for the good of man, knows no limitations—whose longings, and whose conceptions on this subject, overleap all the barriers of geography—who, looking on himself as a brother of the species, links every spare energy which belongs to him, with the cause of its amelioration—who can embrace, within the grasp of his ample desires, the whole family of mankind—and who, in obedience to a heaven-born movement of principle within him, separates himself to some big and busy enterprise, which is to tell on the moral destinies of the world. Oh ! could such a man mix up the softening of private virtue, with the habit of so sublime a comprehension—if amid those magnificent darings of thought and of performance, the mildness of his benignant eye could still continue to cheer the retreat of his family, and to spread the charm and the sacredness of piety among all its members—could he even mingle himself in all the gentleness of a soothed and a smiling heart with the playfulness of his children—and also find strength to shed the blessings of his presence and his counsel over the vi-

cinity around him,—oh ! would not the combination of so much grace with so much loftiness, only serve the more to aggrandise him ? Would not the one ingredient of a character so rare, go to illustrate and to magnify the other ? And would not you pronounce him to be the fairest specimen of our nature, who could so call out all your *tenderness*, while he challenged and compelled all your *reverence* ?

EXTRACT FROM "THE GRAVE."

JAMES MONTGOMERY.*

THERE is a calm for those who weep ;
 A rest for weary pilgrims found :
 They softly lie and sweetly sleep
 Low in the ground !
 The storm that wrecks the winter sky,
 No more disturbs their deep repose
 Than summer-evening's latest sigh
 That shuts the rose.

* This amiable man and exquisite poet was born at Irving, in Ayrshire, in 1771 ; but, from his long residence in Sheffield, and his poetry being written exclusively in English, his origin is generally considered as such. His father was a Moravian Missionary, and died in the Island of Tobago. The poet was educated at Fulneck, near Leeds.

Notwithstanding the fulminating oracular tirade that disgraced an early Number of the Edinburgh Review, "written," (as Mr. Robt. Chambers† justly observes) "in the worst style of that Journal, when all the sins of its youth were full-blown and unchecked,"—Mr. Montgomery has lived to see his *denounced* poem, "The Wanderer of Switzerland," reach its 13th or 14th Edition ; and his fame—for some time confined to the religious world—as a genuine English poet, *universally* and indisputably established.

Mr. Montgomery has outlived all his political enemies ; and, though he suffered much from their malignity—having been twice confined in York Castle for imputed libel—he has nobly recorded his *forgiveness* of them ! It is curious and instructive to mark the course of truth ;—Mr. Montgomery has for some time enjoyed a pension of £200. a-year !

† We are rejoiced to have an opportunity of paying our humble tribute of heart-felt admiration to the ability, and unwearied invaluable exertions, of this worthy gentleman and his brother, who have done more towards the spread of general literature in the English reading world, than any score of authors whom we could name !

I long to lay this painful head,
 And aching heart, beneath the soil ;
 To slumber in that dreamless bed
 From all my toil.

Art thou a wanderer ?—hast thou seen
 O'erwhelming tempests drown thy bark ?
 A shipwrecked sufferer hast thou been,
 Misfortune's mark ?

Though long of winds and waves the sport,
 Condemned in wretchedness to roam,
 Live ! thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
 A quiet home !

Whate'er thy lot,—whoe'er thou be ;—
 Confess thy folly—kiss the rod ;
 And, in thy chastening sorrows, see
 The hand of God !

A *bruised* reed he will not *break* ;
 Affliction,—*all* his children *feel* !
 He wounds them for his *mercy's* sake,
 He wounds to *heal* !

There is a calm for those who weep !
 A rest for weary pilgrims found :
 And while the mouldering ashes sleep
 Low in the ground ;—

The soul, of origin Divine,
 God's glorious image, freed from clay,
 In Heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
 A star of day !

The sun is but a spark of fire,
 A transient meteor in the sky ;
 The soul, immortal as its Sire,*
 Shall never die !

* When a simile is expressed in the former part of a sentence, the word which terminates this part, requires the rising inflexion. Examples :

- 1st. "He perceived
 The unequal conflict, and, as angels look
 On dying saints', his eyes compassion shed
 With love illumined high."
- 2nd. "Some years are past (no matter now the cause)
 Like jarring friends', I and my country parted."

STANZAS.*

SHE died—but every tear that fell,
And every stainless bosom's swell
Of silent, throbbing agony,
And every woe-suffused eye
Will tell how dear she was to those,
Who watched the early mournful close
Of that sweet floweret, in the spring,
The birth-time of her blossoming.

She died—but many a grateful pair
Remember well her tender care,
And many a pain-worn palsied frame
Invokes a blessing on her name,
And many a lisping infant weeps
To see who there so calmly sleeps
In coldness—in the very spring,
The birth-time of her blossoming.

She died—but oh ! her face is fair,
Unlooked-for loveliness is there—
A hue that fear at once disarms ;
The dark destroyer of young charms
Hath pitied her's—but oh ! that show
Of pity but augments the woe
We feel for her, lost in the spring,
The birth-time of her blossoming.

She died—but, angel-like on earth,
Her death will be a seraph's birth,
And o'er me, like a genial star,
She'll shed her radiance from afar,
A sacred sainted portion, given
To balm a heart so rudely riven
As his, who mourns her in the spring,
The birth-time of her blossoming.

* These affecting stanzas—supposed to have been written on the death of the Princess Charlotte,—appeared originally in "The Tyne Mercury," and were written by a young man of the name of THOMPSON.

RURAL FUNERALS—THE GRAVE.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

I HAVE dwelt upon this beautiful rural custom, because, as it is one of the last, so it is one of the holiest offices of love. The grave is the ordeal of true affection. It is there that the Divine passion of the soul manifests its superiority to the instinctive impulse of mere animal attachment. The latter must be continually refreshed and kept alive by the presence of its object: but the love that is sealed in the soul can live on long remembrance. The mere inclinations of sense languish and decline with the charms which excited them, and turn with shuddering disgust from the dismal precincts of the tomb; but it is thence that truly spiritual affection arises, purified from every sensual desire, and returns like a holy flame to illuminate and sanctify the heart of the survivor.

The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider as a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved; when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal; would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness?—No; the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul; if it has its woes, it likewise has its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection, when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness—who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom; yet who would exchange it, even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No; there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There

is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh the grave! the grave!—it buries every error, covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave, even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him!

But the grave of those we loved — what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up, in long review, the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy—there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene. The bed of death, with all its stifled griefs—its noiseless attendance—its mute, watchful assiduities,—the last testimonies of expiring love! The feeble, fluttering, thrilling—oh! how thrilling!—pressure of the hand. The last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence! the faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!

Ay! go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit *unrequited*—every past endearment *unregarded*, of that departed being, who can never—never—never return to be soothed by thy contrition!

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee—if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to the true heart that now lies cold and still beneath thy feet;—then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul—then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear; more deep, more bitter, because unheard and *unavailing*!

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, *if thou canst*,

with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret ;—but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

THE BROKEN HEART.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

How many bright eyes grow dim—how many soft cheeks grow pale—how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness ! As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals, so it is the nature of woman, to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. The love of a delicate female is always shy and silent. Even when fortunate, she scarcely breathes it to herself ; but when otherwise, she buries it in the recesses of her bosom, and there lets it cower and brood among the ruins of her peace. With her the desire of the heart has failed. The great charm of existence is at an end. She neglects all the cheerful exercises which gladden the spirits, quicken the pulses, and send the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken—the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams—“dry sorrow drinks her blood,” until her enfeebled frame sinks under the slightest external injury. Look for her, after a little while, and you find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one, who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty, should so speedily be brought down to “darkness and the worm.” You will be told of some wintry chill, some casual indisposition, that laid her low :—but no one knows the mental malady that previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.

She is like some tender tree, the pride and beauty of the grove ; graceful in its form, bright in its foliage, but with the worm preying at its heart. We find it suddenly withering when it should be most fresh and luxuriant. We see it drooping its branches to the earth, and shedding leaf by leaf ; until, wasted and perished away, it falls even in the stillness of the forest, and as we muse over the beautiful ruin, we strive in vain to

recollect the blast or thunderbolt that could have smitten it with decay.

I have seen many instances of women running to waste and self-neglect, and disappearing gradually from the earth, almost as if they had been exhaled to Heaven; and have repeatedly fancied, that I could trace their deaths through the various declensions of consumption, cold, debility, languor, melancholy, until I reached the first symptom of disappointed love. But an instance of the kind was lately told to me; the circumstances are well known in the country where they happened, and I shall but give them in the manner in which they were related.

Every one must recollect the tragical story of young Emmet, the Irish patriot; it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland, he was tried, condemned, and executed, on a charge of treason. His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy. He was so young, so intelligent, so generous, so brave, so every thing that we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under trial, too, was so lofty and intrepid. The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country—the eloquent vindication of his name, and his pathetic appeal to posterity, in the hopeless hour of condemnation—all these entered deeply into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution.

But there was one heart, whose anguish it would be impossible to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes, he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of the late celebrated Irish barrister, Mr. Curran. She loved him with the disinterested fervour of a woman's first and early love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him; when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him the more ardently for his very sufferings. If, then, his fate could awaken the sympathy even of his foes, what must have been the agony of her whose whole soul was occupied by his image! Let those tell who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth—who have sat at his threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world, from whence all that was most lovely and loving had departed.

But then the horrors of such a grave! so frightful, so dishonoured! There was nothing for memory to dwell on, that

could soothe the pang of separation—none of those tender, though melancholy circumstances, that endear the parting scene—nothing to melt sorrow into those blessed tears, sent, like the dews of heaven, to revive the heart in the parting hour of anguish.

To render her widowed situation more desolate, she had incurred her father's displeasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile from the paternal roof. But could the sympathy and kind offices of friends have reached a spirit so shocked and driven in by horror, she would have experienced no want of consolation, for the Irish are a people of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate and cherishing attentions were paid her by families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society, and they tried by all kinds of occupation and amusement to dissipate her grief, and wean her from the tragical story of her lover. But it was all in vain. There are some strokes of calamity that scathe and scorch the soul—that penetrate to the vital seat of happiness—and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom. She never objected to frequent the haunts of pleasure, but she was as much alone there as in the depths of solitude. She walked about in a sad reverie, apparently unconscious of the world around her. She carried with her an inward woe, that mocked at all the blandishments of friendship, and “heeded not the song of the charmer, charm he never so wisely.”

The person who told me her story had seen her at a masquerade. There can be no exhibition of far-gone wretchedness more striking and painful than to meet it in such a scene. To find it wandering like a spectre, lonely and joyless, where all around is gay,—to see it dressed out in the trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and wo-begone, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. After strolling through the splendid rooms and giddy crowd with an air of utter abstraction, she sat herself down on the steps of an orchestra, and looking about for some time with a vacant air that shewed her insensibility to the garish scene, she began, with the capriciousness of a sickly heart, to warble a little plaintive air. She had an exquisite voice; but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching, it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness, that she drew a crowd mute and silent around her, and melted every one into tears.

The story of one so true and tender, could not but excite great interest in a country remarkable for enthusiasm. It com-

pletely won the heart of a brave officer, who paid his addresses to her, and thought that one so true to the dead, could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attentions, for her thoughts were irrevocably engrossed by the memory of her former lover. He, however, persisted in his suit. He solicited not her tenderness, but her esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and her sense of her own destitute and dependent situation; for she was existing on the kindness of friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand, though with the solemn assurance that her heart was unalterably another's.

He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a happy one; but nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her very soul. She wasted away in a slow, but hopeless decline, and at length sunk into the grave, the victim of a broken heart.

PARLIAMENTARY SKETCH OF SIR FRANCIS BURDETT.*

ANONYMOUS.

THE most conspicuous of the members of the House of Commons who have proposed the "*vox populi*" as an object of their ambition, is undoubtedly Sir Francis Burdett: and it must be allowed, that, in many respects, he has taken no wrong measure of himself, in supposing that his *powers* are fitted to

* We will not suffer ourselves to be drawn into a certain painful subject connected with the *close* of Sir Francis Burdett's political life;—we would rather continue to regard him *as he was* when this "Sketch" was written—believing it to be the truer portrait of certainly one of the most perfect gentlemen of the age in which he lived! Our own opinion is, that "the lamented change" proceeded from one of those aberrations of intellect (unhappily not confined to one distinguished individual of our time!) which, in age, occasionally obscure the strongest minds; and, independently of our determination to act on the principle "*Nil de mortuis nisi bonum*," our recollections of Sir Francis Burdett's *manner* in and out of "the House" are still too vivid to permit us to indulge in any save *pleasing* reminiscences. The once almost idolized and accomplished Baronet died Jan. 23, 1844, aged 74.

his desires. In the *first* place, the Honourable Baronet is one of those whose very appearance wins a hundred hearts before he opens his lips :—an elegant figure—a face, of which the outline is finely Roman, though the *expression* is rather indecisive—manners at once courteous and simple, would be alone sufficient to delight the common observer ; add to these, a voice of the most insinuating melody ; a delivery fluent and animated, yet always modest, and sometimes even diffident ; and they, altogether, form a combination which infuses and attaches every heart.—Let the man so qualified profess himself the friend of his admirers, and descant on the topics dearest to their feelings, and their regard will almost rise into enthusiastic idolatry. Such is the first impression made on the auditors of Sir Francis Burdett.

The oratory of Sir Francis, if judged of by its effect upon the disinterested among his audience—(and we know of no test which, upon the whole, can be reckoned a more legitimate one)—must be rated very highly. There is about his best speeches, a degree of energy, of deep feeling, and, above all, of manifest sincerity, by which he produces, upon any mind less steeled against the weapons of oratory than that of a Treasury dependent, an effect of the strongest and most unequivocal description. If not so dexterous in trimming a quotation or poising an antithesis as Mr. Can'ning ; if less classical, and metaphysical, and imaginative than Sir James Mackintosh ; if decidedly inferior in the general strength of his speeches, and less skilful in the use of invective and sarcasm than Mr. Bro'ugham*—Sir Francis Burdett is, nevertheless, capable, at times, of achieving an oratorical triumph to which hardly any one of his contemporaries is equal. The manner of Sir Francis, when speaking, is one of the best in the House, because, while it is the most natural, it is at the same time full of manliness, and by no means deficient even in grace. It was said of Mr. Wyndham, that he was the finest specimen of a truly English speaker which the House of Commons at that time afforded. We never had the good fortune to hear Mr. Wyndham, but we think it impossible that he should have been, in this respect, superior to Sir Francis Burdett. For Sir Francis is so plain,

* It will be recollected that every *commencing* series (whether simple or compound) has the *rising* inflection on its *last* member, and the *falling* on the *last but one* ; and every *concluding* series, the *falling* inflection on the *last*, and the *rising* on the *last but one*.

downright, and uncompromising: he holds in such sovereign contempt all conventional etiquette, when it would interfere with public duty; he looks the question and his adversaries so fully in the face; he views with such utter indifference the angry frown and the contemptuous shrug; that we should, without hesitation, point to him as the truest English speaker whom the present day affords.

CHARACTER OF MR. HUME.*

ANONYMOUS.

WE select JOSEPH HUME as the object of this sketch, because we think his character has been more misrepresented, and his merits more undervalued, than those of any existing member of the House of Commons;—because he has fought harder, and to more practical purpose, for that consideration which he now enjoys, than any other man we could name;—and because, at this moment, he is really the most important man, out of office, in the British Senate. True, he possesses not one quality calculated for dazzling the crowd;—true, he cannot declaim like Hobhouse, draw out a syllogism like Denman, raise a pyramid topped with Latin like Mackintosh, or break an adversary on the wheel like Brougham,—true, he never delivered a finished oration—nor, perhaps, ever uttered a perfect sentence;—but equally true, he never chose a useless subject on account of its sound, and he never shrunk from what he conceived to be a public duty, on account of the hostility which it stirred up in others, or the labour which it

* If “usefulness, after all, is the most valuable quality of a Member of Parliament” (an opinion advanced by a talented writer in the *London Quarterly Review*), Mr. Hume has peculiar claims to the gratitude of his countrymen;—and if “a vigilant and jealous eye over executory and judicial magistrates, an anxious care of public money, and an openness, approaching to facility to complaint,” be, according to Burke, the characteristics of a faithful Member of the House of Commons, we need not feel surprise at the compliment recently paid him by the Premier: “I admire him for his untiring industry and zeal; and I am only anticipating a judgment which will be passed by a grateful posterity, in acknowledging his great public services, and his disinterested motives, whilst engaged in the performance of much public good for the last forty years.”—(Vide Speech of Sir R. Peel in a debate on the Income Tax, Feb. 19, 1845.)

occasioned himself. Upon parade days, he does not rend the air and rattle the benches like some others that we could name; but when these have once let themselves off, they are as inefficient as discharged blunderbuses; they go away. "one to his farm, and another to his merchandise,"—one to his pastime, and another to his private business: while Joseph Hume stands firm at his post, in fair weather or in foul, applauded or deserted. He is a statesman of the Franklin school: he comes upon his adversaries with the figures of arithmetic, and before their heavy array, the light and gaudy troops of the figures of speech cannot stand for a moment. This has been evinced again and again. All the light missiles of wit, and all the toothed matters of invective, have been literally rained at him from both sides of the House; but he stands, like the tower of Belus amidst the confusion of tongues, or his native hills during a snow storm; he shakes not at the noise and the blast; he bears no dint from the flakes; but, waiting his opportunity, he (with the whole strength of his arm, and it is not a weak one) launches at them Cocker's Arithmetic, which very seldom fails to take effect.

When Hume last came into Parliament, there were strong prejudices against him. The circumstances of the times identified him with clamouring demagogues, in a manner which he neither desired nor merited; the Whig aristocracy kept aloof; and by all their small followers he was held as a man upon whom a joke might always be played off with favour, and the reversionary recompense of a dinner and a compliment. During all this time, however, Joseph Hume was no theoretical dreamer in politics, as little was he a man who sought to overturn the State, the Church, or any one branch of either. Educated in a more severe manner, he had none of the ambition or the levity of those who thought to put him down; but he had strong intuitive perceptions of right and wrong; and these he directed, not to what was the most fair and fascinating in theory, but to what was most useful and most within reach in practice. We remember that, about the middle of the first session, the wise ones who prophesied in the train of their idols on both sides, predicted that next session he would be lowered; and in a third, he would either be silent or sunk into some little government office; but here he is still, as earnest and as active as ever; and though we agree, that he sometimes speaks when he should be silent, we say, without fearing contradiction, that he is more

listened to than ever. We are sure, too, that the enlightened members now at the head of the financial and commercial departments of government will admit, and admit without hesitation, that they have profited more, and to better purpose, by Joseph Hume, than by all others on the left hand of the Speaker; and though he generally both argues and divides against them, we find them frequently acting upon his suggestions. Though Hume sits with, and divides with the old Opposition, we cannot regard him as being one of their *party*. The fact is, that he has formed a party and opposition wholly his own, and were we to apply a distinctive epithet to him and the few who follow in his steps—though with less energy and perseverance, we should call them the *Financial* Opposition—the men who work the sledge hammer to ministers in shaping reductions of taxation and expenditure.

For this purpose no man is better fitted than Hume, either in body or in mind; in body he is a perfect colossus in point of strength; and that strength, together with the temperance and regularity of his habits, makes him able to undergo fatigue which would exhaust any other man. Of his mind, firmness and patience are the leading characters; and those characters are so strongly marked in his form and face, that no man who has read the debates, has occasion, upon entering the House of Commons, to ask which is Joseph Hume. You perceive him sitting by his pillar, in a dress equally remarkable for its plainness and its cleanness. There is nothing of the fop or the sloven about him. You never find him lounging; you never hear him laugh; and when he speaks to those about him, it is always respecting the business before the House, or the contents of some papers, a pile of which are always beside him. If he be without his hat, you are instantly struck with the appearance of his head. It wants the dazzling eloquence of that of Mr. Canning; it has not the acuteness of that of Huskisson; you seek in vain for the perspicuity of Robinson; and you can mark no trace of the dark-lowering strength of Brougham; but there is in it a firmness of purpose, an inflexibility of temper, and a truth to the end, which accompany not, and perhaps cannot accompany, these more splendid qualities. There is no imagination, and neither a beam of wit nor humour; and the power of oratory is entirely lost in the deep retiring of the eyes. But the lower lateral parts of the forehead, and, above all, the firm setting of the nose, and the hard line to which the lips are

compressed, tell you that this, and none other that you see in the House, must be Joseph Hume. Along with this firmness there is a considerable indication of honesty. You instantly pronounce that the man will neither change a subject, nor a mode of treating it, without being in earnest. He rises to speak. His manner is unseemly, his accent strongly and even disagreeably provincial, and his language both inaccurate and inelegant; but still, somehow or other, you find yourself obliged to listen to it; and though he never rounds, and seldom completes a period, he is always intelligible, and very often convincing. No doubt the constant occurrence of numbers in what he says, and his habit of sometimes mistaking those numbers, make him unpleasant to mere lovers of language; but with those who can judge of things as well as words, he is, though sometimes very tedious, never absolutely tiresome. There, too, the character of such a man as Hume is open to misrepresentation. Of those who attend the House of Commons, so as to be able to form any opinion of the members, there are many who come there as mere loungers, or as the listeners of their favourite orators; and to them the following of Hume through his long and intricate calculations, is a work of aversion. To the intelligent within the House, and the rational without, he, however, appears in a very different point of view. They regard him, as indeed posterity will regard him, as being, though far from the most splendid, one of the most straightforward, persevering, and useful labourers of the age; and possessing those substantial qualities, he may well leave others to enjoy the show. Indeed, he must so leave them, for he is not at all equal to the field-day parade of the orators,—as little as they are equal to his every-day duty.

FATAL CATASTROPHE IN GREENLAND.

MONTGOMERY.

[A beautiful description (but too long for this Selection) is given in Mr. Montgomery's "Greenland," of the destruction of an immense number of Greenlanders, who had assembled on the ice for the purposes of convivial intercourse and social festivity. In the midst of their amusements, a thaw suddenly takes place—the ice breaks up—and the whole of the assembly, with the exception of *five*, are consigned to the merciless deep.—The situation and circumstances of this little party (whose *ultimate* fate is, however, unknown), are the subjects of

the following beautiful description, on the day succeeding the awful catastrophe.]

WHERE are the multitudes of yesterday ?
 At morn they came ; at eve, they passed away,
 Yet some survive ; yon castellated pile
 Floats on the surges, like a fairy isle ;
 Pre-eminent upon its peak, behold,
 With walls of amethyst, and roofs of gold,
 The semblance of a city ; towers and spires
 Glance in the firmament with opal fires ;
 Prone from those heights pellucid fountains flow
 O'er pearly meads, through emerald vales below.
 No lovelier pageant moves beneath the sky,
 Nor one so mournful to the nearer eye ;
 Here, when the bitterness of death had passed
 O'er others with their sledge and rein-deer cast,
Five wretched ones in dumb despondence wait
 The lingering issue of a nameless fate ;
 A bridal party :—mark yon reverend sage
 In the brown vigour of autumnal age ;
 His daughter in her prime ; the youth, who won
 Her love by miracles of prowess done ;
 With these, two meet companions of their joy,
 Her younger sister, and a gallant boy,
 Who hoped like *him*, a gentle heart to gain,
 By valorous enterprise on land or main.
 —*These*, when the ocean-pavement failed their feet,
 Sought on a glacier's crags a safe retreat,
 But, in the shock from its foundation torn,
 That mass is slowly o'er the waters borite,
 An ice-berg !—on whose verge all day they stand,
 And eye the bright horizon's ring for land.
 All night around a dismal flame they weep ;
 Their sledge, by piecemeal, lights the hoary deep.
 Morn brings no comfort ; at her dawn expire
 The latest embers of their latest fire ;
 For warmth and food the patient reindeer bleeds,
 Happier in death than those he warms and feeds.
 How long, by that precarious raft upbuoyed,
 They blindly drifted on a shoreless void ;—
 How long they suffered, or how soon they found
 Rest in the gulf, or peace on living ground :—

Whether by hunger, cold, and grief consumed,
 They perished miserably—and unentombed,
 (While on that frigid bier their corpses lay,)
 Became the sea-fowl's or the sea-bear's prey ;
 —Whether the wasting mound by swift degrees,
 Exhaled in mist and vanished from the seas,
 While they, too weak to struggle even in death,
 Locked in each other's arms, resigned their breath,
 And their white skeletons, beneath the wave,
 Lie intertwined in one sepulchral cave :
 —Or meeting some Norwegian bark at sea,
 They deemed its deck a world of liberty ;
 —Or sunward sailing, on green Erin's sod
 They kneeled and worshipped a delivering God,
 Where yet the blood they brought from Greenland runs
 Among the noblest of our sister's so'ns ;
 —Is all *unknown* ;—their Ice-berg disappears
 Amidst the flood of unreturning years.

FINAL DEPOPULATION OF EASTERN GREENLAND.

Described in an Episode of two lovers and their infant

MONTGOMERY.

LOVE, the last feeling that from life retires,
 Blew the faint sparks of his unfuelled fires.
 In the cold sunshine of yon narrow dell,
 Affection lingers ;—*there* two lovers dwell,
 Greenland's whole family ; nor long forlorn,
 There comes a visitant ; a babe is born.
 O'er his meek helplessness the parents smiled ;
 'Twas hope ;—for hope is every mother's child.
 Then seemed they, in that world of solitude,
 The Eve and Adam of a race renewed.
 Brief happiness ! too perilous to last ;
 The moon hath waxed and waned, and all is past.
Behold the end !—one morn athwart the wall,
 They marked the shadow of a reindeer fall,
 Bounding in tameless freedóm o'er the snow ;
 The father tracked him, and with fatal bow

Smote down the victim ; but, before his eyes,
 A rabid she-bear pounced upon the prize ;
 A shaft into the spoiler's flank he sent,
 She turned in wrath, and limb from limb had rent
 The hunter ; but his dagger's plunging steel,
 With riven bosom, made the monster reel ;
 Unvanquished, both to closer combat flew,
 Assailants each, till each the other slew ;
 Mingling their blood from mutual wounds, they lay
 Stretched on the carcass of their antlered prey.

Meanwhile his partner waits, her heart at rest,
 No burthen but her infant on her breast ;
 With him she slumbers, or with him she plays,
 And tells him all her dreams of future days,
 Asks him a thousand questions, feigns replies,
 And reads whate'er she wishes in his eyes.
 —Red evening comes ; no husband's shadow falls,
 Where fell the reindeer's, o'er the latticed walls ;
 'Tis night ; no footstep sounds towards her door ;
 The *day* returns,—but *he* returns no more.
 In frenzy forth she sallies, and with cries,
 To which no voice except her own replies,
 In frightful echoes, starting all around,
 Where human voice again shall never sound,
 She seeks him, finds him not ; some angel guide
 In mercy turns her from the corpse aside ;
 Perhaps his own freed spirit, lingering near,
 Who waits to waft her to a happier sphere,
 But leads her first, at evening to their cot,
 Where lies the little one, all day forgot ;
 Imparadised in sleep she finds him there,
 Kisses his cheek, and breathes a mother's prayer.
 Three days she languishes, nor can she shed
 One tear between the living and the dead ;
 When her lost spouse comes o'er the widow's thought,
 The pangs of memory are to madness wrought ;
 But, when her suckling's eager lips are felt,
 Her heart would fain—but oh ! it cannot melt ;
 At length it *breaks*, while on her lap he lies
 With baby wonder gazing in her eyes.
 Poor orphan ! mine is not a hand to trace
 Thy little story, last of all thy race !

Not long thy sufferings; cold and colder grown,
 The arms that clasp thee, *chill thy limbs to stone.*
 —'Tis done:—from Greenland's coast the latest sigh
 Bore infant innocence beyond the sky.

ODE OF THE BARD—THIRD CANTO OF DON JUAN.

BYRON.

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece !
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
 Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
 Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung !
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,
 But all, except their sun, is set.
 The Scian and the Teian muse,
 The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
 Have found the fame your shores refuse ;
 Their place of birth alone is mute
 To sounds which echo farther west
 Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."
 The mountains look on Marathon—
 And Marathon looks on the sea ;
 And musing there an hour alone,
 I dreamed that Greece might still be free ;
 For standing on the Persian's grave,
 I could not deem myself a slave.
 A king sate on the rocky brow
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis ;
 And ships, by thousands, lay below,
 And men in nations;—all were his !
 He counted them at break of day—
 And when the sun set, where were they ?
 And where are they ? and where art thou,
 My country ? On thy voiceless shore
 The heroic lay is tuneless now—
 The heroic bosom beats no more !
 And must thy lyre, so long divine,
 Degenerate into hands like mine ?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
 Though linked among a fettered race,
 To feel at least a patriot's shame,
 Even as I sing, suffuse my face ;
 For what is left the poet here ?
 For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest ?
 Must *we* but *blush* ?—Our FATHERS BLED.
 Earth ! render back from out thy breast
 A remnant of our Spartan dead !
 Of the three hundred grant but three,
 To make a new Thermopylæ !

What, silent still ? and silent all ?
 Ah ! no ;—the voices of the dead
 Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
 And answer, " Let one living head,
 But one arise,—we come, we come !"
 'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain : strike other chords ;
 Fill high the cup with Samian wine !
 Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
 And shed the blood of Scio's vine !
 Hark ! rising to the ignoble call—
 How answers each bold bacchanal !

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
 Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone
 Of two such lessons, why forget
 The nobler and the manlier one ?
 You have the letters Cadmus gave—
 Think ye he meant them for a slave ?
 Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
 We will not think of themes like these !
 It made Anacreon's song divine :
 He served—but served Polycrates—
 A tyrant ; but our masters then
 Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
 Was freedom's best and bravest friend ;
That tyrant was Miltiades !
 Oh ! that the present hour would lend

Another despot of the kind !
Such chains as his were sure to bind.
Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
On Suli's rock and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore ;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.
Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells !
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells ;
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.
Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine ;
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.
Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep ;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die :
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine !

DEATH OF GERTRUDE.*

CAMPBELL.

BUT short that contemplation—sad and short
The pause to bid each much loved scene adieu !—
Beneath the very shadow of the fort,
Where friendly swords were drawn, and banners flew,

* The three characters mentioned in the above passage, being warned of the approach of a hostile tribe of North American Indians, are forced to abandon their peaceful retreat "beyond the Atlantic wave," and fly for safety to a neighbouring fort. On the following morning at sunrise,

Ah ! who could deem that foot of Indian crew
Was near ?—yet there, with lust of murderous deeds,
Gleamed like a basilisk, from woods in view,
The ambushed foeman's eye—his volley speeds,
And Albert—Albert—falls ! the dear old father bleeds !

And tranced in giddy horror Gertrude swooned ;
Yet, while she clasps him lifeless to her zone,
Say, burst they, borrowed from her father's wound,
These drops ?—Oh God ! the life-blood is her own ;
And faltering, on her Waldegrave's bosom thrown—
" Weep not, O Love !"—she cries, " to see me bleed—
Thee, Gertrude's sad survivor, thee alone—
Heaven's peace commiserate ; for scarce I heed
These wounds ;—yet thee to leave is death, is death *indeed*."

" Clasp me a little longer, on the brink
Of fate ! while I can feel thy dear caress ;
And, when this heart hath ceased to beat—oh ! think,
And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
And friend to more than human friendship just.
Oh ! by that retrospect of happiness,
And by the hopes of an immortal trust,
God shall assuage thy pangs—when I am laid in dust !

" Go, Henry, go not back, when I depart ;
The scene thy bursting tears too deep will move,
Where my dear father took thee to his heart,
And Gertrude thought it ecstasy to rove
With thee, as with an angel, through the grove
Of peace,—imagining her lot was cast
In Heaven ; for ours was not like earthly love,
And must this parting be our very last ?
No ! I shall love thee still, when death itself is past.—

while Gertrude of Wyoming, together with Albert, her father, and Waldegrave, her husband, are looking from the battlements on the havoc and desolation which had marked the progress of the barbarous enemy, an Indian marksman fires a mortal shot from his ambush at Albert ; and as Gertrude clasps him in agony to her heart, another shot lays her bleeding by his side. She then takes farewell of her husband in a speech which our greatest modern critic, Francis Jeffrey, Esq., now Lord Jeffrey, one of the Judges of the Court of Session, has described as " more sweetly pathetic than any thing ever written in rhyme."

"Half could I bear, methinks, to leave this earth,—
 And thee, more loved than aught beneath the sun,
 If I had lived to smile but on the birth
 Of one dear pledge:—but shall there then be none,
 In future times—no gentle little one,
 To clasp thy neck, and look resembling me?
 Yet seems it, even while life's last pulses run,
 A sweetness in the cup of death to be,
 Lord of my bosom's love! to die beholding thee!"

Hushed were his Gertrude's lips! but still their bland
 And beautiful expression seemed to melt
 With love that could not die! and still his hand
 She presses to the heart no more that felt.
 Ah, heart! where once each fond affection dwelt,
 And features yet that spoke a soul more fair.
 Mute, gazing, agonizing as he knelt,—
 Of them that stood encircling his despair,
 He heard some friendly words;—but knew not what they were.*

CONTEMPLATION OF THE DIVINE BEING IN HIS WORKS

FIELDING.†—"Tom Jones."

WHAT time can suffice for the contemplation and worship of

* The delightful author of the "Pleasures of Hope" and "Gertrude of Wyoming" died at Boulogne, in France, in the summer of 1814, aged 67 years. The "mortal remains" of the beloved poet were brought from France, and interred, with much magnificence, in Westminster Abbey; his pall was borne by noblemen, among whom were his countrymen, the Duke of Argyll, and Lords Campbell and Brougham.

† Lord Byron has designated Fielding as the "Prose Homer of human nature;" and Dr. Beattie has declared, speaking of "Tom Jones," that, "since the days of Homer, the world has not seen a more skillfully conducted epic fable."

While we humbly join in the expression and *justness* of these exalted opinions, and concur with our esteemed friend, Mr. Robert Chambers, in considering Fielding as "the prince of novelists," and "Tom Jones" as "unquestionably the first of English novels," we would pass on to the *matériel* of which the great epic is composed, and venture to say, that the introductory chapters of this unrivalled novel contain such specimens of "the pure well of English undefiled" as few, *if any*, other volumes in our language can produce!—Poor Fielding (whose life was too gay to be long) died at Lisbon in 1754, aged 47.

that glorious, immortal, and eternal Being ; among the works of whose stupendous creation, not only this globe, but even those numberless luminaries, which we may here behold spangling all the sky, though they should be suns lighting different systems of worlds, may possibly appear but as a few atoms, opposed to the whole earth which we inhabit ? Can a man, who by divine meditations is admitted, as it were, into the conversation of this ineffable, incomprehensible Majesty, think days, or years, or a^ges, too long for the continuance of so ravishing an honour ? Shall the trifling amusements, the palling pleasures, the silly business of the world, roll away our hours too swiftly from us ; and, shall the space of time seem sluggish, to a mind exercised in studies so high, so important, and so glorious ? As no time is sufficient, so no pla^ce is improper for this great concern. On what object can we cast our eyes, which may not inspire us with ideas of his power, of his wisdom, and of his goodness ? It is not necessary that the rising sun should dart his fiery glories over the eastern horizon ; nor that the boisterous winds should rush from their caverns and shake the lofty forest ; nor that the opening clouds should pour their deluges on the plains ; it is not necessary, I say, that any of these should proclaim his Majesty ; there is not an insect, not a ve^getable of so low an order in the creation, as not to be honoured with bearing marks of the attributes of its great Creator ; marks, not only of his power, but of his wisdom and goodness. Man alone, the king of this globe, and last and greatest work of the Supreme Being, below the sun—m^an alone, hath basely dishonoured his own nature ; and by dishonesty, cruelty, ingratitude, and treachery, hath called his Maker's goodness in question, by puzzling us to account how a benevolent Being should form so foolish and so vile an animal. And yet this is the being who stands pre-eminently the debtor of his great Creator.—True it is that Philosophy makes us wiser, but Christianity makes us better men ; Philosophy elevates and steels the mind, Christianity softens and sweetens it. The former makes us the objects of human admiration, the latter of divine love. That insures us a temporal, this an eternal happiness !

APTNESS TO GIVE A CHARACTER OF CONTINUANCE TO PRESENT CIRCUMSTANCES:—MAN DIVIDED INTO TWO CLASSES, THE ONE FITTED FOR *PRIVATE*, THE OTHER FOR *PUBLIC* STATION.

ELY BATES.—“*Rural Philosophy*.”

To a thoughtless young man, even the short period of the present life seems a kind of immortality; he sees no bounds to his pursuits and his enjoyments; one object rises after another in a long succession, while old age and death are lost in the obscurity of a far distant horizon. Nay, so great is the illusion, that, after years of experience, the passing intervals of life are apt to swell into a large disproportion; a short series of prosperous or adverse fortune, a transient season of peace or disquiet, will so fill the imagination, and engage the heart, as to appear without limit or termination: such is the strange power we find in ourselves, and such is our disposition to give to our present state, *whatever it is*, a character of continuance. To correct this turn of mind, we should learn to view our situation at a distance, and to consider it as involved in the general instability of the world, whose surprising changes and revolutions may afford us a feeling admonition, that there is no earthly joy which may not be extinguished in a moment, and no earthly fortune that is not liable to a sudden subversion.—

The bulk of mankind may be considered as made up of two great divisions, the one naturally qualified for a public, the other for a private station. Those of a robust frame, a cool disposition, and a plodding diligence, are fitted for the former; while persons of a delicate texture, a quick sensibility, and precipitate temper, are marked out for the latter. That hurry of business, which in the one case would only serve to collect the spirits and invigorate the faculties, would, in the other, produce nothing but debility and irritation. Hence, an enlightened virtue, which, in whatever relates to the present world, is in favour of mediocrity, and condemns alike a state of languid indolence, and of violent agitation, will, if consulted, prescribe a life of business to those who, from a phlegmatic constitution of body or mind, require a constant external impulse to keep them moderately employed; which, to others of a more prompt and susceptible

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temper, and who need rather the bridle than the spur, she will recommend more retired scenes and calmer occupations.

When a person of feeble health and irritable nerves is engaged in public life, it is often no less a misfortune to others than to himself. Unable to sustain the pressure of business, or to contend with the injustice which seldom fails to mingle itself with human transactions, his temper becomes soured, his purposes irresolute, he looks with suspicion on every thing around him, and perhaps is tempted at length to have recourse to those arts which he is apt to imagine are practised against himself. From such effects of a situation to which he is unequal, we are led either to condemn the indiscretion of his choice, or to lament the exigency of his circumstances. Nor ought our censure or regret to be less excited, when we see others stagnate in still life, whose firm and steady complexional character, if called forth on the public stage, would display itself in a virtuous and useful course of action.

EFFECTS OF CATILINE'S ELOQUENCE.

REV. G. CROLY.—“*Catiline*.”*

THE people hung on every word he spoke,
As if he were no mortal ; but a god,
Sent down in the declining age of Rome,
To teach it ancient glory.

You should have seen him in the Campus Martius,—

* The writer of this powerfully-written tragedy, the Rev. Geo. Croly, D.D., rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, London, is “a correct and eloquent poet,” and author of some distinguished prose works ; among which may be mentioned “*Salathiel*,” a very superior romance, founded on the old legend of the Wandering Jew. Dr. Croly is a native of Ireland, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin.

In its proper place—at the Selections from “*The Fall of Jerusalem*”—we regret to have omitted a notice of the Rev. Henry Hart Milman. Mr. Milman is, like Dr. Croly, a correct and eloquent poet ; he is author of *Fazio*, a beautiful and successful tragedy, acted at Drury Lane Theatre in 1817 ; and besides the *Fall of Jerusalem* and other dramatic poems, he has also contributed, like the author of *Catiline*, to the prose literature of our country in a very masterly history of the Jews. Mr. Milman, who is vicar of St. Mary, in the town of Reading, is a native of London ; in 1815 he was made Fellow of Brazen-Nose College, Oxford ; and in 1821 he was appointed Professor of Poetry in that University.

In the tribunal,—shaking all the tribes
With mighty speech. His words seemed oracles,
That pierced their bosoms; and each man would turn
And gaze in wonder on his neighbour's face,
That, with the like dumb wonder answered him.
Then some would weep, some shout, some, deeper touched,
Keep down the cry with motion of their hands,
In fear but to have lost a syllable.
The evening came, yet there the people stood,
As if 'twere noon, and they the marble sea,
Sleeping, without a wave. You could have heard
The beating of your pulses while he spoke,—
But when he ceased, the shout was like the roar
Of Ocean in the storm.

FEELINGS EXCITED BY A LONG VOYAGE.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

To an American visiting Europe, the long voyage he has to make is an excellent preparative. From the moment you lose sight of the land you have left, all is vacancy until you step on the opposite shore, and are launched at once into the bustle and novelties of another world.

I have said that at sea all is vacancy. I should correct the expression. To one given up to day-dreaming, and fond of losing himself in reveries, a sea voyage is full of subjects for meditation; but then they are the wonders of the deep, and of the air, and rather tend to abstract the mind from worldly themes. I delighted to loll over the quarter-railing, or climb to the maintop on a calm day, and muse for hours together on the tranquil bosom of a summer's sea; or to gaze upon the piles of golden clouds just peering above the horizon, fancy them some fairy realms, and people them with a creation of my own; or, watch the gentle undulating billows rolling their silver volumes, as if to die away on those happy shores.

There was a delicious sensation of mingled security and awe, with which I looked down from my giddy height on the monsters of the deep at their uncouth gambols. Shoals of porpoises tumbling about the bow of the ship; the grampus slowly heaving his huge form from above the surface; or the ravenous shark,

darting like a spectre, through the blue waters. My imagination would conjure up all that I had heard or read of the watery world beneath me; of the finny herds that roam its fathomless valleys; of shapeless monsters that lurk among the very foundations of the earth; and those wild phantasms that swell the tales of fishermen and sailors.

Sometimes a distant sail gliding along the edge of the ocean would be another theme of idle speculation. How interesting this fragment of a world hastening to rejoin the great mass of existence! What a glorious monument of human invention, that has thus triumphed over wind and wave; has brought the ends of the earth in communion; has established an interchange of blessings, pouring into the sterile regions of the north all the luxuries of the south; diffused the light of knowledge and the charities of cultivated life; and has thus bound together those scattered portions of the human race, between which nature seemed to have thrown an insurmountable barrier!

We one day descried some shapeless object drifting at a distance. At sea, every thing that breaks the monotony of the surrounding expanse attracts attention. It proved to be the mast of a ship that must have been completely wrecked; for there were the remains of handkerchiefs, by which some of the crew had fastened themselves to this spar, to prevent their being washed off by the waves. There was no trace by which the name of the ship could be ascertained. The wreck had evidently drifted about for many months; clusters of shell-fish had fastened about it, and long sea-weeds flaunted at its sides. But where, thought I, is the crew? Their struggle has long been over;—they have gone down amidst the roar of the tempest;—their bones lie whitening in the caverns of the deep. Silence—oblivion, like the waves, have closed over them, and no one can tell the story of their end. What sighs have been wafted after that ship! what prayers offered up at the deserted fire-side of home! How often has the mistress, the wife, and the mother, pored over the daily news, to catch some casual intelligence of this rover of the deep! How has expectation darkened into anxiety—anxiety into dread—and dread into despair! Alas! not one memento shall ever return for love to cherish. All that shall ever be known is, that she sailed from her port, “and was never heard of more!”

The sight of the wreck, as usual, gave rise to many dismal anecdotes. This was particularly the case in the evening, when

the weather, which had hitherto been fair, began to look wild and threatening, and gave indications of one of those sudden storms that will sometimes break in upon the serenity of a summer voyage. As we sat round the dull light of a lamp, in the cabin, that made the gloom more ghastly, every one had his tale of shipwreck and disaster. I was particularly struck with a short one related by the captain. "As I was once sailing," said he, "in a fine stout ship, across the banks of Newfoundland, one of the heavy fogs that prevail in those parts rendered it impossible for me to see far a-head, even in the day-time; but at night the weather was so thick that we could not distinguish any object at twice the length of our ship. I kept lights at the mast-head, and a constant watch forward to look out for fishing-smacks, which are accustomed to lie at anchor on the banks. The wind was blowing a smacking breeze, and we were going at a great rate through the water. Suddenly the watch gave the alarm of "a sail a-head!" but it was scarcely uttered till we were upon her. She was a small schooner at anchor, with her broad-side towards us. The crew were all asleep, and had neglected to hoist a light. We struck her just amid-ships. The force, the size, and weight of our vessel, bore her down below the waves; we passed over her, and were hurried on in our course. As the crashing wreck was sinking beneath us, I had a glimpse of two or three half-naked wretches, rushing from her cabin; they had just started from their beds to be swallowed shrieking by the waves. I heard their drowning cry mingling with the wind. The blast that bore it to our ears, swept us out of all further hearing. I shall never forget that cry! It was some time before we could put the ship about, she was under such headway. We returned, as nearly as we could guess, to the place where the smack was anchored. We cruised about for several hours in the dense fog. We fired several guns, and listened if we might hear the halloo of any survivors; but all was silent—we never heard nor saw any thing of them more!"

It was a fine sunny morning when the thrilling cry of "land!" was given from the mast-head. I question whether Columbus, when he discovered the new world, felt a more delicious throng of sensations than rush into an American's bosom when he first comes in sight of Europe. There is a volume of associations in the very name. It is the land of promise, teeming with every thing of which his childhood has heard, or on which his studious years have pondered.

From that time until the period of arrival, it was all feverish excitement. The ships of war that prowled like guardian giants round the coast; the headlands of Ireland, stretching out into the channel; the Welsh mountains, towering into the clouds; all were objects of intense interest. As we sailed up the Mersey, I reconnoitred the shores with a telescope. My eye dwelt with delight on neat cottages, with their trim shrubberies and green grass-plots. I saw the mouldering ruins of an abbey overrun with ivy, and the taper spire of a village church rising from the brow of a neighbouring hill—all were characteristic of England.

The tide and wind were so favourable, that the ship was enabled to come at once on the pier. It was thronged with people; some idle lookers-on, others eager expectants of friends or relatives. I could distinguish the merchant to whom the ship belonged. I knew him by his calculating brow and restless air. His hands were thrust in his pockets; he was whistling thoughtfully, and walking to and fro, a small space having been accorded to him by the crowd, in deference to his temporary importance. There were repeated cheerings and salutations interchanged between the shore and the ship, as friends happened to recognise each other. But I particularly noticed one young woman of humble dress, but interesting demeanour. She was leaning forward from among the crowd; her eye hurried over the ship as it neared the shore, to catch some wished-for countenance. She seemed disappointed and agitated, when I heard a faint voice call her name. It was from a poor sailor, who had been ill all the voyage, and had excited the sympathy of every one on board. When the weather was fine, his messmates had spread a mattress for him on deck in the shade; but of late his illness had so increased, that he had taken to his hammock, and only breathed a wish that he might see his wife before he died. He had been helped on deck as we came up the river, and was now leaning against the shrouds, with a countenance so wasted, so pale, and so ghastly, that it is no wonder even the eye of affection did not recognise him. But at the sound of his voice, her eye darted on his features, it read at once a whole volume of sorrow; she clasped her hands, uttered a faint shriek, and stood wringing them in silent agony.

All now was hurry and bustle. The meetings of acquaintances—the greetings of friends—the consultations of men of business. I alone was solitary and idle. I had no friend to

meet, no cheering to receive. I stepped upon the land of my forefathers—but felt that I was a stranger in the land.

THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

DURING my residence in the country, I used frequently to attend at the old village church. Its shadowy aisles, its mouldering monuments, its dark oaken panneling, all reverend with the gloom of departed years, seemed to fit it for the haunt of solemn meditation. A Sunday, too, in the country, is so holy in its repose; such a pensive quiet reigns over the face of nature, that every restless passion is charmed down, and we feel all the natural religion of the soul gently springing up within us.

“ Sweet day, so pure, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky.”

I do not pretend to be what is called a devout man; but there are feelings that visit me in a country church, amid the beautiful serenity of nature, which I experience no where else; and if not a more religious, I think I am a better man on Sunday, than on any other day of the seven.

But in this church I felt myself continually thrown back upon the world by the frigidity and pomp of the poor worms around me. The only being that seemed thoroughly to feel the humble and prostrate piety of a true Christian, was a poor decrepid old woman, bending under the weight of years and infirmities. She bore the traces of something better than abject poverty. The lingerings of decent pride were visible in her appearance. Her dress, though humble in the extreme, was scrupulously clean. Some trivial respect, too, had been awarded her, for she did not take her seat among the village poor, but sat alone on the steps of the altar. She seemed to have survived all love, all friendship, all society; and to have nothing left her but the hopes of heaven. When I saw her feebly rising and bending her aged form in prayer—habitually conning her prayer-book, which her palsied hand and failing eyes would not permit her to read, but which she evidently knew by heart—I felt persuaded that the faltering voice of that poor woman arose to heaven far before the responses of the clerk, the swell of the organ, or the chanting of the choir.

I am fond of loitering about country churches, and this was so delightfully situated, that it frequently attracted me. It stood on a knoll, round which a small stream made a beautiful bend, and then wound its way through a long reach of soft meadow scenery. The church was surrounded by yew trees which seemed almost coeval with itself. Its tall gothic spire shot up lightly from among them, with rooks and crows generally wheeling about it. I was seated there one still sunny morning, watching two labourers who were digging a grave. They had chosen one of the most remote and neglected corners of the church-yard; where, from the number of nameless graves around, it would appear that the indigent and friendless were huddled into the earth. I was told that the new-made grave was for the only son of a poor widow. While I was meditating on the distinctions of worldly rank, which extend thus down into the very dust, the toll of the bell announced the approach of the funeral. They were the obsequies of poverty, with which pride had nothing to do. A coffin of the plainest materials, without pall or other covering, was borne by some of the villagers. The sexton walked before with an air of cold indifference. There were no mock mourners in the trappings of affected woe; but there was one real mourner who feebly tottered after the corpse. It was the aged mother of the deceased—the poor old woman whom I had seen seated on the steps of the altar. She was supported by a humble friend, who was endeavouring to comfort her. A few of the neighbouring poor had joined the train, and some children of the village were running hand in hand, now shouting with unthinking mirth, and now pausing to gaze, with childish curiosity, on the grief of the mourner.

As the funeral train approached the grave, the parson issued from the church porch, arrayed in the surplice, with prayer-book in hand, and attended by the clerk. The service, however, was a mere act of charity. The deceased had been destitute, and the survivor was pennyless. It was shuffled through, therefore, in form, but coldly and unfeelingly. The well-fed priest moved but a few steps from the church door; his voice could scarcely be heard at the grave; and never did I hear the funeral service, that sublime and touching ceremony, turned into such a frigid mummery of words.

I approached the grave. The coffin was placed on the ground. On it were inscribed the name and age of the deceased—"George Somers, aged 26 years." The poor mother had been

assisted to kneel down at the head of it. Her withered hands were clasped, as if in prayer; but I could perceive, by a feeble rocking of the body, and a convulsive motion of the lips, that she was gazing on the last relics of her son, with the yearnings of a mother's heart.

The service being ended, preparations were made to deposit the coffin in the earth. There was that bustling stir which breaks so harshly on the feelings of grief and affection; directions given in the cold tones of business; the striking of spades into sand and gravel which, at the grave of those we love, is of all sounds the most withering. The bustle around seemed to waken the mother from a wretched reverie. She raised her glazed eyes, and looked about with a faint wildness. As the men approached with cords to lower the coffin into the grave, she wrung her hands and broke into an agony of grief. The poor woman who attended her took her by the arm, endeavouring to raise her from the earth, and to whisper something like consolation—"Nay, now—nay, now,—don't take it so sorely to heart." She could only shake her head and wring her hands as one not to be comforted.

As they lowered the body into the earth, the creaking of the cords seemed to agonize her; but when, on some accidental obstruction, there was a justling of the coffin, all the tenderness of the mother burst forth; as if any harm could come to him who was far beyond the reach of worldly suffering.

I could see no more—my heart swelled into my throat—my eyes filled with tears—I felt as if I were acting a barbarous part in standing by and gazing idly on this scene of maternal anguish. I wandered to another part of the church-yard, where I remained until the funeral train had dispersed.

When I saw the mother slowly and painfully quitting the grave, leaving behind her the remains of all that was dear to her on earth, and returning to silence and destitution, my heart ached for her. What, thought I, are the distresses of the rich! they have friends to soothe—pleasures to beguile—a world to divert and dissipate their griefs. What are the sorrows of the young? Their growing minds soon close above the wound—their elastic spirits soon rise beneath the pressure—their green and ductile affections soon twine round new objects. But the sorrows of the *poor*, who have no outward appliances to soothe—the sorrows of the *aged*, with whom life at best is but a wintry day, and who can look for no after-growth of joy—the sorrows—

of a *widow*, aged, solitary, destitute, mourning over an only son, the last solace of her years ; these are indeed sorrows which make us feel the impotency of consolation.

It was some time before I left the church-yard. On my way homeward I met with the woman who had acted as comforter : she was just returning from accompanying the mother to her lonely habitation, and I drew from her some particulars connected with the affecting scene I had witnessed.

The parents of the deceased had resided in the village from childhood. They had inhabited one of the neatest cottages, and by various rural occupations, and the assistance of a small garden, had supported themselves creditably and comfortably, and led a happy and a blameless life. They had one son, who had grown up to be the staff and pride of their age.—“ Oh, Sir ! ” said the good woman, “ he was such a likely lad, so sweet-tempered, so kind to every one around him, so dutiful to his parents ! It did one’s heart good, to see him of a Sunday, dressed out in his best, so tall, so straight, so cheery, supporting his old mother to church—for she was always fonder of leaning on George’s arm than on her good-man’s ; and, poor soul, she might well be proud of him, for a finer lad there was not in the country round.”

Unfortunately, the son was tempted, during a year of scarcity and agricultural hardship, to enter into the service of one of the small craft that plied on a neighbouring river. He had not been long in this employ when he was entrapped by a press-gang, and carried off to sea. His parents received tidings of his seizure, but beyond that they could learn nothing. It was the loss of their main prop. The father, who was already infirm, grew heartless and melancholy, and sunk into his grave. The widow, left lonely in her age and feebleness, could no longer support herself, and came upon the parish. Still there was a kind feeling toward her throughout the village, and a certain respect, as being one of the oldest inhabitants. As no one applied for the cottage, in which she had passed so many happy days, she was permitted to retain it, where she lived solitary and almost helpless. The few wants of nature were chiefly supplied from the scanty productions of her little garden, which the neighbours would now and then cultivate for her. It was but a few days before the time at which these circumstances were told me, that she was gathering some vegetables for her repast, when she heard the cottage door which faced the garden suddenly open.

A stranger came out, and seemed to be looking eagerly and wildly around. He was dressed in seaman's clothes, was emaciated and ghastly pale, and bore the air of one broken by sickness and hardships. He saw her, and hastened toward her, but his steps were faint and faltering; he sank on his knees before her and sobbed like a child. The poor woman gazed upon him with a vacant and wandering eye—"Oh my dear, dear mother! don't you know your son? your poor boy George?" It was indeed the wreck of her once noble lad; who, shattered by wounds, by sickness and foreign imprisonment, had, at length, dragged his wasted limbs homeward, to repose among the scenes of his childhood.

I will not attempt to detail the particulars of such a meeting, where joy and sorrow were so completely blended: still he was alive! he was come home! he might yet live to comfort and cherish her old age! Nature, however, was exhausted in him; and if any thing had been wanting to finish the work of fate, the desolation of his native cottage would have been sufficient. He stretched himself on the pallet on which his widowed mother had passed many a sleepless night, and he never rose from it again.

The villagers, when they heard that George Somers had returned, crowded to see him, offering every comfort and assistance that their humble means afforded. He was too weak, however, to talk—he could only *look* his thanks. His mother was his constant attendant; and he seemed unwilling to be helped by any other hand.

There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood; that softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has languished, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency; who that has pined on a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land; but has thought on the mother "that looked on his childhood," that smoothed his pillow, and administered to his helplessness? Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity:—and, if adversity overtake him, he will be the dearer to her by misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she

will still love and cherish him ; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

Poor George Somers had known well what it was to be in sickness, and none to soothe—lonely and in prison, and none to visit him. He could not endure his mother from his sight ; if she moved away, his eye would follow her. She would sit for hours by his bed, watching him as he slept. Sometimes he would start from a feverish dream, and look anxiously up, until he saw her venerable form bending over him ; when he would take her hand, lay it on his bosom, and fall asleep with the tranquillity of a child. In this way he died.

My first impulse on hearing this humble tale of affliction, was to visit the cottage of the mourner, and administer pecuniary assistance, and, if possible, comfort. I found, however, on inquiry, that the good feelings of the villagers had prompted them to do every thing that the case admitted : and as the poor know best how to console each other's sorrows, I did not venture to intrude.

The next Sunday I was at the village church ; when, to my surprise, I saw the poor old woman tottering down the aisle to her accustomed seat on the steps of the altar.

She had made an effort to put on something like mourning for her son ; and nothing could be more touching than this struggle between pious affection and utter poverty : a black riband or so—a faded black handkerchief, and one or two more such humble attempts to express by outward signs that grief which passes show. When I looked round upon the storied monuments ; the stately hatchments ; the cold marble pomp, with which grandeur mourned magnificently over departed pride ; and turned to this poor widow, bowed down by age and sorrow at the altar of her God, and offering up the prayers and praises of a pious, though broken heart, I felt that this living monument of real grief was worth them all.

I related her story to some of the wealthy members of the congregation, and they were moved by it. They exerted themselves to render her situation more comfortable, and to lighten her afflictions. It was, however, but smoothing a few steps to the grave. In the course of a Sunday or two after, she was missed from her usual seat at church, and before I left the neighbourhood I heard, with a feeling of satisfaction, that she had quietly breathed her last, and had gone to rejoin those she loved, in that world where sorrow is never known, and friends are never parted.

THE WIFE.

The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As are the concealed comforts of a man
Locked up in woman's love. I scent the air
Of blessings, when I come but near the house.
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth—
The violet bed's not sweeter. MIDDLETON.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

I HAVE often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness, and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the bitterest blasts of adversity.

As the vine, which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunder-bolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so is it beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the mere dependant and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

I was once congratulating a friend, who had around him a blooming family, knit together in the strongest affection. "I can wish you no better lot," said he, with enthusiasm, "than to have a wife and children.—If you are prosperous, there they are to share your prosperity; if otherwise, there they are to comfort you." And, indeed, I have observed that a married man falling into misfortune is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one; partly because he is more stimulated to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon him for subsistence; but chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments and

his self-respect kept alive by finding, that though all abroad is darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home, of which he is the monarch. Whereas a single man is apt to run to waste and self-neglect ; to fancy himself lonely and abandoned, and his heart to fall to ruin like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant.

These observations call to mind a little domestic story, of which I was once a witness. My intimate friend, Leslie, had married a beautiful and accomplished girl, who had been brought up in the midst of fashionable life. She had, it is true, no fortune, but that of my friend was ample ; and he delighted in the anticipation of indulging her in every elegant pursuit, and administering to those delicate tastes and fancies that spread a kind of witchery about the sex.—“ Her life,” said he, “ shall be like a fairy tale.”

The very difference in their characters produced an harmonious combination : he was of a romantic and somewhat serious cast ; she was all life and gladness. I have often noticed the mute rapture with which he would gaze upon her in company, of which her sprightly powers made her the delight ; and how, in the midst of applause, her eye would still turn to him, as if there alone she sought favour and acceptance. When leaning on his arm, her slender form contrasted finely with his tall manly person. The fond confiding air with which she looked up to him seemed to call forth a flush of triumphant pride and cherishing tenderness, as if he doated on his lovely burden for its very helplessness. Never did a couple set forward on the flowery path of early and well-suited marriage with a fairer prospect of felicity.

It was the mishap of my friend, however, to have embarked his fortune in large speculations ; and he had not been married many months, when, by a succession of sudden disasters, it was swept from him, and he found himself reduced almost to penury. For a time he kept his situation to himself, and went about with a haggard countenance, and a breaking heart. His life was but a protracted agony ; and what rendered it more insupportable was the necessity of keeping up a smile in the presence of his wife ; for he could not bring himself to overwhelm her with the news. She saw, however, with the quick eyes of affection, that all was not well with him. She marked his altered looks and stifled sighs, and was not to be deceived by his sickly and vapid attempts at cheerfulness. She tasked all her sprightly power:

and tender blandishments to win him back to happiness ; but she only drove the arrow deeper into his soul. The more he saw cause to love her, the more torturing was the thought that he was soon to make her wretched. A little while, thought he, and the smile will vanish from that cheek—the song will die away from those lips—the lustre of those eyes will be quenched with sorrow ; and the happy heart, which now beats lightly in that bosom, will be weighed down, like mine, by the cares and miseries of the world.

At length he came to me one day and related his whole situation in a tone of the deepest despair. When I had heard him through, I inquired, “ Does your wife know all this ? ” At the question he burst into an agony of tears. “ For God’s sake ! ” cried he, “ if you have any pity on me, don’t mention my wife ; it is the thought of her that drives me almost to madness ! ”

“ And why not ? ” said I. “ She must know it sooner or later : you cannot keep it long from her, and the intelligence may break upon her in a more startling manner, than if imparted by yourself ; for the accents of those we love soften the harshest tidings. Besides, you are depriving yourself of the comforts of her sympathy ; and not merely that, but also endangering the only bond that can keep hearts together—an unreserved community of thought and feeling. She will soon perceive that something is secretly preying upon your mind ; and true love will not brook reserve : it feels undervalued and outraged, when even the sorrows of those it loves are concealed from it.”

“ Oh, but, my friend ! to think what a blow I am to give to all her future prospects—how I am to strike her very soul to the earth, by telling her that her husband is a beggar ! that she is to forego all the elegancies of life—all the pleasures of society—to shrink with me into indigence and obscurity ! To tell her that I have dragged her down from the sphere in which she might have continued to move in constant brightness—the light of every eye—the admiration of every heart ! How can she bear poverty ? she has been brought up in all the refinements of opulence. How can she bear neglect ? she has been the idol of society. Oh, it will break her heart—it will break her heart ! ”

I saw his grief was eloquent, and I let it have its flow ; for sorrow relieves itself by words. When his paroxysm had subsided, and he had relapsed into moody silence, I resumed the subject gently, and urged him to break his situation at once to his wife. He shook his head mournfully, but positively.

"But how are you to keep it from her? It is necessary she should know it, that you may take the steps proper to the alteration of your circumstances. You must change your style of living—nay," observing a pang to pass across his countenance, "don't let that afflict you. I am sure you have never placed your happiness on outward show—you have yet friends, warm friends, who will not think the worse of you for being less splendidly lodged; and surely it does not require a palace to be happy with Mary—"

"I could be happy with her," cried he, convulsively, "in a hovel!—I could go down with her into poverty and the dust—I could—I could—God bless her!—God bless her!" cried he, bursting into a transport of grief and tenderness.

"And believe me, my friend," said I, stepping up, and grasping him warmly by the hand, "believe me, she can be the same with you. Ay, more: it will be a source of pride and triumph to her—it will call forth all the latent energies and fervent sympathies of her nature; for she will rejoice to prove that she loves you for yourself. There is in every true woman's heart a spark of heavenly fire, which lies dormant in the broad daylight of prosperity; but which kindles up, and beams and blazes in the dark hour of adversity. No man knows what the wife of his bosom is—no man knows what a ministering angel she is—until he has gone with her through the fiery trials of this world!"

There was something in the earnestness of my manner, and the figurative style of my language, that caught the excited imagination of Leslie. I knew the auditor I had to deal with; and following up the impression I had made, I finished by persuading him to go home and unburthen his sad heart to his wife.

I must confess, notwithstanding all I had said, I felt some little solicitude for the result. Who can calculate on the fortitude of one whose whole life has been a round of pleasure? Her gay spirits might revolt at the dark downward path of low humility suddenly pointed out before her, and might cling to the sunny regions in which they had hitherto revelled. Besides, ruin in fashionable life is accompanied by so many galling mortifications, to which in other ranks it is a stranger.—In short, I could not meet Leslie the next morning without trepidation. He had made the disclosure.

"And how did she bear it?"

"Like an angel! It seemed rather to be a relief to her mind, for she threw her arms round my neck, and asked if this was all

that had lately made me unhappy.—“But poor girl,” added he, “she cannot realize the change we must undergo. She has no idea of poverty but in the abstract; she has only read of it in poetry, where it is allied to love. She feels as yet no privation; she suffers no loss of accustomed conveniences or elegancies. When we come practically to experience its sordid cares, its paltry wants, its petty humiliations—then will be the real trial.”

“But,” said I, “now that you have got over the severest task, that of breaking it to her, the sooner you let the world into the secret the better. The disclosure may be mortifying; but then it is a single misery, and soon over: whereas you otherwise suffer it, in anticipation, every hour in the day. It is not poverty so much as pretence, that harasses a ruined man—the struggle between a proud mind and an empty purse—the keeping up a hollow show that must soon come to an end. *Have the courage to appear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting!*” On this point I found Leslie perfectly prepared. He had no false pride himself, and as to his wife, she was only anxious to conform to their altered fortunes.

Some days afterwards he called upon me in the evening. He had disposed of his dwelling-house, and taken a small cottage in the country, a few miles from town. He had been busied all day in sending out furniture. The new establishment required few articles, and those of the simplest kind. All the splendid furniture of his late residence had been sold, excepting his wife’s harp. That, he said, was too closely associated with the idea of herself; it belonged to the little story of their loves; for some of the sweetest moments of their courtship were those when he had leaned over that instrument, and listened to the melting tones of her voice. I could not but smile at this instance of romantic gallantry in a doating husband.

He was now going out to the cottage, where his wife had been all day superintending its arrangement. My feelings had become strongly interested in the progress of this family story, and, as it was a fine evening, I offered to accompany him.

He was wearied with the fatigues of the day, and as we walked out, fell into a fit of gloomy musing.

“Poor Mary!” at length broke, with a heavy sigh, from his lips.

“And what of her,” asked I, “has any thing happened to her?”

“What,” said he, darting an impatient glance, “is it nothing

to be reduced to this paltry situation—to be caged in a miserable cottage—to be obliged to toil almost in the menial concerns of her wretched habitation ?”

“Has she then repined at the change ?”

“Repined ! she has been nothing but sweetness and good humour. Indeed, she seems in better spirits than I have ever known her ; she has been to me all love, and tenderness, and comfort !”

“Admirable girl,” exclaimed I. “You call yourself poor, my friend ; you never were so rich — you never knew the boundless treasures of excellence you possess in that woman.”

“Oh ! but, my friend, if this first meeting at the cottage were over, I think I could then be comfortable. But this is her first day of real experience : she has been introduced into a humble dwelling—she has been employed all day in arranging its miserable equipments—she has, for the first time, known the fatigues of domestic employment—she has, for the first time, looked around her on a home destitute of every thing elegant,—almost of every thing convenient ; and may now be sitting down, exhausted and spiritless, brooding over a prospect of future poverty.”

There was a degree of probability in this picture that I could not gainsay, so we walked on in silence.

After turning from the main road up a narrow lane, so thickly shaded by forest trees as to give it a complete air of seclusion, we came in sight of the cottage. It was humble enough in its appearance for the most pastoral poet ; and yet it had a pleasing rural look. A wild vine had overrun one end with a profusion of foliage ; a few trees threw their branches gracefully over it ; and I observed several pots of flowers tastefully disposed about the door, and on the grass-plot in front. A small wicket gate opened upon a footpath that wound through some shrubbery to the door. Just as we approached, we heard the sound of music—Leslie grasped my arm ; we paused and listened. It was Mary’s voice singing, in a style of the most touching simplicity, a little air of which her husband was peculiarly fond.

I felt Leslie’s hand tremble on my arm. He stepped forward to hear more distinctly. His step made a noise on the gravel walk. A bright beautiful face glanced out at the window and vanished—a light footstep was heard—and Mary came tripping forth to meet us : she was in a pretty rural dress of white ; a few wild flowers were twisted in her fine hair ; a fresh

bloom was on her cheek ; her whole countenance beamed with smiles—I had never seen her look so lovely.

“ My dear George,” cried she, “ I am so glad you are come ! I have been watching and watching for you ; and running down the lane, and looking out for you. I’ve set out a table under a beautiful tree behind the cottage ; and I’ve been gathering some of the most delicious strawberries, for I know you are fond of them—and we have such excellent cream—and every thing is so sweet and still here.—Oh !” said she, putting her arm within his, and looking up brightly in his face, “ Oh, we shall be so happy !”

Poor Leslie was overcome.—He caught her to his bosom—he folded his arms round her—he kissed her again and again—he could not speak, but the tears gushed into his eyes ; and he has often assured me, that though the world has since gone prosperously with him, and his life has indeed been a happy one, yet never has he experienced a moment of such unutterable felicity.

THE ENGLISH COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

I DO not know a more enviable condition of life, than that of an English gentleman, of sound judgment and good feelings, who passes the greater part of his time on an hereditary estate in the country. From the excellence of the roads and the rapidity and exactness of the public conveyances, he is enabled to command all the comforts and conveniences, all the intelligence and novelties of the capital, while he is removed from its hurry and distraction. He has ample means of occupation and amusement within his own domains ; he may diversify his time by rural occupations, by rural sports, by study, and by the delights of friendly society collected within his own hospitable halls.

Or if his views and feelings are of a more extensive and liberal nature, he has it greatly in his power to do good, and to have that good immediately reflected back upon himself. He can render essential service to his country, by assisting in the disinterested administration of the laws ; by watching over the opinions and principles of the lower orders around him ; by diffusing among them those lights which may be important to their welfare ; by mingling frankly among them, gaining their con-

fidence, becoming the immediate auditor of their complaints, informing himself of their wants, making himself a channel through which their grievances may be quietly communicated to the proper sources of mitigation and relief; or by becoming, if need be, the intrepid and incorruptible guardian of their liberties—the enlightened champion of their rights.

All this, it appears to me, can be done without any sacrifice of personal dignity, without any degrading arts of popularity, without any truckling to vulgar prejudices, or concurrence in vulgar clamour; but by the steady influence of sincere and friendly counsel, of fair, upright, and generous deportment. Whatever may be said of English mobs and English demagogues, I have never met with a people more open to reason, more considerate in their tempers, more tractable by argument in the roughest times, than the English. They are remarkably quick at discerning and appreciating whatever is manly and honourable. They are by nature and habit methodical and orderly; and they feel the value of all that is regular and respectable. They may occasionally be deceived by sophistry, and excited into turbulence by public distresses and the misrepresentations of designing men; but open their eyes, and they will eventually rally round the land-marks of steady truth and deliberate good sense. They are fond of established customs, they are fond of long-established names, and that love of order and quiet which characterizes the nation, gives a vast influence to the descendants of the old families, whose forefathers have been lords of the soil from time immemorial.

It is when the rich and well-educated and highly privileged classes neglect their duties, when they neglect to study the interests, and conciliate the affections, and instruct the opinions, and champion the rights of the people, that the latter become discontented and turbulent, and fall into the hands of demagogues: the demagogue always steps in where the patriot is wanting. There is a common high-handed cant among the high feeding, and, as they fancy themselves, high-minded men, about putting down the mob; but all true physicians know that it is better to sweeten the blood than attack the tumour, to employ the emollient rather than the cautery. It is absurd in a country like England, where there is so much freedom, and such a jealousy of right, for any man to assume an aristocratical tone, and to talk superciliously of the common people. There is no rank that makes him independent of the opinions and affections of his

fellow-men, there is no rank or distinction that severs him from his fellow-subject; and if, by any gradual neglect or assumption on the one side, and discontent and jealousy on the other, the orders of society should really separate, let those who stand on the eminence beware that the chasm is not mining at their feet. The orders of society in all well constituted governments are mutually bound together, and important to each other; there can be no such thing in a free government as a vacuum; and whenever one is likely to take place, by the drawing off of the rich and intelligent from the poor, the bad passions of society will rush in to fill up the space, and rend the whole asunder.

DUTIES OF A WIFE.

WASHINGTON IRVING.*

It is for the married state that a woman needs the most instruction, and in which she should be most on her guard to maintain her powers of pleasing. No woman can expect to be to her husband all that he fancied her when he was a lover. Men are always doomed to be duped, not so much by the arts of the sex, as by their own imaginations. They are always wooing goddesses, and marrying mere mortals. A woman should therefore ascertain what was the charm that rendered her so fascinating when a girl, and endeavour to keep it up when she has become a wife. One great thing undoubtedly was, the chariness of herself and her conduct, which an unmarried female always observes. She should maintain the same niceness and reserve in her person and habits, and endeavour

* The liberal use we have made of the pages of this gentleman will lead the reader to conclude (and justly) that we entertain a high opinion of them; and so we do of their author;—indeed, we hardly know which most to admire—the pages themselves, or the head and heart that dictated them! There is so much ease and grace—such native gentleness and elegance—such refinement and good taste in all he expresses and describes, that, however ruffled or irate you may have been on taking up his “*SKETCH BOOK*,” the conclusion is certain, that, on laying it down, you will find your mind softened and soothed;—that, in short, you feel you have been holding companionship with a GENTLEMAN—with one of NATURE’S nobility, whom you are forthwith disposed both to esteem and respect! Often—often have we wished that Mr. Washington Irving could impart a portion of his own happy, placable affections to a CERTAIN PARTY of his clever countrymen! It is almost needless to add, that Mr. Irving is a citizen of the *United States*.

still to preserve a freshness and virgin delicacy in the eye of her husband. She should remember that the province of woman is to be wooed, not to woo ; to be caressed, not to caress. Man is an ungrateful being in love ; bounty loses instead of winning him. The secret of a woman's power does not consist so much in giving as in *withholding* ! A woman may give up too much even to her husband. It is to a thousand little delicacies of conduct that she must trust to keep alive passion, and to protect herself from that dangerous familiarity, that thorough acquaintance with every weakness and imperfection incident to matrimony. By these means she may still maintain her power, though she has surrendered her person, and may continue the romance of love even beyond the honey-moon.

"She that hath a wise husband," says Jeremy Taylor, "must entice him to an eternal dearness by the veil of modesty, and the grave robes of chastity, the ornament of meekness, and the jewels of faith and charity. She must have no painting but blushings : her brightness must be purity, and she must shine round about with sweetness and friendship ; and she shall be pleasant while she lives, and desired when she dies."

She's modest, but not sullen, and loves silence ;
Not that she wants apt words, (for when she speaks,
She inflames love with wonder,) but because
She calls wise silence the soul's harmony.
She's truly chaste; yet such a foe to coyness,
The poorest call her courteous; and, which is excellent.
(Though fair and young), she shuns to expose herself
To the opinion of strange eyes. She either seldom
Or never walks abroad but in your company;
And then with such sweet bashfulness, as if
She were venturing on cracked ice, and takes delight
To step into the print your foot hath made,
And will follow you whole fields; so she will drive
Tediumness out of time with her sweet character.

VISIT TO A PRIVATE MADHOUSE.

M'DONOUGH.*

OF all the houses of mourning, that to which poor unhappy mortals are sent under mental derangement, is certainly the

* Captain Felix M'Donough, author of the "Hermit in the Country," &c., died in April, 1836.

most gloomy, strikes the imagination with most horror, and is most repulsive to enter; yet has a visit to such an abode much utility in it, and it serves as a wholesome lesson to pride and incredulity; for who can enter the maniac's cell without offering fervent thanks to his Maker, for preserving in him the intellectual ray, that spark whose loss makes total darkness upon earth, and levels us with the brute creation? Who can quit such a mansion without having his heart and mind filled with religious awe, with salutary humility, with subdued ambition and pride, with charity, with pity, and above all, with gratitude?

Having never been backward or scrupulous in visiting scenes of human distress, I was applied to, a short time ago, to accompany a friend in a visit to a relation of his who was confined at some distance from London in a private madhouse. My acquaintance felt much aversion to this *task*, as he considered it; and it was with a view of rendering it less melancholy, that I was pitched upon as a companion. We found the unfortunate object of our inquiries in a lucid interval; and I was convinced that more frequent and kinder visits, a strict and frequent observance of the progress of returning reason, a fostering of the intellectual ray, an innocent diverting of the imagination, every possible diminution of the idea of madness, discipline, or confinement, would tend as much to the cure as regimen, retirement, and coercion, particularly when administered by those who may have an interest in detaining the sufferer.

On this occasion I studiously avoided every inquisitive look, all searching and prying expression, and above all, every thing like suspicion, drawing back, or gloom of countenance. I addressed the deranged person with the cheerfulness of an old acquaintance, and with the urbanity and confidence due to one possessing his mental faculties in undisturbed integrity. I also advised my companion to do the same; and I perceived the good effect of such conduct. A look of pity, though well meant, is a dagger to a diseased mind or body. Pity, like wit, should be wisely and dexterously, delicately and moderately used; else do both oftener wound than please, oftener injure than bring relief.

The case of the deranged person in question was by no means desperate; it was the effect of fever, and he recovered from it. But there was within the same walls a female, whose lovely form, interesting appearance, and sad story harrow up my heart. I shall give it as briefly as possible; for even now my bosom

swells with an indescribable pang, the blood mounts up to my head, my mind is all indignation, and the sorrowful remembrance shakes my nerves to a degree of womanish weakness.

Passing an apartment next to that of the person whom we visited, I saw a young person, whose fine dark hair overshadowed a bosom of snow, fly across the room, and then hide herself in a corner, covering her dejected eyes with her lily hands. "Poor Ellen!" exclaimed the keeper: "that girl is to be pitied." At this moment we heard her say, in a low, incoherent manner: "A man! a man!—Fie for shame! Out of doors with you! A disgrace to your family! For shame!—A man!—vile—base—a murderer!" Here she paused, drew a deep sigh, and then repeated—"a murderer of woman's peace." I listened again, horror-struck; when, throwing herself on her knees, she whispered, "spirits of gentleness and peace! ye who inhabit the mansions where spring ever flourishes, where the sun's ray scorches not, and the cold, cold wind bites not, protect my tender babe, for she died in her innocence." I could bear the scene no longer; yet curiosity led me to inquire her history.

She was the seventh daughter of a poor lieutenant, who had retired on a small pension for his wounds. She lived in the neighbourhood of a very rich man, who for four successive years had watched her growing beauties and attractions, and after using every artifice which the worst of minds could invent, and the basest heart could practise, succeeded at last in ruining her under a solemn promise of marriage. Time rolled on, and with it various pretexts and excuses for delay. At length her situation betrayed her shame; her distracted father cast her from beneath his roof; and her infernal seducer at once denied his promise, and refused her an asylum. The fruit of this guilty flame, a lovely daughter, was taken from her by the desire of its monster-father, and was put in the Foundling Hospital, whilst the distracted mother was told that it had died.

Here her reason left her, nor has she ever regained one lucid moment since. Fixed and deep-rooted melancholy has seized upon her mind; it was now too late for her proud father to be reconciled: nor could the seducer of her innocence make reparation even if he were inclined. The former is no more. The latter still struts like prosperous vice, and holds a high place in society; yet murder is white to this! Let us dismiss the subject. Execrable villain! Alas, poor Ellen! often has

thy faded form, thy woe-worn countenance, flitted, in a moment of solituted and reflection, before the fancy of.

THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

THE WIDOW.

M^c DONOUGH.

"I DO not think the widow has one franc in the world," said the little boy of the inn where I put up at Calais, to his mother, heaving at the same time a deep sigh. "What makes you think so, Henry?" asked his kind mother. "Why," said the child; "because I saw the postman, nasty fellow! take back a letter which she had not the money to pay for. And she had no breakfast to-day, and no dinner yesterday, for she says that she's not well, and she is best in bed, and that fasting does her good; though I know it don't. Yesterday she took a dry biscuit with her to the sea-side, and read for two hours; that's a poor dinner, you know," concluded the little fellow, with much feeling and animation. "Take these three francs to her," replied the mother; "and tell her that I want her to taste some soup which I have made for her, merely to know how she likes it." Here the little boy kissed his mother with much warmth: "Give her the franc too which the strange gentleman gave me for pocket-money," said he; "and sell the ring we bought at the fair, for her." "Thou art a dear child!" exclaimed I. "Every one loves the widow," replied he, "except the nasty postman and the lodging-house man, who seized all her clothes for rent; and you'd love her too if you knew her." I was going to enquire further, when the child flew off with the four francs, but soon returned weeping. "What's the matter, Henry?" said his mother; "Matter enough," replied the child; "the widow won't take the money, but she says that you may send the soup. She took me in her arms, and embraced me, and her tears fell upon my head. I could kill the postman, that I could; for who knows whether the letter may not contain money?"—"There," said the mother, "there, take these two francs, and get the letter and take it to her."—"And Henry my dear, come back, and let us know if it does contain any money, and I will give thee a franc for thyself," added I.

He returned a second time more dejected than the first. The letter, whatever were its contents, had greatly increased the widow's affliction.

"Prithee," said I, "give me this lady's history, and do me the honour to present me to her." "The first I certainly will do," answered she; "the second depends upon her permission; for adversity has made her proud, and I would not wound her feelings for all the world." "Nor I neither; they ought to be respected; but now to her history."

I detest prolixity myself; and I shall therefore not impose the burden thereof upon my reader. The amount of the lady's story is, in a few words, as follows. She is the widow of as brave a man as ever drew a sword. She had married from mutual love and early attachment, at the time that he was still a midshipman. Great and many were the services which he rendered his country at that period, and with that rank only. Great were his struggles to support his blooming bride on a trifling younger child's portion soon exhausted, and on ill-paid prize-money, always condemned before it was received. He had, during the brief period of a life dedicated to love and to his country, gone through every peril and suffering, which a hard service could produce. He had seen the infant blossom of nuptial promise wither prematurely, and fade away like the blighted hopes of his fortune; at last the effects of a fatal climate undermined his health and strength, and he fell childless.

Thus left he the partner of his heart, and her who alone had soothed him in all the many disappointments of life, and of his profession; leaving, moreover, some claims of which honour required the fulfilment; and accordingly his widow allotted ten pounds per annum, for life, towards them, out of the poor pension of a Lieutenant's widow. Poverty, and the frowns of prosperous proud ones, made home painful to her; and she fled for an asylum to France. Her situation I have already described; it needs no high colouring: I took the sketch from nature, and it must speak for itself.

I was introduced to the lady, and found her well-bred, accomplished, virtuous, reserved. Her person was elegant; and on her features were impressed the strong lines of noble fortitude, sinking, without giving way, bent but not abject, proud but not rebellious; she was dressed in black—a colour which she had never quitted since the loss of her lamented husband. It was with difficulty that I obtained an interview with her; but the naming a captain of the navy, a relation of mine, served as a passport. She complained not of poverty, nor of the injustice of the world, nor of the neglect of her family, nor even of the

oppression which she had met with ; but merely delicately deplored the uncertainty in which strangers were placed abroad, and mentioned the delay of agents, and her anxiety for the arrival of the post : all this she did with a firm, smiling, and almost triumphant countenance, superior to all debasement, and worthy of a better fate ; but when she was forced to name her late husband, and her unprotected state, she spoke in a subdued tone, and showed all the softness of her suffering sex. I made my visit short, for it was painful to both of us.

“ And have the strong arm, and the stouter heart, fought and bled to leave thee thus ? ” cried I to myself, as I quitted her ; “ Had thy faithful mate, who has been rocked by the billows, and cradled on the desolate precipice, no other inheritance to leave thee than this scanty pittance ? Has the widow of him who has been twenty years the servant and the champion of his country, who has been wounded and shipwrecked, who has passed half his days betwixt the wide heavens and the boundless deep, often without the hopes of hailing land and friends again, and who at last has fallen a victim to unhealthy climates,—has she no other retreat in the declining autumn of life, than a foreign country and an insufficient income ? Why are not the widows and orphans of our brave seamen and soldiers considered as the wives and children of the State ? How could the rich merchant and the powerful capitalist have slept safely on their downy pillows, without the valiant intrepid husbands and fathers of these objects of passive pity ? Are there no resources in the State to ameliorate their lot ? No retrenchments from the gorgeous banquets of the great ? No generous hearts or hands to be intrusted ? No feeling bosoms alive to claims like these ? Must foreigners and foes either insult them by humiliating pity ; or oppress them by unfeeling impositions ?—Forbid it, humanity ! ”

How I acted, or what I did on this occasion, I leave the reader to interpret as his heart dictates. I blushed then to think—I still regret, how little were my means ; but I still more deplore the fate of numerous unfortunates in similar situations with the Lieutenant's widow, who, incumbered often with numerous children unprovided for, pine in the garb of gentility, and water a scanty meal with the sad tears of dark and bitter remembrance ; comparing the present with the past, and scarcely daring to draw a perspective of the future. These we find in numbers on the coasts of Belgium and France, eagerly and

savingly endeavouring to make a decent outward show ; and to throw the black silk mantle, the mourning of the heart, over the wreck of beauty and respectability which they now represent ; prematurely altered in person as much as in circumstances.—Repeated slights, the necessity of keeping up appearances, and the high price of provisions, drive them from home. They fly to suffer where they are less known, and often close the last sad scene of a chequered life, in a land of strangers.

Let the rich man read this tale, and if it move him not, useless will be the eloquence of homilies ; more useless still that gold and treasure for which he must account elsewhere, when time and worldly prosperity will be no more, and when the tears of the orphan and the widow, which he has never dried up, will cease to flow. Then must his insensibility be deplored by himself, as it is now pitied by

THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY.

THE ORPHANS.

ANONYMOUS.

My chaise the Village Inn did gain,
Just as the setting sun's last ray
Tipped with refulgent gold the vane
Of the old church across the way.

Across the way I silent sped,
The time till supper to beguile
In moralizing o'er the dead,
That mouldered round the ancient pile.

There many an humble green grave showed
Where want, and pain, and toil did rest,
And many a flattering stone I viewed
O'er those who once had wealth possessed.

A faded beech, its shadow brown,
Threw o'er a grave where sorrow slept,
On which, though scarce with grass o'er-grown,
Two ragged children sat and wept.

A piece of bread between them lay,
Which neither seemed inclined to take,
And yet they looked so much a prey
To want, it made my heart to ache.

" My little children, let me know
" Why you in such distress appear,
" And why you wasteful from you throw
" That bread which many a one might cheer ? "

The little boy in accents sweet
Replied, while tears each other chased,—
" Oh ! if we had, we should not waste.
" Oh, Sir ! we've not enough to eat,

" But sister Mary's naughty grown,
" And will not eat, whate'er I say,
" Though sure I am the bread's her own,
" For she has tasted none to-day."

" Indeed," the wan starved Mary said,
" Till Henry eats, I'll eat no more;
" For yesterday I got some bread,
" *He's* had none since the day before."

My heart did swell, my bosom heave,
I felt as though deprived of speech,
Silent I sat upon the grave,
And clasped the clay-cold hand of each.

With looks that told a tale of woe,
With looks that spoke a grateful heart,
The shivering boy then nearer drew,
And did his simple tale impart.

" Before my father went away,
" Enticed by bad men o'er the sea,
" Sister and I did nought but play,—
" We lived beside yon great ash-tree.

" But then poor mother did so cry,
" And looked so changed I cannot tell ;
" She told us, that she soon should die,
" And bid us love each other well.

" She said that when the war was o'er,
" Perhaps we might our father see,
" But if we never saw him more,
" That God our father then would be !

"She kissed us both, and then she died,
"And we no more a mother have ;
"Here many a day we've sat and cried
"Together at poor mother's grave.

"But when my father came not here,
"I thought, if we could find the sea,
"We should be sure to meet him there,
"And once again might happy be.

"We hand in hand went many a mile,
"And asked our way of all we met ;
"And some did sigh, and some did smile,
"And we of some did victuals get.

"But, when we reached the sea, and found
"Twas a great water round us spread,
"We thought that father must be drowned,
"And cried, and wished we both were dead.

"So we returned to mother's grave,
"And only long with her to be ;
"For Goody, when this bread she gave,
"Said, father's ship was lost at sea.

"Then since no parent here we have,
"We'll go and search for God around,
"Oh—Sir ! can you tell us where
"That God, our father, may be found.

"He lives in Heaven, mother said,
"And Goody says that mother's there,
"So, if she knows we want his aid,
"I think perhaps she'll send him here."

I clasped the prattlers to my breast,
And cried, "Come both and live with me,
"I'll clothe you, feed you, give you rest,
"And will a second parent be :

"And God shall be your father still,
"Twas he in mercy sent me here,
"To teach you to obey his will,
"Your steps to guide, your hearts to cheer."

A WEEK'S CONFINEMENT.

MATTHEWS.*—" *Diary of Invalid.*"

RAMBLED through Voltaire, Bayle, and Rousseau—Rousseau's "Confession of a Curate," though written, as it would seem, to invalidate the authority of Christianity, leaves behind an impression in its favour, stronger perhaps than is produced by most works written purposely to defend it.

And indeed Bishop Porteus has not disdained to quote it from the pulpit to advocate the cause of religion. It is one of the most splendid specimens of eloquence extant in any language, and the whole tone of the sentiments illustrates a passage in one of Voltaire's letters to Hume. "You are mistaken (says he) in Rousseau; he has a hankering after the Bible, and is a Christian after a fashion of his own."

After all, what is there that can be urged against Christianity, which may not be directed with equal force against *Deism*. The doubts of the Atheist, considered as a question of abstract reasoning, can only perhaps be answered—as Berkeley's reasoning against the existence of the material world was answered—by boldly begging the question at issue, and resolving the cause of our belief into an original principle of our constitution. For, the existence of an infinite first cause can never be made a matter of *demonstration*! The physical proof, derived from the order and arrangement of the universe, is manifestly inconclusive. The intelligence of the work can prove an intelligent contriver;—but it cannot therefore follow that the contriver is Eternal—Almighty—Infinite—ALL, in a word, that we include in the SACRED NAME! Again, the metaphysical proof, as it is called, which, from the consciousness of our own existence, would trace it up to some necessarily existing first cause, is not a jot more satisfactory. The sum and substance of the whole argument amounts to this: I exist—therefore something exists. If something exists—something must have existed from all eternity; for, "*nothing can come of nothing*;" and this something is the first cause of which we are in search. But the axiom on which this argument is founded, "*ex nihilo nihil fit*," will cut both ways; and it is

* It was in 1820 that this amiable man sought solace from disease in foreign travel;—he lived to reach home, we believe, but died shortly after.

perhaps more incomprehensible to human faculties, to conceive an uncaused first cause, than to meet the difficulty in the first stage, and consider the world itself as uncaused and eternal. The Atheist indeed neither affirms nor denies; but suggests that the existence of a Deity is an arbitrary hypothesis, to account for the phenomena of the universe. Can the Deist confute him by argument? must he not at last be brought to acknowledge that his own belief is founded upon *faith*?—and the speculative Atheist will probably not deny that it is a faith which we all feel impelled, by the very consideration of our nature, to admit intuitively, as soon as we can comprehend the terms of the proposition;—for Atheism is a doctrine, which, however the head may be amused with its subtleties, the heart rejects. But does the faith of the Deist go far enough? Will Deism satisfy the head, or administer consolation to the heart? No. Is it not a cold and comfortless creed, alike unsatisfactory to both?—unless indeed we could return again to Paradise. Adam might have been a Deist, and contentedly a Deist; but **FALLEN MAN** has need of something more. The world is no longer a happy garden. Evil assaults us on every side;—and we need not look further than our own hearts, for evidence of the continued existence of that rebellious opposition to a sense of duty, which we are taught was the cause of its introduction into the world. But, be the cause what it might—the existence of evil, in every appalling form, cannot be denied; here it is;—and how will the Deist reconcile these phenomena with his abstract idea of the Deity, without having recourse to the revelation that he denies? which not only explains the fearful mystery of our present situation, but at the same time points out the remedy; and furnishes us with assurances which unassisted reason could never have suggested, by which we are enabled to look forward with faith and hope to a better state of existence **HEREAFTER**!

CHRISTIANITY AND DEISM CONTRASTED.

DR. OLINTHUS GREGORY.*—“*Letters to a Friend on the Evidences, &c. of the Christian Religion.*”

CHRISTIANITY reveals a God, glorious in holiness; Deism, though it acknowledges a God, yet in great measure overlooks

* This eminent Christian and admirable Scholar was born at Yaxley, in Huntingdonshire, on the 29th of January, 1774, and died on the 1st of

his moral character : therefore I prefer Deism. Christianity contains a professed revelation of the will of God : Deism leaves me in perfect darkness as to his will : therefore I prefer Deism. Christianity exhibits palpable, obvious, and *simple* criteria of the nature of virtue and vice : Deism envelopes the nature of virtue and vice in the greatest doubt and perplexity : therefore I prefer Deism. Christianity furnishes the strongest possible motives for virtuous conduct, and the most forcible reasons for abstaining from vicious conduct : Deism appeals only to some vague notions relative to the fitness of things, or to moral beauty, or to expediency, [which makes a man's own sentiments and feelings, (however fluctuating) his ultimate guide] : therefore I prefer Deism. Christianity often reforms profligate and vicious men : Deism never : therefore I prefer Deism. Christianity often prompts men to schemes of the most extensive philanthropy, and compels them to execute those schemes : Deism scarcely ever devises any such schemes : therefore I prefer Deism. Christianity imparts principles that support men under all the trials and vicissitudes of life : Deism can have recourse to no such principles : therefore I prefer Deism. Christianity assures me of eternal existence beyond the grave ; and that, if it is not to me an eternal portion of felicity, it will be my own fault : Deism leaves me perfectly ignorant, [let my conduct here be what it may] whether I shall live beyond the grave or not ; whether such existence, [if there be any] will be limited or infinite, happy or miserable : therefore I prefer Deism. Christianity will support me under the languishments of a sick-bed, and in the prospect of death, with the "sure and certain hope" that death is only a short though dark passage into an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and which fadeth not away, [reserved in "Heaven for God's people"] : Deism will then leave me, [sinking in an ocean of gloomy apprehension, without *one* support]—in trembling expectation, that the icy hand of the king of terrors is about to seize me, but whether to convey me

February, 1841. He had filled the chair of Mathematical Professor in the Royal Military Academy of Woolwich with distinguished success for many years. Apart, however, from his valuable professional labours, his "Evidences of the Christian Religion" justly entitle him to a foreground niche among the benefactors of his country ! Though he outlived his beloved friend, Robert Hall, nearly ten years, and wrote his life and edited a complete impression of his works, it is somewhat curious to notice that he died exactly at the same age, 67.

to Heaven, to Hell, or to a state of annihilation, I know not : therefore I prefer——no, my friend, it is impossible that any man capable of correct reflection can, after tracing this contrast, say, [deliberately and sincerely]—*therefore I prefer Deism!**

PROGRESS OF A CHRISTIAN—DEATH OF CALISTA.

BOWDLER.†

THE progress of a Christian is not only “from strength to strength,” but from anxiety to a peaceful serenity, from doubt to confidence, from restlessness to repose. A growing acquaintance with the dispensations of God, and an increasing experience of his goodness, open upon the soul such extensive views of the wisdom and bounty of our Creator ; such a lively perception of his astonishing mercy and long-suffering, of his amazing condescension, his ceaseless care, his inexhaustible kindness ; that all the uneasy doubts respecting the character of his providence, which a first view of things is apt to excite in reflective minds, are swallowed up and lost. They are not so much explained, as swept away and annihilated. When the heart is fixed on heavenly things, and the affections, weaned from earthly gratifications, rest on the Creator as their proper object and “exceeding great reward,” the soul quickly experiences a tranquillity and composure which “this world can neither give nor take away ;” a cheerful and heavenly serenity, which seems, as it were, a prelibation of future happiness, an earnest of our final and everlasting rest. It is the privilege and reward of spiritual-mindedness ; and although doubtless, to the best, often disturbed by the trials and sufferings of humanity, it is a treasure, of which no experienced Christian can doubt the reality, or which he would consent to relinquish for the most brilliant and envied glare of worldly prosperity.

* This selection very appositely illustrates the truth of what Mr. Wood says in his “Grammar of Elocution,” that “the *falling inflection* denotes something *positive, actual, considerable, and preferable* ; the *rising*, something *negative, weak, or limited* : or, in other words, the *falling inflection* denotes the stronger, the *rising* the weaker, emphasis.”

† Mr. Bowdler, we believe, was a London Barrister, and died young, in the year 1815.

But, although the blessedness which belongs to spirituality of mind is of such a character, that it can never be unsuitable or ineffective, to whatever circumstances it is applied; although it can impart its joys and consolations to every age, station, and condition of life; AFFLICTION, which most needs its presence, seems, by a beautiful arrangement, to be its natural and favoured element. There it brightens to its full lustre, and shines in perfect beauty.

Calista was born of pious parents, and early imbibed, from their lessons and examples, the best principles of Christianity. These gradually matured with her understanding; and in the midst of friendship and domestic happiness, life seemed to be opening upon her with unclouded brightness. Calista was entering on her nineteenth year, when she was suddenly attacked by an alarming epidemic disorder. Its violence soon exhausted itself, and she revived: but the functions of life were fatally disturbed, and the vigour of her constitution annihilated. She lived indeed, during several years; but life was little more than a protracted disease, tending slowly to its consummation. Thus, as it were in an instant, at that period when both our powers and our expectations of enjoyment are generally the most lively, the face of nature was suddenly obscured, and a funeral pall was thrown over the whole of her earthly existence. All the bright visions that play before a young imagination—the day-dreams of hope, that please and occupy even while they deceive us—were for her at once blotted out. The delighted and delightful activity of youthful gaiety—the animated pleasures of social intercourse—the endearments of conjugal tenderness—she was forbid to share. Surely, under such privations, her spirit quickly sunk into a deep and settled sadness!—Far otherwise. The gay and sprightly vivacity of her early years was succeeded by a gentle serenity, which silently took possession of her bosom. Her eye no longer sparkled with rapture; her countenance was lighted up no more in radiant happiness: yet a gleam of softened joy was shed upon her features, and an expression, dearer even than beauty, of love, resignation, and thankfulness, spoke the sunshine of a pure and angel spirit. Her sufferings, though great, appeared but little to distress, and scarcely at all to occupy her. Those who saw her only occasionally, did not immediately discover that she was ill; and they who were constantly with her would hardly have perceived it, if her faint voice and feeble step had not too clearly indicated what no impatient or

querulous emotion ever betrayed. It was only a few weeks before her death, that, to a friend who inquired after a sick relative, she spoke of the state of his improvement with a sensible delight; and being at length obliged to say something of her own health, alluded to it slightly, with that unaffected ease, which shewed that she considered it only as a subject of very secondary interest. At length, the symptoms of her disorder began to assume a decisive character; her pains increased, and her strength diminished.—At the visible approach of death, the feebleness of her nature trembled. Of acute feelings, quickened by disease to an agonizing sensibility, she was unable to anticipate the pangs of dissolution, without experiencing a silent terror which she in vain struggled to conceal. Her friends beheld the conflict, and wept in secret. They had no power to sustain her weakness, nor any counsel to impart, which her own piety and experience had not rendered familiar to her. The struggle continued, and increased till the second day before her death—and then it ceased for ever! What passed within her bosom at that hour, what blessed consolation descended to her from above, He only knows who sees her soul; but from that time, anxiety and terror fled away; even her bodily sufferings appeared to be suspended, and a smile of heavenly gladness animated her countenance. She could converse but little, for nature was nearly exhausted; yet she cheered, with the accents of piety and affection, those who gathered round her. She remembered every one that was dear to her, and distributed little mementoes of her love and gratitude. She listened with tranquil devotion to the sacred offices of the Church; and partook of the memorials of that blessed Sacrifice to which alone she trusted for acceptance. She sank softly into a gentle slumber, and slept to awake no more! Her parents followed her to the grave, shed over her the tears of mingled thankfulness and affliction, and marked with a simple stone the turf that lies lightly on her grave.

“There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow;
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
And angels, with their silver wings, o’er-shade
The ground now sacred by thy relics made!”

REASONABLENESS OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

SEED.*

GOD is to be regarded as the universal Benefactor of mankind, from whom we all have received public blessings, and to whom therefore we owe public acknowledgments ; for private praises and thanksgiving are by no means proper returns for public mercies.

Every creature ought to do homage to his Creator ; he ought to pay the tribute of honour where honour is due. Now the honour of God is more promoted by his being worshipped publicly than privately, because private prayer is piety confined within our own breasts ; but PUBLIC PRAYER is piety exemplified and displayed in our outward actions : it is the beauty of holiness made visible ; our light shines out before men, and in the eye of the world ; it enlarges the interests of godliness, and keeps up a face and sense of religion among mankind.

Were men only to repair to their devotions, as the disciple of quality did to his Lord and Master, secretly and by night for fear of the Jews ; religion, thus lonely and unfriended, would soon decay for want of public countenance and encouragement. For what would be the consequence if religion sought the shades, and lived a recluse, entirely immured in closets ; while IRRELIGION audaciously appears abroad like the pestilence that destroyeth at noon-day ? It requires no great depth of penetration to perceive, nor expense of argument to prove, that the want of a public national religion, or a GENERAL ABSENTING from that national religion, must end *in a general national irreverence to the Deity, in a universal dissolution of morals, and all the overflowing of ungodliness !* The service of the church, and the word of God read and expounded, must awaken those reflections which it is the business of bad men to lay fast asleep, and let in upon the soul some unwelcome beams of light ; but when these constant calls to virtue are neglected, men will become gradually more and more estranged from all seriousness

* Jeremiah Seed was a learned divine of the Church of England. He was educated at Queen's College, Oxford, where he obtained a Fellowship ; and was afterwards presented to the Rectory of Enham, in Hampshire. He died in 1747. His sermons are held in high estimation.

and goodness, till at last they end in a professed disregard to all fixed principles.

The fear of that Being, whose judgments no power can fence off, no skill elude, being absolutely necessary, it is the duty of every man, not only to cultivate this reverence in himself, but to promote it as far as he can in others. Now, he that would promote a sacred regard to the Deity, must do it by such actions as are most significant of that regard : he must express and exemplify to others, that awful, serious sense of the Deity, which is impressed upon his own mind, by a solemn and avowed acknowledgment of his power and glory, *in assemblies set apart for that purpose !* Whoever thinks justly, must be sensible that if public worship were once discontinued, a universal forgetfulness of that God would ensue, whom to remember is the strongest fence and preservative against vice ; and that the bulk of mankind would soon degenerate into mere savages and barbarians, if there were not stated days to call them off from the common business of life, to attend to what is the most important of all business, *their salvation in the next !*

But I need not labour this point, since it is allowed even by those who are declared enemies to religion. They look upon religion and public worship as a political engine, to awe the common herd into a sense of their duty, not founded on reason, yet necessary to the good of mankind. How absurd this scheme is, may easily be shown. For, if they do not admit the existence of the Deity, they may be, without much difficulty, confuted ; the existence of God being one of the most obvious truths. But if they do admit it, they must grant likewise, that an infinitely good Being must will whatever is for the good of his creatures ; and consequently religion and public worship, which they own to be conducive to the good of mankind, must be his will : but what is the will of the Deity, must be founded on truth and reason. What is necessary to the public happiness is therefore true. For though our private interest and truth may not always coincide ; yet there is always a strict correspondence, harmony, and alliance, between truth, and the general happiness.

Religion being once set aside, there will be nothing left to restrain the better sort, but a fear of shame and disgrace ; and nothing to restrain the lower sort but the dread of temporal punishments ; which yet will be of little avail. For he, who is weary of life, who wants to lay it down as a burden, may command yours, or mine, or any body's else. And what should

hinder him? The fear of the world to come? That will be out of the question, when once a sense of religion is extinct. The fear of this world,—of an ignominious or lingering death? Alas! temporal punishments derive their chief efficacy from the dread of Divine vengeance! For, without that, a man may evade them, by being his own executioner. There are a thousand avenues to death; and though the vigilance of the magistrate may secure some of them, yet others will stand open to receive the determined and resolved, and place them beyond the reach of the impotent power of their fellow-creatures. To destroy religion, therefore, is to let loose the wretched and the desperate, upon the easy, the affluent, and the happy. One would not choose to live in a world which has no notion or belief of another. For, however advantageous one's circumstances may be, we should lie at the mercy of those who despair of bettering their own, but by violence or fraud; there being nothing in this life to check that man to whom life itself, as it is circumstanced, is an insupportable load.

In a word, public worship is the great instrument of securing a sense of God's providence, and of a world to come; and a sense of God's providence, and a world to come, is the great basis of all social and private duties.

PRIVATE PRAYER, MORNING AND EVENING, RECOMMENDED.

SEED.

LET us take care, that every morning, as soon as we rise, we lay hold on this proper season of address, and offer up to God the first fruits of our thoughts, yet fresh, unsullied, and serene, before a busy swarm of vain images crowd in upon the mind. When the spirits, just refreshed with sleep, are brisk and active, and rejoice, like that sun which ushers in the day, to run their course; when all nature, just awakened into being, from insensibility, pays its early homage; then let us, who are the only creatures in the visible creation capable of knowing to whom it is to be addressed, join in the universal chorus.

And in the evening, when the stillness of the night invites to solemn thoughts, after we have collected our straggling ideas, and suffered not a reflection to stir, but what either looks upward

to God, or inward upon ourselves, upon the state of our minds ; then let us scan over each action of the day, fervently intreat God's pardon for what we have done amiss, and the gracious assistance of his Spirit for the future : and, after having adjusted accounts between our Maker and ourselves, commit ourselves to his care for the following night. Thus beginning and closing the day with devotion, imploring his direction every morning as we rise, for the following day ; and recommending ourselves, every night before we lie down, to His protection, "who neither slumbers nor sleeps ;" the intermediate spaces will be better filled up : each line of our behaviour will terminate in God, as the centre of our actions ; our lives, all of a piece, will constitute one regular whole, to which each part will bear a necessary relation and correspondence, without any broken and disjointed schemes, independent of this grand end, *THE PLEASING OF GOD !* And while we have this one point in view, whatever variety there may be in our actions, there will be a uniformity too, which constitutes the beauty of life, just as it does of every thing else ; a uniformity without being dull and tedious, and a variety without being wild and irregular.

How would this settle the ferment of our youthful passions, and sweeten the last dregs of our advanced age ! How would this make our lives yield the calmest satisfaction ; as some flowers shed the most fragrant odours, just at the close of the day ! And perhaps there is no better way to prevent a deadness and flatness of spirit from succeeding, when the briskness of our passions goes off, than to acquire an early taste for those spiritual delights, "whose leaf withers not," and whose verdure remains in the winter of our days.

And when this transitory scene is shutting upon us, when the soul stands upon the threshold of another world, just ready to take its everlasting flight ; then may we think with unalloyed pleasure on God, when there can be little or no pleasure to think of any thing else ; and our souls may undauntedly follow to that place, whither our prayers and affections, those fore-runners of the spirit, are gone before.

One of the great philosophers of this age being asked by a friend, who had often admired his patience under great provocations, by what means he had suppressed his anger, answered, "that he was naturally quick of resentment ; but that he had by daily prayer and meditation attained to this mastery over himself. As soon as he arose in the morning, it was, throughout

life, his daily practice to retire for an hour to private prayer and meditation : this, he often told his friends, gave him a spirit and vigour for the business of the day : this he therefore recommended as the best rule of life. For nothing, he knew, could support the soul in all distresses, but a confidence in the Supreme Being : nor can a rational and steady magnanimity flow from any *other* source, than a consciousness of the divine favour."

Of Socrates, who is said to have gained an ascendant over his passions, it is reported, that his life was full of prayers and addresses to God. And of Confucius, the Chinese philosopher, another great example of virtue, it is expressly recorded, that (contrary to a fashion now prevailing,) he never did eat of any thing, but he first prostrated himself, and offered thanks to the Supreme Lord of Heaven.—"Leave not off praying," said a pious man ; "for either praying will make thee leave off sinning, or sinning will make thee leave off praying."—If we say our prayers in a cold, supine, lifeless manner, now and then, I know no *other* effect they will have, but to *enhance* our *condemnation* : in effect, we do not pray, we only *say* our prayers ; we pay not the tribute of the heart, but an unmeaning form of homage ; we "draw near to God with our lips, while our heart is far from him." And without perseverance in prayer, the notions of the amendment of our lives, and a sacred regard to the Deity, will only float for a while in the head, without sinking deep, or dwelling long upon the heart. We must be inured to a constant intercourse with God, to have our minds engaged and interested, and to be "rooted and grounded in the love of Him." But if we invigorate our petitions, which are otherwise a lifeless carcass, with a serious and attentive spirit ; composed, but not dull ; affectionate, but not passionate in our addresses to God ; praying in this sense, will at last make us leave off sinning ; and victory, *decisive* victory, declare itself in our favour.

THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND.

"Ye have done it unto me."—MATT. XXV. 40.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

A POOR wayfaring man of grief
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer "Nay :"

I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went, or whence he came,
Yet was there something in his eye,
That won my love, I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He enter'd ;—not a word he spake ;—
Just perishing for want of bread ;
I gave him all ; he bless'd it, brake,
And ate,—but gave me part again ;
Mine was an angel's portion then,
For while I fed with eager haste,
That crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock ; his strength was gone ;
The heedless water mock'd his thirst,
He heard it, saw it hurrying on :
I ran to raise the sufferer up ;
Thrice from the stream he drain'd my cup,
Dipp'd, and return'd it running o'er ;
I drank and never thirsted more.

'Twas night, the floods were out ; it blew
A winter hurricane aloof ;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof ;
I warm'd, I cloth'd, I cheer'd my guest,
Laid him on my own couch to rest ;
Then made the hearth my bed, and seem'd
In Eden's garden while I dream'd.

Stripp'd, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found him by the high-way side :
I rous'd his pulse, brought back his breath,
Reviv'd his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment ; he was heal'd ;—
I had myself a wound conceal'd ;
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw him next, condemn'd
To meet a traitor's doom at morn ;
The tide of lying tongues I stemm'd,
And honour'd him 'midst shame and scorn :

My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He ask'd if I for him would die ;
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, " I will."

Then in a moment to my view,
The stranger darted from disguise ;
The tokens in his hands I knew,
My Saviour stood before mine eyes :
He spake ; and my poor name he named ;
" Of me thou hast not been ashamed :
These deeds shall thy memorial be ;
Fear not, thou didst them unto Me."

OCCASIONAL ODE,

For the Anniversary of the Royal British System of Education.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE lion o'er his wild domains
Rules with the terror of his eye ;
The eagle of the rock maintains
By force his empire in the sky ;
The shark, the tyrant of the flood,
Reigns through the deep with quenchless rage ;
Parent and young, unwean'd from blood,
Are still the same from age to age.

Of all that live, and move, and breathe,
Man only rises o'er his birth ;
He looks above, around, beneath,
At once the heir of heaven and earth :
Force, cunning, speed, which nature gave
The various tribes throughout her plan,
Life to enjoy, from death to save,—
These are the lowest powers of man.

From strength to strength he travels on :
He leaves the lingering brute behind ;
And when a few short years are gone,
He soars a disembodied mind :

Beyond the grave his course sublime
 Destined through nobler paths to run,
 In his career the end of time
 Is but eternity begun.

What guides him in his high pursuit,
 Opens, illumines, cheers his way,
 Discerns the immortal from the brute,
 God's image from the mould of clay ?
 'Tis Knowledge:—Knowledge to the soul
 Is power, and liberty, and peace ;
 And while celestial ages roll,
 The joys of Knowledge shall increase.
 Hail ! to the glorious plan that spread
 The light with universal beams,
 And through the human desert led
 Truth's living, pure, perpetual streams.
 —Behold a new creation rise,
 New spirit breathed into the clod,
 Where'er the voice of Wisdom cries,
 " Man, know thyself, and fear thy God."

THE DAISY IN INDIA.

[Supposed to be addressed by the Reverend Dr. Carey,* the learned and illustrious Baptist Missionary at Serampore, to the first plant of this kind, which sprang up unexpectedly in his garden, out of some English earth, in which other seeds had been conveyed to him from this country. With great care and nursing, the Doctor has been enabled to perpetuate the Daisy in India, as an annual only, raised by seed preserved from season to season.]

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THRICE welcome, little English flower !
 My mother-country's white and red,
 In rose or lily, till this hour,
 Never to me such beauty spread :

* This great and good man—this ornament to *any* church—this faithful preparer of others for Eternity, has recently been summoned to receive his " exceeding great reward !" He died at Serampore—the scene of his invaluable, and most interesting labours—on the 9th of June of the passing year (1834).

Transplanted from thine island-bed,
A treasure in a grain of earth,
Strange as a spirit from the dead,
Thine embryo sprang to birth.

Thrice welcome, little English flower !
Whose tribes, beneath our natal skies,
Shut close their leaves while vapours lower ;
But, when the sun's gay beams arise,
With unabash'd but modest eyes,
Follow his motion to the west,
Nor cease to gaze till day-light dies,
Then fold themselves to rest.

Thrice welcome, little English flower,
To this resplendent hemisphere,
Where Flora's giant offspring tower
In gorgeous liveries all the year ;
Thou, only thou, art little here,
Like worth unfriended and unknown,
Yet to my British heart more dear
Than all the torrid zone.

Thrice welcome, little English flower !
Of early scenes beloved by me,
While happy in my father's bower,
Thou shalt the blithe memorial be :
The fairy sports of infancy,
Youth's golden age, and manhood's prime,
Home, country, kindred, friends,—with thee,
I find in this far clime.

Thrice welcome, little English flower !
I'll rear thee with a trembling hand ;
Oh, for the April sun and shower,
The sweet May dews of that fair land,
Where Daisies, thick as star-light stand
In every walk !—that here may shoot
Thy scions, and thy buds expand,
A hundred from one root.

Thrice welcome, little English flower !
To me the pledge of hope unseen ;
When sorrow would my soul o'erpower
For joys that were, or might have been,

I'll call to mind how, fresh, and green,
 I saw thee waking from the dust ;
 Then turn to heaven with brow serene,
 And place in God my trust.

ROBERT BURNS.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

WHAT bird in beauty, flight, or song,
 Can with the Bard compare,
 Who sang as sweet, and soared as strong,
 As ever child of air ?

His plume, his note, his form, could Burns,
 For whim or pleasure, change ;
 He was not one, but all by turns,
 With transmigration strange.

The blackbird, oracle of spring,
 When flowed his moral lay ;
 The swallow, wheeling on the wing,
 Capriciously at play :

The humming-bird, from bloom to bloom,
 Inhaling heavenly balm ;
 The raven, in the tempest's gloom ;
 The halcyon, in the calm :

In " Auld Kirk Alloway," the owl,
 At witching time of night ;
 By " Bonnie Doon," the earliest fowl
 That caroll'd to the light.

He was the wren amidst the grove,
 When in his homely vein ;
 At Bannockburn the bird of Jove,
 With thunder in his train ;

The woodlark, in his mournful hours ;
 The goldfinch, in his mirth ;
 The thrush, a spendthrift of his powers,
 Enrapturing heaven and earth :

The swan, in majesty and grace,
Contemplative and still ;
But roused,—no falcon, in the chase,
Could like his satire kill.

The linnet in simplicity,
In tenderness the dove :
But more than all beside was he,
The nightingale in love.

Oh ! had he never stooped to shame,
Nor lent a charm to vice,
How had Devotion loved to name,
That bird of Paradise.

Peace to the dead !—In Scotia's choir
Of minstrels great and small,
He sprang from his spontaneous fire,
The phoenix of them all.

GEOLOGY—KIRKDALE CAVE—PROFESSOR BUCKLAND.

" Scotsman," of 19th July, 1823.

THERE is probably no science at the present day that holds out more tempting problems, or has more curious secrets in store, than geology. Some years ago, it was the object of a very unreasonable jealousy among theologians ; and yet it has happened in this as in other cases, that what was thought to threaten serious consequences to religion, promises ultimately to furnish new arguments for its truth. In the case before us, it has, we may say, already placed beyond the reach of controversy a great physical fact, resting almost solely on the testimony of the Scriptures, which was sometimes perhaps felt as a stumbling block by divines, and was long made a subject of derision by the infidel wits of the last century—we mean the general Deluge. Professor Buckland's book is extremely curious ; and though calculated chiefly for men of science, will be found perfectly intelligible and very interesting by ordinary readers. He had Cuvier's researches to furnish him with lights and supply him with materials ; but by fixing his attention on a single class of phenomena, he has been able to carry his investigations a step

beyond those of that celebrated naturalist in some points, and he has arrived at conclusions highly singular and very satisfactory. We have no doubt that, by pursuing the path which Cuvier and Buckland have traced out, we shall ultimately come to know almost every thing worth knowing respecting the physical condition of the antediluvian world. Nay, it is not at all improbable that we shall at some future period have a better idea of the social state of our antediluvian progenitors than we should have if the pillars of Seth, with a key to their inscriptions, were at this moment in the cells of the British Museum.

All are aware how perfect a picture of ancient life is preserved in the ruins of Pompeii, where a whole generation, young and old, surprised by a sudden catastrophe, and reduced to skeletons, remain as if fixed by a magician's wand in the various attitudes of private and busy life, in the midst of their implements of industry, or of their ancient most domestic ornaments. There are in the bowels of the earth thousands of concealed chambers, which furnish a similar picture of animal life, and tell us of the character and habits of races now extinct, which inhabited its surface before man was formed, or which contended with him for dominion after he was called into existence. Such is the cave in Yorkshire, examined by Mr. Buckland. The flood, which destroyed its inhabitants, had closed its natural entrance with a deep covering of soil, till it was laid open by artificial operations in 1821. Excepting in those parts where the percolating moisture had deposited stony concretions, its surface, unvisited by air or rain, remained exactly as it was on the day when the waters retired. As the phenomena of this cave formed the ground-work of all Mr. Buckland's speculations, we shall shortly describe it.

It is situated in the breast of a limestone rock, at Kirkdale, in the north-east part of Yorkshire, about 80 feet above the bed of a neighbouring rivulet, and far beyond the reach of modern floods. It is 245 feet long, from 2 to 6 feet wide, and from 2 to 7 feet high. Its bottom is covered to the depth of a foot with a stratum of soft loamy clay, whose surface is quite smooth and almost perfectly horizontal, as if deposited by water. Its roof and sides are partly coated with Stalactites, or stony concretions, formed by the superficial moisture filtering through the rock charged with calcareous matter; and the same matter has in some parts extended itself from the sides over the upper surface of the earthy deposit at the bottom, like a crust of ice

over a muddy pool. These calcareous concretions, when they depend from the roof, are called Stalactites, and when they lie on the bottom, Stalagmites. The stratum of loam or mud is thickly interspersed with teeth and jawbones, and other bones of animals, in a state of great comminution, all mixed together, and some of them sticking through the Stalagmitic crust, like twigs through the ice of a pond. These bones lie thickest at the bottom of the muddy deposit; they are generally well preserved, and in no degree mineralized. The animals to which they belong are the elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, hyæna, tiger, bear, wolf, fox, weasel, ox, deer, rabbit, water-rat, mouse, and some birds—all, except perhaps the wolf and fox, thought to be of extinct species, but nearly allied in character to those now existing. In the neighbourhood of this cave was found another (at Kirby Moorside) with a similar deposit of mud 6 feet thick at the bottom, but without a single fossil bone. There are many caves in other parts of England, and in Germany, which present similar phenomena; but without attending to these in the mean time, we shall state the inferences deducible from the facts ascertained with regard to the Kirkdale cave, strengthened and confirmed as they are by a multitude of analogous facts.

1. That cave, which is far above modern floods, had its natural entrance shut till 1821, and as the organic remains belong to *extinct* species, they must have been deposited there under an order of things different from the present.
2. The fossil bones could not be those of animals which lodged in the cave, because it is too small to admit the oxen, horses, elephants, rhinoceroses, to which a part of them belong.
3. Neither could they be washed in by a flood, because scarcely one rolled stone or pebble is to be found mixed with them; and though they are in a state of extreme comminution, such as it would require long agitation to produce, they are not water-worn or deprived of their angles.
4. They must, therefore, have consisted of the bones of animals which lived and died in the neighbourhood, and which were carried into the cave by some other animals that inhabited it.
5. From the circumstances that only the teeth and hardest parts of the bones remain, the tenant of the cave must have been an animal that devoured bones. Now the existing hyæna has this quality. Bones are its favourite food, and it rejects only the teeth and such hard bones and portions of bones as are found remaining here. When we add, that the fossil relics of the

hyæna are not only found in the cave, but are in such abundance as to indicate the existence of 200 or 300 individuals of various ages, and that the dung of this animal, and of no other, is found among the loam, the proof is almost irresistible that this was an antediluvian hyæna's den, inhabited by a succession of these animals for many centuries. When we combine with the phenomena of the cave, what was previously known with regard to the multitude of fossil remains, some of them entire skeletons, belonging to the elephant, rhinoceros, bear, &c. found under the alluvial soil, over all England, France, Germany, Russia, and Siberia, it is equally incontestable that the remains of these animals, found in Kirkdale Cave, were not brought by the ocean from tropical climates, but belonged to individuals which had lived and died in the neighbourhood, as the same species then inhabited England generally, and all the north of Europe and Asia. The weaker creatures, such as the fox, deer, weasel, rabbit, we may suppose were seized and carried in alive; the large ruminant animals, whose bones are very numerous, were probably killed and dragged in piecemeal; and as for the stronger-quadrupeds, such as the elephant, tiger, rhinoceros, the voracious tenant of the cave would content himself with carrying off portions of their carcasses when they died a natural death.

Mr. Buckland was so zealous as to make a visit to the celebrated caves in the Hartz Forest and Franconia, whose organic remains have attracted so much attention. The interior of these ancient repositories harmonized remarkably with the caves in England; and a comparison of the whole led Mr. Buckland to detect a striking coincidence in an important point, which had been little or not at all attended to before. He observed in all the caves, without exception, one, and only one, horizontal bed of loam or mud in the bottom, sometimes with, sometimes without pebbles, serving as a matrix to the fossil bones where there were any, varying from one or two to twenty or thirty feet in thickness, and in almost all cases covered partly or wholly with that crust of Stalagmite which is every day increasing under our eyes. The level surface of this deposit shews clearly that it has been formed by water. As it covers not merely the cavities of the bottom, but every ledge of flat surface on which it could lie, however elevated, the water must have filled the whole cavity; and as there never is a second bed of loam above the Stalagmitic incrustations, it is plain that the waters had never visited the caves a second time—that, in short, there had

most certainly been *one great flood, and only one*. We cannot enter much into details, but we think Professor Buckland has made out this important conclusion in a manner extremely satisfactory.

Let us now, for the sake of simplicity, take the Kirkdale Cave, and consider particularly the matter that covers its bottom. Let us figure a low narrow chamber of an indefinite length in the limestone rock, and four or five feet wide. The rocky bottom of this cavity, where laid bare, is found in some places worn smooth, as if with the feet of beasts. At other parts it is covered with a Stalagmitic crust, proceeding from the sides, but only in small quantity, and containing no animal remains. Above this is found some other calcareous incrustations, enclosing teeth and fragments of bone. Above this again lies a stratum or deposit of mud, a foot thick, enveloping a multitude of teeth and small bones; and this is covered by a newer crust of Stalagmite, resting on the surface of the mud, sometimes forming a floor from side to side, and which crust is daily increasing by new infiltrations. Nearly the same arrangement of parts is common to all the caves; and it clearly refers to four chronological periods. 1. A period when the cave was uninhabited, but dry as at present, and when calcareous incrustations spread themselves over its bottom. The small quantity of this primitive Stalagmite shews that the period was short. 2. A period when the cave was inhabited by a succession of hyænas, whose bones and the bones of their prey were thickly strewed over the bottom, and a small part of them enveloped in the stony concretions still continuing to form. This period, as well as the former, was evidently antediluvian. The quantity of the animal remains, and especially the number of hyænas which must have inhabited the cave, shew that the succession of these tenants must have run through a long period. It is worthy of remark, too, that the undermost bones, which had lain longest exposed, are most decayed; and it is curious, that while the under sides of some of these (as found *in situ*) retain their original roughness, the upper sides are smoothed as if from the paws or sides of an animal passing over, or reposing on them. 3. A period when a great inundation took place; and the waters, charged with the detritus of the land, deposited a sediment of mud upon the bones, which enclosed them like a matrix, the lowest part being most loaded with the animal remains, as might be expected. 4. A period since the waters

retired, and during which the upper crust of Stalagmite has been, and still continues to be, formed. From the quantity of this calcareous matter, we infer that the period since the retiring of the waters is longer than the 1st or 2nd periods. And as a second deluge, had one occurred, would assuredly have deposited a second stratum of mud above the upper Stalagmitic floor, the total absence of such a deposit seems to shew conclusively that no more than one deluge has occurred since the caves were formed. At a future era, from careful observations on the existing rate of increase of these concretions, and from other data, we shall perhaps be able to fix with considerable certainty the length of each period, and to determine a multitude of other problems of a most interesting kind. Neither man, nor any creature analogous to man, has yet been found in these antediluvian repositories. But when the lights of science have penetrated Chaldea and Assyria, the primeval seats of the human race, we shall perhaps find the *ipsa corpora* of the first race of mankind, embalmed in the bitumen of Mesopotamia, or the calcareous deposits of Mount Ararat. We shall then know the stature and form—and some future Cuvier will even tell us the habits, characters, and whole animal economy—of those men who lived a thousand years, and had sons and daughters.

We have not space or time to follow our author into his other curious inquiries. He inclines to the opinion that the climate of the antediluvian world was different from that under which we live. But he holds, upon good grounds, that the sea and land occupied generally the same positions as at present. He has rendered the proofs of a universal deluge more distinct and satisfactory; he has furnished us with some new data for calculating the duration of the relative eras, marked out by great physical changes; and he has decisively set aside the opinion to which Cuvier seems to have inclined, that the earth has been subjected to the action of a great inundation more than once since the consolidation of the newest rocky strata.

THE NEW MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

M'DONOUGH.

"WELL, Stephen," said I to an old acquaintance, "how are you to-day?" "Considering existing circumstances," replied

he, "I am pretty well." "What circumstances?" said I. "Oh!" answered he, "nothing but the pressure of business, a general correspondence, letters innumerable to answer, precedents to examine, friends to oblige, and so forth." "Very odd!" thought I; "what can all this mean?"

I sat down and glanced my eye over the paper, whilst he stood leaning on the left haunch, the right foot advanced, his head a little inclined towards me, his right hand clenching a twopenny-post letter, and rounded like some of the bad statues in our squares, his left hand thrust into the pocket of his pantaloons, and his whole figure displaying a studied attitude! He now looked in the glass, dropped the letter as if he was presenting it to some one, stood upright, thrust the right hand into his breast, and faced me like an overgrown image, or a full-length in a niche.

"What the deuce is the matter with you?" said I. "Order, order," replied Stephen, looking at himself in the glass. "A little touched!" quoth I to myself. "I remembered hearing that his grandfather, the bacon-man, died in St. Luke's, that he left his son Roger a large fortune; that Roger became a sleeping partner in a mercantile concern, and left the profits to this Stephen, who seems to be a noon-dreamer."

I took up the paper once more. Stephen the while looked at a parcel of letters, and smiled. Then assuming another studied attitude, he faced his mirror again, and paid me the compliment of listening whilst I read a few paragraphs aloud; but I soon found he did so only to give himself an opportunity of practising the outward signs of parliamentary approbation or disapprobation. When he disliked the subject, he coughed and scraped his feet; when he liked it, he cried "Hear, hear." "Upon my word," said I, "you seem to be so occupied and so out of reason, that I wish you a good morning." I hastily withdrew; the young man remaining fixed before his looking-glass. "Chair, chair," I heard, as I went down stairs.

Meeting an old servant of his, I said to him, "I fear your master is not well: he seems in a kind of hurry which is not consistent with sound reason. He was a very silent, dull boy when he was at the Charter-House; and he now does nothing but talk, and that very incoherently too."

"Law bless ye!" replied honest John, "he is only a little overjoyed and proud. He came home last night from Cornwall; and he has done nothing ever since but place the chairs like so

many folk, walk in and out of the room, practise how to take a seat with a particular grace, rise up and sit down again, scrape his feet, and cough, change his attitudes before the glass, cry *Ay* and *No!* *Order!* *Hear! hear!*—"Very bad symptoms, indeed!" observed I.

"That's not all," said John. "He takes up a sheet of paper and fills it with nought but his name; and then he rung for me, and when I came into the room, he made me sit down in a high chair, and standing up before me with a quire of paper rolled up in his hand, he muttered some gibberish, called the blank paper a *Road Bill*, and then bid me go about my business. Now I knew that I paid all the bills last week. Taking pity on him as I shut the door, I opened it again and looked back, saying, 'Master, when will you have dinner?' 'When the question is disposed of,' said he—at the division—when the House is up." "Ay, it is all up with him," said I.

"Well, so thought I," cried John, laughing immoderately; "I thought as how Master was turned out a right fool at last; but it is no such a thing; he is only made a Parliament man of. He has *BOUGHT* a borough, and every mother's son in it; and has come home as pleased as the pigs (a very suitable simile, thought I). The packet before him were franks; and he has written his name fifty times to practise (as he calls it). He has spoiled a quire of paper in writing to himself, with a large *M. P.* at the end of his name.

"I mentioned Master's madness to Lord Liqueurpond's scullion; and he told me for my comfort never to mind: it was only a boyish frolic. 'Bless you,' says the scullion, (and he, sir, reads the debates every day), 'let him have his own way; it is only the glory of the thing—the impulse of the moment; when he comes to the House he will be as mute as a mackerel.'"—"I wish he were there now," said I.

Here ended John's account; and as I was going out of the door, I heard silly Stephen call John. "John! John!" said he, "run after the gentleman and ask if he will have a frank? I have only received one letter from my constituents, containing a publican's bill: it shall be laid on the table. No; on second consideration, it shall be thrown out. Therefore, John, you see that I have lots of franks to give and to receive, and if you want to write to your friends, you may call upon me. They may direct too to you, under cover,—mind, under

cover, to Stephen ———, Esq., M.P. You know that I am now returned.”

“Mercy defend us! What a resemblance there is betwixt St. Stephen’s Chapel and St. Luke’s Hospital!” thought

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

THE MILK-MAID AND THE BANKER.

JAMES SMITH.

A MILK-MAID with a very pretty face,
Who lived at Acton,

Had a black cow, the ugliest in the place,
A crooked-backed one.

A beast as dangerous, too, as she was frightful,
Vicious, and spiteful;

And so confirmed a truant, that she bounded
Over the hedges daily, and got pounded.

’Twas all in vain to tie her with a tether,

For then both cord and cow eloped together.

Armed with an oaken bough (what folly,
It should have been of birch, or thorn, or holly,)

Patty one day was driving home the beast,

Which had as usual slipped its anchor,

When on the road she met a certain Banker,

Who stopped to give his eyes a feast

By gazing on her features, crimsoned high

By a long cow-chase in July.

“Are you from Acton, pretty lass?” he cried:

“Yes,”—with a court’sy, she replied.

“Why then you know the laundress, Sally Wrench?”

“She is my cousin, Sir, and next-door neighbour.”

“That’s lucky—I’ve a message for the wench

Which needs dispatch, and you may save my labour.

Give her this kiss, my dear, and say I sent it,

But mind you *owe* me one—I’ve only *lent* it.”

“She shall know,” cried the girl, as she brandished her
bough,

“Of the *loving* intentions you bore me;

But as to the kiss, as there's haste, you'll allow
 That you'd better run forward and give it my cow,
 For she, at the rate she is scampering now,
 Will reach Acton some minutes before me."

ADDRESS TO THE MUMMY IN BELZONI'S EXHIBITION.

HORACE SMITH.

AND thou hast walk'd about (how strange a story!)
 In Thebes' streets three thousand years ago,
 When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
 And time had not begun to overthrow
 Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
 Of which the very ruins are tremendous.
 Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy,
 Thou hast a tongue—come let us hear its tune;
 Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above ground, Mummy!
 Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,
 Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
 But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.
 Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—
 To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame?
 Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
 Of either Pyramid that bears his name?
 Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer?
 Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?
 Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden
 By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade—
 Then say, what secret melody was hidden
 In Memnon's statue, which at sun-rise played!
 Perhaps thou wert a *priest*!—if so, my struggles
 Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles!
 Perchance that very hand, now pinion'd flat,
 Has hob-a-nobb'd with Pharaoh glass to glass;
 Or dropp'd a half-penny in Homer's hat,
 Or doff'd thine own to let Queen Dido pass,
 Or held, (by Solomon's own invitation,)
 A torch at the great temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when arm'd,
Has any Roman soldier maul'd and knuckled,
For thou wert dead and buried and embalmed,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled :—
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develope, if that withered tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
And the great deluge still had left it green ;
Or, was it then so old, that history's pages
Contained no record of its early ages !

Still silent ! incommunicative elf,
Art sworn to secrecy ! Then keep thy vows ;
But prithee tell us something of thyself ;
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house ;
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,
What hast thou seen—what strange adventures numbered !

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations ;
The Roman Empire has begun and ended,
New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations,
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyzes,
March'd armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the Pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder ?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confess'd,
The nature of thy private life unfold :—
A heart has throb'd beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusky cheek have roll'd :—
Have children climb'd those knees and kiss'd that face ?
What was thy name and station, age and race ?

Statue of flesh—immortal of the dead !
Imperishable type of evanescence !
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecay'd within our presence,

Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,

If its undying guest be lost for ever ?

O ! let us keep the *soul* embalm'd and pure

In living virtue, that, when both must sever,

Although corruption may our frame consume,

The immortal *spirit* in the skies may bloom.*

MUSIC,—A LUDICROUS ANECDOTE.†

HORACE SMITH.

THE wit and pleasantry of the late Mark Supple were well known to all the curious and eccentric circles of Westminster. He was an able and eminent reporter of the debates in Parliament, and acquitted his duties in that department with singular excellence, even when tipsy, during the whole of a debate. Attending in a crowded gallery one evening, when an important question was to come on, and the House extremely full on both sides ; Mr. Pitt, and the whole of the ministerial phalanx, were in their places ; Mr. Addington in the chair, maintaining, with solemn gravity, the dignity of his office, and the whole assembly mute as mummies in a catacomb. The House, in short, had all the appearance of a Quaker's Meeting ; when Supple, tipsy as usual, gravely took his pinch of snuff, and broke in upon the silence of the House with this address to the chair :—

“ Mr. Speaker !—hiccup—I'll be very much obliged if you will be so good as to give us a Song.” The Speaker

* The father of James and Horace Smith—himself a gentleman of learning and accomplishments, and Solicitor to the Board of Ordnance—had the gratification of living to witness the literary triumphs of his two excellent sons, the admired authors of “ The Rejected Addresses.”

Horace Smith, besides being an accomplished poet, is the author of several interesting novels of the Waverley school. James, the admirable imitator of Scott, Wordsworth, and Crabbe, and author, we believe, of “ The Milkmaid and Banker,” died on the 24th of December, 1839, aged 65. His greatly attached brother, loved and respected by all who know him, is happily still living, August 1845.

† The incident which this anecdote relates, occurred towards the conclusion of Mr. Pitt's administration.

was electrified.—Mr. Pitt burst out into a loud and immoderate fit of laughter; and several other members, after many fruitless endeavours to preserve their gravity, followed his example. The Speaker called out, "Serjeant at Arms, do your duty, and bring that person to the bar." In an instant the Serjeant flew to the gallery, and, with all the grim authority of office, demanded who it was that had presumed to insult the House. Nobody would *peach*;* but the Serjeant was, by some silent finger, directed to Supple, upon whom he immediately seized. Supple, with great coolness, said, "My dear fellow, you are quite mistaken;—that sly, drab-coloured gentleman," (pointing to a Quaker, seated in the front row, behind the clock) "is the man who called for the song; for my part, I have no taste for music."

The Serjeant flew like lightning after poor Obadiah, and dragged him out of the gallery in spite of all remonstrances, and was only prevented from bringing him to the bar, by the assurance of a gentleman in the Members' gallery, (who had witnessed and enjoyed the joke) that "the Quaker was not the man."

GOOD HUMOUR AND FORBEARANCE OF MR. WILBERFORCE.†

ANONYMOUS.

DURING the protracted debates in Parliament, in 1802, on the subject of public scarcity, Mr. Wilberforce one night made a long and able speech, in the course of which he recommended great encouragement to the cultivation of potatoes, as a source of cheap food for the poor. A reporter, who was desirous of attending to every thing which fell from that honourable gentleman, unluckily fell asleep, and only awoke just

* Give the required information.

† To render this anecdote piquant to those readers who were unacquainted with Mr. Wilberforce, it will be enough to observe that the person of this distinguished Commoner and enlightened philanthropist, was very diminutive—that his shoulders were any thing but *broad*—and that, altogether, Mr. W. was one of those individuals whose great souls are lodged in very tiny exteriors.

as Mr. Wilberforce was concluding. The reporter was extremely mortified at having missed the speech, and asked a droll fellow-labourer, the well-known Charles Wilson, who sat next him, to detail the leading points of the honourable member's argument. Wilson told him, with great gravity, that Mr. Wilberforce had been extremely eloquent in recommending the culture of potatoes,—that he had instanced their good effects in the gigantic stature, broad shoulders, vigorous constitution, and comely persons of the Irish peasantry, of whom he had seen so many herculean specimens in his walk through St. Giles's and Covent-garden; and withal lamented, that his parents and guardians had not fed *him*, in his early youth, upon those salubrious roots, which would have rendered him *tall* and *athletic*, instead of the tiny person he was.

This text was quite enough for the *spinner* of eloquence, who amplified these points in his next day's paper, to a speech of four columns, without a single sentence of what Mr. Wilberforce had really uttered. On the evening of the same day, (being at his post as usual) Mr. Wilberforce arose with the identical newspaper in his hand. The call of "privilege!" echoed from several voices; and Mr. Wilberforce addressed the chair by expressing "his unwillingness at all times to restrain the liberty of the Press, or to oppose the standing orders of the House, against that usage which had long prevailed, of detailing in the public papers what passed there in discussion; but, where a gross misrepresentation was made of the speech of a member, it ought not to be passed in silence. He held in his hand a report, purporting to be one of his own speeches on the preceding night, and he would appeal to the House, whether it contained a syllable of what he had said." (Read, read! echoed from all sides.)

Mr. Wilberforce put on his spectacles, and proceeded to the reading; but every sentence produced in the House a burst of laughter; until he came to that part of the speech where he was stated to lament that "*he* had not been in his early youth fed upon potatoes, and thereby rendered tall, broad-shouldered, and athletic, instead of the tiny person he was." This threw the House into a roar of laughter, when Mr. Wilberforce himself, dismounting his spectacles, good-humouredly joined in the laugh, and said—"Well, I protest the thing is so ludicrous, that it is hardly worth serious notice, and I shall pursue it no farther."

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

Edinburgh Review for July, 1832.

WE have nothing more at heart than a cordial friendship between America and England. There is no reason in the world why it should not be, and every reason why it should. How gladly would we apply to our silly bickerings, Adams's happy allusion upon their party sectional disputes! "We angry lovers mean not half what we say." England is not merely the old country; it is the *only* country with which America has much European concern or contact. This circumstance has singled out and fixed an importance and character on every thing that she is supposed to do or say, or think or feel, concerning the United States, which her conduct would not possess were the rest of Europe equally in the field. It is as natural for them to think too much, as for us to think too little, about their glorious revolutionary struggle. The somewhat needless parade of their 4th of July anniversaries, connects England with annual hostile recollections. If they are astonished at the facility with which we seem to have forgotten the mortification of defeat, there is at least this merit in the oblivion, — we must, as a previous condition, have entirely *forgiven* them their success! The eagerness of the aspiration, and of the effort with which America already flies her kite at every object of excellence, and every pinnacle of power, manifests an energy and a purpose at which it is impossible not to clap our hands. We should clap the louder were they less palpably aware of their own merits! The merit is a little disfigured by too evident a *conceit* of what they have done themselves, and by an unseemly jealousy of what has been done or is doing by others. England appears at times to be the particular object of this jealousy. The preference is more flattering than agreeable. To the degree that it is connected with an apprehension, that in consequence of their former dependency the pretensions of a step-dame superiority are lingering over our actual relation, it is quite unreasonable. As far as it is necessarily connected with our concurrent enterprise in the same lines of usefulness and ambition, both parties must consent to the consequences of so honourable a competition. What a source of honest pride to the Englishmen of Europe, that, whilst the race of France is stationary in Canada, and is dis-

appearing in Louisiana—whilst Spain has scarcely impregnated with her stock the borders of the golden kingdoms of Mexico and Peru—our children have stamped our character on a vast continent, and so breathe our spirit and follow out our example, that they are already treading on our heels ! Whatever clouds may seem at times to pass over the space between us, we never can believe but that the Englishmen of America brighten their countenances in the reflected glory of their European kindred, past, present, and to come ! Let them overtake us, *if they can*, in the road of civilization and of honour ;—it is not so narrow, but that two can go abreast. Let them pass us, and we shall feel much prouder in their progress than shame at being left behind ! America has enjoyed immense advantages from the waste of waters which are between us, and from the waste of wilderness at her back. She must take along with them the disadvantages of her position and of her policy—and this among the rest, if she pays us the compliment of so considering it. Our ignorance is far, however, from being indifference ; much less is it premeditated ill-will. Could England be polled upon such a subject, the section of the present generation would be small indeed, which would not wish their American brethren hearty joy of their good fortune—joy that the United States have achieved their independence—joy that they have established such institutions as they thought were best suited to their condition—joy that they are laying deep in prosperous industry and political contentment, the foundations of an empire greater and happier—probably ten times greater—certainly a thousand fold *happier*—than the empire of the Cæsars.

In the meantime, it would be as well if the Americans would conceal their pride a little, and take more pains to be always proud in the right place. Of some things however—of their sense, their vigour, their manliness—it is impossible to be too proud. We, the mother country, (the Berecynthia* of a hundred sons, and every son a god,) stand too upon our right to share with them in their glory. Greece and Rome boasted of their colonies—their emigrant settlements in Asia or in Gaul. What would they have thought of ours ? How would they have trampled down trumpery criticisms upon a diversity of manners and a variety in dialect or accent ! How would they

* A title of Cybele, who, in the heathen mythology, was the daughter of Cœlus and Terra (Heaven and Earth), and wife of the old god Saturn.

have exulted in the parentage of a stock which, in the brief period of one hundred and fifty years, had swelled from a knot of pilgrims into an independent nation ; and which, in the first fifty years of its independence as a nation, had drawn together, by a centripetal force like that of nature, the discordant materials of half a globe, and magnetized the mass with the electric spark of civil and religious freedom.

DIFFERENCE OF CHARACTER IN THE POLITICAL CHANGES OF GREAT BRITAIN AND FRANCE.

Edinburgh Review for July, 1832.

THE meeting of the States-General in France was the signal for the explosion of all the hoarded passions of a century. In that assembly, there were undoubtedly very able men ; but they had no practical knowledge of the art of government. All the great English revolutions have been conducted by practical statesmen. The French Revolution was conducted by mere speculators. Our constitution has never been so far behind the age, as to have become an object of aversion to the people. The English revolutions have therefore been undertaken for the purpose of defending, correcting, and restoring—never for the mere purpose of destroying ! Our countrymen have always, even in times of the greatest excitement, spoken reverently of the form of government under which they lived, and attacked only what they regarded as its corruptions. In the very act of innovating, they have constantly appealed to ancient prescription ; they have seldom looked abroad for models ; they have seldom troubled themselves with Utopian theories ; they have not been anxious to prove that liberty is a natural right of men ; they have been content to regard it as *the lawful birthright of Englishmen !* Their social contract is no fiction. It is still extant on the original parchment, sealed with wax which was affixed at Runnymede, and attested by the lordly names of the Marischals and Fitzherberts. No general arguments about the original equality of men, no fine stories out of Plutarch and Cornelius Nepos, have ever affected them so much as their own familiar words,—*Magna Charta*,—

Habeas Corpus,—*Trial by Jury*,—*Bill of Rights*.—The English, content with their own national recollections and names, have never sought for models in the institutions of Greece or Rome. The French, having nothing in their own history to which they could look back with pleasure, had recourse to the history of the great ancient commonwealths: they drew their notions of those commonwealths, not from contemporary writers, but from romances written by pedantic moralists long after the extinction of public liberty. They neglected Thucydides for Plutarch. Blind themselves, they took blind guides. They had no experience of freedom, and they took their opinions concerning it from men who had no more experience of it than themselves, and whose imaginations, inflamed by mystery and privation, exaggerated the unknown enjoyment;—from men who raved about patriotism without having ever had a country, and eulogised tyrannicide while crouching before tyrants. The maxim which the French legislators learned in this school was, that political liberty is an *end*, and not a *means*; that it is not merely valuable as the great safeguard of order, of property, and of morality, but that it is in itself a high and exquisite happiness to which order, property, and morality ought without one scruple to be sacrificed. The lessons which may be learned from ancient history are indeed most useful and important; but they were not likely to be learned by men who, in all their rhapsodies about Athenian democracy, seemed utterly to forget that in that democracy there were ten slaves to one citizen; and who constantly decorated their invectives against the aristocrats with panegyrics on Brutus and Cato,—two aristocrats, fiercer, prouder, and more exclusive, than any that emigrated with the Count of Artois.

THE EMIGRANT.

HON. HENRY ERSKINE.

FAST by the margin of a mossy rill,
That wandered, gurgling, down a heath-clad hill,
An ancient shepherd stood, oppressed with woe,
And eyed the ocean's flood that foamed below;
Where, gently rocking on the rising tide,
A ship's unwonted form was seen to ride.

Unwonted ! well I ween ; for ne'er before
Had touched one keel the solitary shore ;
Nor had the swain's rude footsteps ever strayed
Beyond the shelter of his native shade.
His few remaining hairs were silver grey,
And his rough face had seen a better day.
Around him, bleating, strayed a scanty flock,
And a few goats o'erhung the neighbouring rock.
One faithful dog his sorrows seemed to share,
And strove, with many tricks, to ease his care.
While o'er his furrowed cheeks the salt drops ran,
He tuned his rustic reed, and thus began :

“ Farewell ! farewell ! dear Caledonia's strand,
Rough though thou be, yet still my native land :
Exiled from thee, I seek a foreign shore,
Friends, kindred, country, to behold no more :
By hard oppression driven, my helpless age,
That should ere now have left life's bustling stage,
Is forced the ocean's boisterous breast to brave,
In a far foreign land to seek a grave.

“ And must I leave thee, then, my little cot ?
Mine and my father's poor but happy lot,
Where I have passed, in innocence, away
Year after year till age has turned me grey ?

“ Thou, dear companion of my happier life,
Now to the grave gone down, my virtuous wife !
'Twas here you reared, with fond maternal pride,
Five comely sons : three for their country died !
Two still remain, sad remnant of the wars,
Without one mark of honour but their SCARS ;
They live to see their sire denied a grave
In lands his much-loved children died to save :
Yet still in peace and safety did we live,
In peace and safety more than wealth can give.
My two remaining boys, with sturdy hands,
Reared the scant produce of our niggard lands :
Scant as it was, no more our hearts desired,
No more from us our generous lord required.

“ But ah, sad change ! those blessed days are o'er,
And peace, content, and safety, charm no more :
Another lord now rules those wild domains,
The avaricious tyrant of the plains ;

Far, far from hence, he revels life away,
In guilty pleasures our poor means must pay.
The mossy plains, the mountain's barren brow,
Must now be tortured by the tearing plough,
And, spite of nature, crops be taught to rise,
Which to these northern climes wise Heaven denies.
In vain, with sweating brow and weary hands,
We strive to earn the gold our lord demands,
While cold and hunger, and the dungeon's gloom,
Await our failure as its certain doom.

"To shun these ills that threat my hoary head,
I seek in foreign lands precarious bread;
Forced, though my helpless age from guilt be pure,
The pangs of banished felons to endure;
And all because those hands have vainly tried
To force from art what nature has denied;
Because my little all will not suffice
To pay the insatiate claims of avarice.

"In vain of richer climates I am told,
Whose hills are rich in gems, whose streams are gold;
I am contented here, I ne'er have seen
A vale more fertile, nor a hill more green;
Nor would I leave this sweet, though humble cot,
To share the richest monarch's envied lot;
O would to Heaven the alternative were mine,
Abroad to thrive, or here in want to pine,
Soon would I choose: But, ere to-morrow's sun
Has o'er my head his radiant journey run,
I shall be robbed by what they *justice* call,
By legal ruffians, of my little all;
Driven out to hunger, nakedness, and grief,
Without one pitying hand to bring relief.
Then come, O sad alternative, to choose!
Come, banishment, I will no more refuse;
Go where I may, nor billows, rocks, nor wind,
Can add of horror to my tortured mind.

"On whatsoever coast I may be thrown,
No lord can use me harder than my own.
Even they who tear the limbs and drink the gore
Of helpless strangers, what can they do more?

"For thee, insatiate chief! whose ruthless hand
For ever drives me from my native land;

For thee I leave no greater curse behind,
'Than the fell bodings of a guilty mind ;
Or, what were harder to a soul like thine,
To find from avarice thy wealth decline.

“ For you, my friends and neighbours of the vale,
Who now with kindly tears my fate bewail,
Soon may our king, whose breast paternal glow
With tenderest feelings for his people's woe ;
Soon may the rulers of this mighty land,
To ease your sorrows, stretch the helping hand,
Else soon, too soon, your helpless fate shall be
Like me to suffer, to depart like me.

“ On your dear native land, from whence I part,
Rest the best blessing of a broken heart.
If in some future hour the foe should land
His hostile legions on Britannia's strand,
May she not then the alarum sound in vain,
Nor miss her banished thousands on the plain !

“ Feed on, my sheep, for though deprived of me,
My cruel foes shall your protectors be ;
For their own sakes shall pen your straggling flocks,
And save your lambkins from the ravening fox.

“ Feed on, my goats, another now shall drain
Your streams that heal disease and soften pain :
No streams, alas ! can ever, ever flow,
To heal your master's heart, or soothe his woe.

“ Feed on, my flocks ; ye harmless people, feed ;
The worst that YE can suffer is to bleed.

O ! that the murderer's steel were all my fear,
How fondly would I stay to perish here !—
But, hark ! my sons loud call me from the vale,
And, lo ! the vessel spreads her swelling sail.
Farewell ! farewell !”—Awhile his hands he wrung,
And o'er his crook in speechless sorrow hung ;
Then, casting many a lingering look behind,
Down the steep mountain's brow began to wind.

DEFICIENCY IN THE EDUCATION OF FASHION-
ABLE WOMEN.

The "Sun" Newspaper of December 13, 1834.

IN the knowledge of all that really constitutes the affairs of life, our most fashionably educated women are deplorably deficient. They seem to be intended for any purpose rather than that of discharging the ordinary duties of good wives and tender mothers. It seems to be the study of fashionable women to discover what is least profitable in the wide field of intellectual acquirements, in order to impose it as the only task worthy the attention of their children. Often and often has this ill-judged partiality for frivolous, or at best unprofitable, studies in persons, themselves well informed, filled us with wonder. Nor can we yet account for so strange a perversion of judgment, especially as all women are willing to confess that to talk bad French, strum and scream in a *concordia discors*, or to waltz with the libertine gesture of a Parisian opera-dancer, are not the most effectual means of controlling the will of a headstrong husband, or the best qualifications for rearing up a family in the fear of God. Far be it from us to say that the knowledge of languages, of music, and of the graces necessary to an appearance in the ball-room, ought wholly to be dispensed with in female education. It is not the use, but the ABUSE of these accomplishments of which we complain. It is the making those things ALL which ought to form the PARTS of a MINOR PART. Of ethics, or the science of morality, women in general know nothing; and yet this comprises the whole range of civil, domestic, and religious duties. Women complain that the tyranny of men is the cause of their deficiency in useful information. Now men have sins enough to answer for, without adding others of which they are not, and have not been, guilty. The vanity of women prevented, and prevents, their being properly educated. The mother will not have her daughters moralized, and sermonized, and made mopes of, to satisfy the whims of antiquated visionaries and Bedlamite enthusiasts! Her dear girls are incapable of wrong, and she knows better than to sour their minds with crabbed lectures on the distinctions of good and evil, just as if the charming creatures did not know of themselves how to act properly on all occasions. No, no! the dancing,

the French, the music, and the drawing masters, are the only proper and genteel instructors for such sweet innocents. If they want any thing else, they will have time enough to learn it the year before they come out. This is the substance of a lecture which is repeatedly delivered in many a drawing-room, by the mother of a young family; and the consequences are sooner or later felt and deplored by society. It would seem, in short, from the language of many women on this subject, that domestic virtues, like dresses, would be worn out before the time for putting them in practice, if assumed before marriage.

NEVER GIVE UP!

(From the "Sun" Newspaper.)

NEVER give up! it is wiser and better
Always to hope, than once to despair;
Fling off the load of Doubt's cank'ring fetter,
And break the dark spell of tyrannical care:
Never give up! or the burden may sink you,—
Providence kindly has mingled the cup,
And, in all trials or troubles, bethink you
The watchword of life must be, Never give up:

Never give up! there are chances and changes
Helping the hopeful a hundred to one,
And through the chaos High Wisdom arranges
Ever success—if you'll only hope on:
Never give up! for the wisest is boldest,
Knowing that Providence mingles the cup,
And of all maxims the best, as the oldest,
Is the true watchword of, Never give up.

Never give up!—though the grape-shot may rattle,
Or the full thundercloud over you burst,
Stand like a rock—and the storm or the battle
Little shall harm you, though doing their worst:
Never give up! if adversity presses,
Providence wisely has mingled the cup,
And the best counsel, in all your distresses,
Is the stout watchword of, Never give up!

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF MR. CANNING.*

*Extracted from a Speech delivered on the Hustings at Liverpool,
by the late lamented MR. HUSKISSON.*

I UNFEIGNEDLY regret my inability to make myself heard by the whole of this crowded auditory. Still more I feel the painful recurrence which my memory suggests, when I consider the place where I stand to address my constituents. The place and the occasion by me can never be forgotten. That voice which for the last few years had so often been raised upon your hustings, and to which you had so often listened with delight and admiration, and I hope you will allow me to add, with benefit and instruction to yourselves, is now mute for ever. That heart-stirring power, which, in times of the greatest alarm to the country, had roused your energies, diffused spirit and vigour throughout the community, and rescued you from the dangers and difficulties with which perils had beset you—which had invigorated the weak, and imparted confidence to the doubtful, so as to bring to a successful issue the greatest contest which modern history has recorded,—which had encouraged the timid, and above all, appealed to the good sense and manly feelings of Englishmen, against the traitorous and insidious designs which were formed to sap their throne and constitution,—which had sustained them against the machinations of the inveterate foe, to whom, had they yielded, they might indeed have had peace; but it would have been a peace hollow and insecure, and with the loss of honour. That high and animating spirit which had preserved them for such achievements, was now for ever swept from their sphere. That all-persuading, all-commanding, and consistent eloquence, which had exposed and successfully resisted the diffusion of the disaffection which at times had spread over the surface of this happy country,—which had inculcated loyalty and reverence to law, in contradistinction to licentious-

* The lovers of eloquence and their country were suddenly and *painfully* bereaved of this elegant and accomplished scholar, and able and HONEST MINISTER, on the 8th of August, 1827, at the age of 58! Lord Goderich succeeded as Premier on the 10th of August,—and as Mr. Huskisson took office under his Lordship, the speech, from which this Extract is taken, must have been made subsequently to the latter date. The excellent Mr. Huskisson was killed at the opening of the Manchester and Liverpool Railway on the 15th of September, 1830.

ness and wild anarchy,—which had contrasted the desolation of revolutionary principles with the common interest that in this free country linked the crown and subject in one chain of constitutional accord, alike contributing to the stability of the one, and the happiness of the other,—that powerful eloquence of my lamented friend, which had claimed and secured for England her predominance in the councils of Europe, and suggested the means of resisting any combination of sovereigns (were there such in array) to stem the improvement of civilized man,—which had imposed upon Europe the necessity of holding sacred the rights of our fellow creatures, and shewed surrounding nations how a throne could be glorious and a people free,—which, after accomplishing glory and renown during an unparalleled war, had fixed the terms of peace upon a stable and honourable basis, dear to the interests of mankind,—that powerful and all-stirring eloquence would by them be heard no more. When, by one of those awful dispensations of Providence, to which we must all bow, the sovereign and his people were deprived of the further services of my great and lamented friend, I was absent in a distant part of the continent, endeavouring to recruit my impaired and declining health, and could not therefore see, though I could feel, the grief which overwhelmed my country at the afflicting event that had befallen it, and the true and unaffected regret which pervaded all classes, from the sovereign to the peasant. My own personal regret at this bereavement, I shall not presume to intrude upon you; for it would be idle to mix it up with the public sympathy; but at that time I was honoured with the commands of my sovereign to return to England, and take such share in the administration as circumstances rendered imperative. I cannot pass over this melancholy subject without stating, that the grief you felt here was participated in all the countries through which I had to pass upon my return. While wending my way among foreigners, the same regret, from the most enlightened to the humblest, pervaded all classes who had heard of the event. All felt that the interests of the civilized world had lost a benefactor and a friend!

STEAM-CARRIAGE—MANCHESTER RAIL-ROAD.

"THE RECESS; A TOUR."

DR. JAMES JOHNSON.*

OF all the wonders that steam has worked, this is the most wonderful. Without rudder or rein—without tug or tow-rope—without chart or compass—without impulse from man, or traction from beast,—this maximum of power in minimum of space—this magic Automaton, darts forward, on iron pinions, swift as an arrow from a bow! unerring, undeviating from its destined course! Devised by science, but devoted to industry—unwearied as rapid, in its toils and movements—harmless as the dove, if unopposed, but fatal as the thunderbolt if encountered in its career, this astonishing offspring of human genius, gigantic in strength as dwarfish in stature, drags along, and apparently without effort, whole cargoes of commerce—merchants and their merchandize—artizans and their arts—travellers and their traffic—tourists and their tours (some of them heavy enough!)—in short, every thing, living or dead, that can be chained to the train of this Herculean velocipede.

Mounted on the shoulders of this docile but all-powerful Automaton, we "scour the blasted heath," more fleetly than the Weird Sisters, when despatched on deeds of death—dive through the solid rock, which greets the passing stranger with a hollow and growling salute—spring forward into the cheerful day—and wave our sable banners in the air.

The steam-carriage will probably effect more revolutions in military operations, than the steam-boat in naval warfare. A steam-carriage, skilfully equipped and directed, would have broken through the hollow squares on the field of Waterloo—opened a passage for Napoleon's cavalry—and changed the face of battle, as well as the fate of nations. The war-chariots of our ancient English Queen (Boadicea) may possibly be renewed and introduced, under some future princess—and with more success, since they will not only transport whole armies, with all their *materiel*, from point to point, with incredible velocity, but penetrate the densest lines, the firmest cohorts, the compactest squadrons, with as much certainty and ease, as a cannon ball would pass through a partition of pasteboard. A greater

* This highly-gifted gentleman and delightful Tourist, was Physician to his Majesty William IV.

mass of men, arms, and ammunition could be defiled along the Manchester railroad in one day, than along the Via Appia in a month, with Julius Cæsar to direct the expedition, and the fate of Rome dependent on the celerity of its movements!

But it is more pleasing to contemplate the effects of the steam-carriage in peace. By increasing the facilities of intercommunication, we multiply the products of human labour, mental as well as corporeal, and reduce their price. The steam-carriage lessens the distance (or the time, which is tantamount) between the inhabitants of a state, and thereby converts, as it were, a country into a city. By this kind of artificial approximation, we secure all the good effects of combination, without the detrimental consequences of a concentrated population. By it, Liverpool and Manchester are constituted one city, as regards all kinds of communication and commerce, while a fertile tract of thirty miles is placed between them.

The intercommunication by steam, will enable us to change many millions of meadow into fields of wheat—and the provender of horses will be converted into food for man.

Having passed and repassed between Liverpool and Manchester several times, and in the different classes of conveyance, I marked accurately the phenomena of this most astonishing effort of human ingenuity to abridge labour and save time. When the train is at full speed—say thirty or more miles in an hour—the sensations and the noise produced by the vibrations of the machinery and the rotation of so many wheels, resemble a good deal those which would result from a troop of horse at full gallop, but all the animals in the most perfect unison of action and motion. Neither the vibrations, the sounds, nor the sight of surrounding objects, convey any unpleasant feelings to the passenger:—on the contrary, to me, they communicated an exceedingly pleasurable sensation, but of a nature that cannot be described in words.

Although the whole passage between Liverpool and Manchester is a series of enchantments, surpassing any in the "Arabian Nights," because they are realities, not fictions;—yet there are certain epochs in the transit, which are peculiarly exciting. These are, the startings—the ascents—the descents—the tunnels—the Chat-moss—the meetings. At the instant of starting, or rather before, the Automaton belches forth an explosion of steam, and seems, for a second or two, quiescent. But quickly the explosions are reiterated with shorter and shorter intervals, till they become too rapid to be counted,

though still distinct. These belchings or explosions more nearly resemble the pantings of a lion or a tiger, than any sound that has ever vibrated on my ear. During the ascent, they become slower and slower, till the Automaton actually labours like an animal out of breath, from the tremendous efforts to gain the highest point of the elevation. The progression is proportionate; and before the said point is gained, the train is not moving faster than a horse could pace. With the slow motion of the mighty and animated machine, the breathing becomes more laborious—the growl more distinct—till, at length, the animal appears exhausted, and groans like the tiger when nearly overpowered in combat by the buffalo.*

The moment that the height is reached, and the descent commences, the pantings rapidly increase—the engine, with its train, starts off with augmenting velocity, and in a few seconds it is flying down the declivity like lightning, and with a uniform growl or roar, like a continuous discharge of distant artillery. At this period, the whole train is going at the rate of thirty-five or forty miles an hour! I was on the outside, and in front of the first carriage, just over the engine. The scene was magnificent—I had almost said, terrific. Although it was a dead calm, the wind appeared to be blowing a hurricane, such was the velocity with which we darted through the air. Yet all was steady; and there was something in the precision of the machinery that inspired a degree of confidence over fear—of safety over danger. A man may travel from the Pole to the Equator—from the Straits of Malacca to the Isthmus of Darien, and he will see nothing so astonishing as this. The pangs of *Ætna* and *Vesuvius* excite feelings of horror as well as of terror—the convulsion of the elements, during a thunder storm, carries with it nothing of pride, much less of pleasure, to counteract the awe inspired by the fearful workings of perturbed nature; but the scene which is here presented, and which I cannot adequately describe, engenders a proud consciousness of superiority in human ingenuity, more intense and convincing, than any effort or product of the poet, the painter, the philosopher, or the divine. The projections or transits of the train through the tunnels and arches are very electrifying. The deafening peal of thunder, the sudden im-

* Those who have witnessed a pitched battle between the tiger and the buffalo, in Bengal, will understand what I mean.

mersion in gloom, and the clash of reverberated sounds in confined space, combine to produce a momentary shudder, or idea of destruction ; a thrill of annihilation, which is instantly dispelled on emerging into the cheerful light.

The meetings or crossings of the steam trains, flying in opposite directions, are scarcely less agitating to the nerves, than their transits through the tunnels. The velocity of their course, the propinquity or apparent identity of the iron orbits along which these meteors move, call forth the involuntary but fearful thought of a possible collision, with all its horrible consequences ! The period of suspense, however, though exquisitely painful, is but momentary ; and, in a few seconds, the object of terror is far out of sight behind.

Nor is the rapid passage across the Chat-moss unworthy of notice. The ingenuity with which two narrow rods of iron are made to bear whole trains of waggons, laden with many hundred tons of commerce, and bounding across a wide semi-fluid morass, *previously impassable by man or beast*, is beyond all praise, and deserving of eternal record. Only conceive a slender bridge, of two minfite iron rails, several miles in length, level as Waterloo, elastic as whalebone, yet firm as adamant ! Along this splendid triumph of human genius—this veritable *via triumphalis*—the train of carriages bounds with the velocity of the stricken deer ; the vibrations of the resilient moss causing the ponderous engine and its enormous suite to glide along the surface of an extensive quagmire as safely as a practised skater skims the icy mirror of a frozen lake !

To conclude. Even in its present infancy of improvement, the steam-carriage, on the rail-road, appears to me to be a safer vehicle than the stage-coach. The rapid rate of driving, occasioned by competition, renders the outside of a coach dangerous, while the inside is disagreeable and fatiguing. The spirit of the horse can never be tempered to the precision of machinery and steam.

THE CHAMELEON.

(*An Argument against Positiveness.*)

MERRICK.

O'FT has it been my l'ot to ma'rk/

A prou'd, conc'eited, talk'ing-spark ;

With ey'es/ that hardly se'rved at *mo'st*/
 To guard their ma'ster/ 'gainst a po'st;
 Yet round the wo'rld/ the blade had b'een,
 To s'ee whatever *coul'd*-be-seen.
 Returning from his finished tou'r,
 (Grown ten times per'ter than befor'e,)
 Whatever wo'rd/ you chance to dr'op,
 The travelled fo'ol/ your mouth will sto'p;
 "Si'r, if my judg'ment/ you'll all'ow—
 "I've se'en—and sure I ou'ght to kn'ow"—
 So begs you'd pa'y/ a du'e submi'ssion,
 And acquie'sce/ in *his*-decision.
 Two trav'ellers/ of such a ca'st,
 As o'er Arabia's wi'lds/ they pa'ss'd,
 An'd, on their wa'y/, in friendly ch'at
 Now talked of *this*, and then of *that*;
 Discours'd awhile/ 'mongst other m'atter,
 Of the *chameleon's* fo'rm/ and na'ture.
 "A stranger a'nimal," (cries o'ne,)
 "Sure never live'd/ beneath the s'un!
 "A liz'ard's bo'dy, le'an and lo'ng,
 "A fi'sh's he'ad, a ser'pent's tong'ue;
 "Its fo'ot/ with triple cla'w disjo'ined;
 "And what a length of ta'il/ behi'nd!
 "How slow its pa'ce! and the'n/ its hu'e!
 "Who ever saw so fin'e a blu'e?"
 "Ho'ld there!" (the other quick rep'lies,)
 "'Tis gre'en—I sa'w-it/ with these ey'e's,—
 "As la'te/ with open mouth it la'y,
 "And warm'd it/ in the sunny ray;
 "Stretch'd at its ea'se/ the beast I vi'ew'd,
 "And saw it eat the a'ir/ for fo'od."
 "I've seen it, Sir, as well as yo'u,
 "And must again affi'rm-it/ b'lue;
 "At lei'sure/ I the beast surv'ey'd,
 "Exten'ded in/ the cooling sha'de."
 "'Tis gre'en! 'tis *gre'en*! Sir, I *ass'ure*-ye"—
 "*Gr'een*!" (cries the other in a fu'ry)—
 "Why, Sir, d'ye thin'k/ I've lost my ey'es?"
 "'Twere n'o great lo'ss," (the friend repli'es);
 "Fo'r/ if they alwa'ys/ served you thu's!
 "You'll find-em/ but of little u'se."

So high at last/ the contest rose,
 From *words*/ they almost came to blows :
 When/ luckily/ came by a third ;
 To whom the question/ they referred ;
 And begged he'd tell 'em, if he *know*,
 Whether the thing was green or blue.
 "Sirs," cries the umpire, "cease your po'ther—
 "The creature's neither *one*/ nor *the other*.
 "I caught the animal/ last night,
 "And viewed it over/ by candle-light.
 "I marked it well—'twas black/ as jet—
 "You stare !—but, Sirs', I've got it yet,
 "And can produce it"—"Pray, Sir', do ;
 "I'll lay my life, the thing is blue."
 "And I'll be sworn, that, when you've seen/
 "The reptile/, you'll pronounce him green."
 "We'll-then, at once to end the doubt,"
 (Replies the man,) "I'll turn-him out ;
 And, when before your eyes/ I've set-him,
 If you don't find him black, I'll eat-him."
 He said ; then, full' before their sight,
 Produced the beast, and lo' !—'twas white.
 Both stared, the man/ looked *wondrous* wise—
 "My children," (the chameleon cries,)
 (Then first the creature/ found a tongue)
 "You all are right, and all are wrong :
 "When next you talk of what you view,
 "Think others-see/ as well as you ;
 "Nor wonder, if you find that none
 "Prefers your eyesight/ to their *own*."*

HOW D'YE DO, AND GOOD BYE.

ANON.

ONE day Good-Bye met How-d'ye-Do,
 Too close to shun saluting ;

* Of the Author of "The Chameleon" we hardly know any thing, except that he was an English Clergyman, and a respectable Poet; and that to him, it is said, we are indebted for the best poetical version of THE PSALMS.—He belonged, we believe, to Reading, in Berkshire, and died about 1770.

But soon the rival sisters flew
From kissing, to disputing.

"Away!" says How-d'ye-Do, "Your mien
"Appals my cheerful nature:

"No name so sad as yours is seen
"In Sorrow's nomenclature.

"Where'er I give one sunshine hour,
"Your cloud comes in to shade it;
Where'er I plant one bosom's flower,
"Your mildew drops to fade it.

"Ere How-d'ye-Do has tuned each tongue
"To 'Hope's delighted measure,'
"Good-Bye in Friendship's ear has rung
"The knell of parting pleasure.

"From sorrows past, my chymic skill
"Draws smiles of consolation;
"While you from present joys distil
"The tears of separation."

Good-Bye replied, "Your statement's true,
"And well your cause you've pleaded;
"But pray who'd think of How-d'ye-Do,
"Unless Good-Bye preceded?

"Without my prior influence,
"Could yours have ever flourished?
"And can your hand one flower dispense,
"But those my tears have nourished?

"How oft,—if at the courts of Love
"Concealment is the fashion—
"When How-d'ye-Do has failed to move,
"Good-Bye reveals the passion?

"How oft, when Cupid's fires decline,—
"As every heart remembers,—
"One sigh of mine, and only mine,
"Revives the dying embers?

"Go, bid the timid lover chuse,
"And I'll resign my charter,
"If he, for ten kind How-d'ye-Do's,
"One kind Good-Bye would barter!

"From Love and Friendship's kindred source
 "We both derive existence;
 "And they would both lose half their force,
 "Without our joint assistance.
 "'Tis well the world our merit knows,
 "Since time, there's no denying,
 "One-half in How-d'ye-Doing goes,
 "And t'other in Good-Byeing."

THE CAPTAIN'S WHISKER'S.

HOLCROFT.*

A CERTAIN Swiss Captain of Grenadiers, whose company had been cashiered, was determined, since Mars had no more employment for him, to try if he could not procure a commission in the corps of Venus; or in other words, if he could not get a wife; and, as he had no fortune of his own, he reasoned, and reasoned very rightly, that it was quite necessary his intended should have enough for them both. The Captain was one of that kind of heroes, to whom the term of "hectoring blade" might be readily applied. He was near six feet high; and wore a long sword, and a fine cocked hat: add to which, that he was allowed to have, had the most martial pair of whiskers of any Grenadier in the company to which he belonged. To curl these whiskers, to comb and twist them round his forefinger, and to admire them in the glass, formed the chief occupation and delight of his life. A man of these accomplishments, with the addition of bronze and rhodomontade, of which he had a superfluity, stands at all times, and in all countries, a good chance with the ladies, as the experience of I know not how many years has confirmed.

Accordingly, after a little diligent attention and artful inquiry, a young lady was found, exactly such a one as we may well suppose a person with his views would be glad to find. She was tolerably handsome; not more than three and twenty; with a good fortune; and, what was the best part of the story, this fortune was entirely at her own disposal.

Our Captain, who thought now or never was the time,

* Thomas Holcroft, author of the admirable comedy, *The Road to Ruin*, was born in London, in December 1745: and, after writing many other less valuable dramatic pieces, and three or four eccentric novels, he closed his remarkable career in March, 1809.

having first found means to introduce himself as a suitor, was incessant in his endeavours to carry his cause. His tongue was eternally running in praise of her superlative, never-to-be-described charms; and in hyperbolical accounts of the flames, darts, and daggers, by which his lungs, liver, and midriff were burnt up, transfixed, and gnawn away. He who, in writing a song to his girl, described his heart to be without one drop of gravy, like an over-done mutton-chop, was a fool to a simile when compared to our hero!

One day as he was ranting, kneeling, and beseeching his goddess to send him on an errand to pluck the diamond from the nose of the Great Mogul, and present it to her divinityship, or suffer him to step and steal the Empress of China's enchanted slipper, or the Queen of Sheba's cockatoo; as a small testimony of what he would undertake, to prove his love, she, after a little hesitation, addressed him thus:—

"The protestations which you daily make, Captain, convince me that there is nothing you would not do to oblige me; I, therefore, do not find much difficulty in telling you, that I am willing to be yours, if you will perform one thing which I shall request of you."

"Tell me, immaculate angel!" cried our son of gunpowder, "tell me what it is! Though, before you speak, be certain it is already done. Is it to find the seal of Solomon? to catch the Phoenix? or draw your chariot to church with Unicorns? What is the impossible act that I will not undertake?"

"No, Captain," replied the fair one, "I shall enjoin nothing impossible. The thing I desire, you can do with the utmost ease; it will not cost you five minutes' trouble; and yet, were it not for your so positive assurances, from what I have observed, I should almost doubt of your compliance."

"Ah, madam!" returned he, "wrong not your slave thus; deem it not possible, that he who eats happiness, and drinks immortal life, from the light of your eyes, can ever demur the thousandth part of a semi-second to execute your omnipotent behest! Speak! say! what, empress of my soul, what must I perform?"

"Nay, for the matter of that, it is a mere trifle!—Only to cut off your whiskers, Captain; that's all."

"Madam!"—[Be so kind, reader, as to imagine the Captain's utter astonishment.]—"My whiskers! Cut off my whiskers! Excuse me! Cut off my whiskers! Pardon me, Madam! Any thing else—any thing that mind *can* or *cannot* imagine,

or tongue describe. Bid me fetch you Pastor John's beard, a hair at a time, and it is done. But, for my whiskers! you must grant me a salvo there!"

"And why so, good Captain? Surely, any gentleman who has but the tithe of the passion you express, would not stand on such a trifle."

"A trifle, Madam! My whiskers a trifle! No, Madam, no! My whiskers are no trifle. Had I but a single regiment of fellows whiskered like me, I myself would be the Grand Turk of Constantinople. My whiskers, Madam, are the last thing I should have supposed you would have wished me to sacrifice. There is not a woman, married or single—maid, wife, or widow—that does not admire *my* whiskers."

"May be so, Sir; but if you marry me, you must cut them off."

"And is there no other way? Must I never hope to be happy with you, unless I part with my whiskers?"

"Never!"

"Why then, Madam, farewell. I would not part with a single hair of my whiskers, if Catherine, the Czarina, Empress of all the Russias, would make me King of the Calmucks; and so good morning to you!"

Had all young ladies, in like circumstances, equal penetration, they might generally rid themselves, with equal ease, of the interested and unprincipled coxcombs by whom they are pestered; they all have their whiskers: and seek for fortunes, to be able to cultivate, NOT TO CUT THEM OFF!

VERSES,

*Addressed by Mr. Canning to his Sister, Mrs. Leigh, on her wedding-day;
(Mrs. Leigh had sent the poet a piece of stuff for shooting-breeches.)*

WHILE all to this auspicious day,
Well pleased, their heartfelt homage pay,
And sweetly smile, and softly say

A hundred civil speeches,
My muse shall strike her tuneful strings,
Nor scorn the gift her duty brings,
Though humble be the theme she sings—
A pair of shooting-breeches.

Soon shall the tailor's subtle art
Have made them tight, and spruce, and smart,
And fastened well in every part

With twenty thousand stitches :

Mark then the moral of my song—
Oh ! may your loves but prove as strong,
And wear as well, and last as long,
As these my shooting-breeches.

And when, to ease the load of life,
Of private care, and public strife,
My lot shall give to me a wife,

I ask not rank or riches ;

For worth like thine alone I pray,
Temper like thine, serene and gay,
And formed like thee to *give away*,
Not wear herself, the breeches.

A CONSULTATION OF PHYSICIANS.

ANSTEY.—“ *New Bath Guide*. ”*

DEAR Mother, my time has been wretchedly spent,
With a gripe or a hick-up wherever I went :
My stomach all swelled, till I thought it would burst,
Sure never poor mortal with wind was so curst !
If ever I ate a good supper at night,
I dreamed of the devil, and waked in a fright :
And so as I grew every day worse and worse,
The doctor advised me to send for a nurse,
And the nurse was so willing my health to restore,
She begged me to send for a few doctors more ;
For—when any difficult work's to be done,
Many heads can despatch it much sooner than one :
And I find there are doctors enough at this place,
If you want to consult in a dangerous case.
So they all met together, and thus began talking :
“ Good doctor, I'm your's—’Tis a fine day for walking.

* The author of *The New Bath Guide*, Christopher Anstey, was son of the Rev. Dr. Anstey, Rector of Brinkeley, in Cambridgeshire; a gentleman who possessed considerable landed property, which the poet afterwards enjoyed. The satirical author died in August, 1805, aged 80.

"Sad news in the papers!—God knows who's to blame,
 "The Colonies seem to be all in a flame :
 "This Stamp Act, no doubt, might be good for the Crown,
 "But I fear 'tis a pill that will never go down."
 "What can Portugal mean?—Is she going to stir up
 "Convulsions and heats in the bowels of Europe?
 "Twill be fatal if England relapses again,
 "From the ill blood and humours of Bourbon and Spain."
 "Says I, My good doctors, I can't understand
 "Why the deuce you take so many patients in hand.
 "You've a great deal of practice, as far as I find;
 "And since ye're come hither, do pray be so kind
 "To write me down something that's good for the wind;
 "No doubt you are all of you great politicians,
 "But at present *my bowels* have need of Physicians.
 "Consider my case in the light it deserves,
 "And pity the state of my stomach and nerves."—

But a tight little doctor began a dispute
 About administrations, Newcastle and Bute;
 Talked much of economy, much of profuseness.—
 Says another—"This case, which at first was a l—ness—
 "Is become a *Tenismus*; and all we can do
 "Is to give him a gentle cathartic or two.
 "First clear off the phlegm, that adheres to the *Plicæ*,
 "Then throw in a med'cine that's pretty and spicy :—
 "A *peppermint* draught,—or a—Come, let's begone,
 "We've another bad case to consider at one."
 So thus they brushed off, each his cane at his nose,
 When Jenny came in, who had heard all their prose :
 "I'll teach them," says she, "at their next consultation,
 "To come and take fees for the good of the nation."
 I could not conceive what a devil she meant,
 But she seized all the stuff that the doctor had sent,
 And out of the window she flung it down souce,
 As the first politician went out of the house.
 Decoctions and syrups around him all flew,
 The pills, bolus, julep, and apozem too;
 His wig had the luck a cathartic to meet,
 And squash went the gallipot under his feet.
 She said 'twas a shame I should swallow such stuff,
 When my bowels were weak, and the physic so rough;
 Declared she was shocked—that so many should come

To be doctored to death such a distance from home,
 At a place where they tell you—that water alone
 Can cure all distempers that ever were known.
 But, what is the pleasantest part of the story,
 She has ordered for dinner a piper and dory ;
 For to-day Captain Cormorant's coming to dine,
 That worthy acquaintance of Jenny's and mine.
 'Tis a shame to the army that men of such spirit
 Should never obtain the reward of their merit ;
 For the Captain's as gallant a man, I'll be sworn,
 And as honest a fellow, as ever was born.
 After so many hardships and dangers incurred,
 He himself thinks he ought to be better preferred.
 And Roger, or—what is his name ? Nicodemus,
 Appears full as kind, and as much to esteem us.
 Our Prudence declares he's an excellent preacher,
 And by night and by day is so good as to teach her ;
 His doctrine, so sound, with such spirit he gives,
 She ne'er can forget it as long as she lives.
 I've told you before that he's often so kind,
 To go out a riding with Prudence behind ;
 So he frequently dines here without any pressing ;
 And now to the fish he is giving his blessing.
 And, as this is the case,—though I've taken a griper,
 I'll venture to peck at the dory and piper.
 And now, my dear Mother, I'm quite at a stand,
 So I rest your most dutiful son to command.

LODGINGS FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN.

COLMAN.*

Who has e'er been in London, that overgrown place,
 Has seen "Lodgings to Let" stare him full in the face :

* The most successful comic author of his day was George Colman, the younger, who was born October 1762, and died in October 1836. "No modern dramatist," says Mr Robert Chambers, "has added so many stock-pieces to the theatre as Colman, or imparted so much genuine mirth and humour to play-goers. His society was much courted ; and he was, like Sheridan, a favourite with George IV. George Colman, the author of *The Jealous Wife*, *Clandestine Marriage*, &c. was his father.

Some are good, and let dearly, while some, 'tis well known,
Are so dear and so bad, they are best let alone.

Will Waddle, whose temper was studious and lonely,
Hired lodgings that took single gentlemen only;
But Will was so fat, he appeared like a tun,
Or like two single gentlemen rolled into one.

He entered his room, and to bed he retreated,
But all the night long he felt fevered and heated;
And though heavy to weigh as a score of fat sheep,
He was not by any means heavy to sleep.

Next night was the same, and the next, and the next,
He perspired like an ox, he was nervous and vexed;
Week passed after week, till by weekly succession
His weakly condition was past all expression.

In six months his acquaintance began much to doubt him,
For his skin, like a lady's loose gown, hung about him;
He sent for a doctor, and cried like a ninny;
I've lost many pounds—make me well—there's a guinea.

The doctor looked wise; a slow fever he said,
Prescribed sudorifics and going to bed.
Sudorifics in bed, exclaimed Will, are humbugs!
I've enough of them here without paying for drugs.

Will kicked out the doctor; but when ill indeed,
E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed;
So calling his host, he said, Sir, do you know
I'm the fat single gentleman six months ago?

Look ye, landlord, I think, argued Will, with a grin,
That with honest intentions you first took me in;
But from the first night, and to say it I'm bold,
I've been so long hot that I'm sure I've caught cold.

Quoth the landlord, Till now I ne'er had a dispute;
I've let lodgings ten years, I'm a baker to boot.
In airing your sheets, Sir, my wife is no sloven,
And your bed is immediately over my oven.

The oven, says Will! Says the Host, Why this passion?
In that excellent bed died three people of fashion;
Why so crusty, good Sir! Zounds! cries Will, in a taking,
Who would not be crusty with half a year's baking?

THE NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY.

COLMAN.

A MEMBER of the Æsculapian line

Lived at Newcastle-upon-Tyne;

No man could ever gild a pill,

Or make a bill;

Or mix a draught, or bleed or blister,

Or draw a tooth out of your head,

Or chatter scandal by your bed,

Or, *spread a plaster!*Of occupations these were *quantum suff*:

Yet still he thought the list not long enough;

And therefore midwifery he chose to pin to it.

This balanced things: for if he hurled

A few score mortals from the world,

He made amends by bringing others into it.

His fame full six miles round the country ran;

In short in reputation he was *solus!*

All the old women call'd him "a fine man!"

His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, though in *trade*,

(Which often times will genius fetter,)

Read works of fancy, it was said,

And cultivated the *Belles Lettres*.

And why should this be thought so odd?

Can't men have taste that cure a phthisic?

Of poetry, though patron god,

Apollo patronises physic.

Bolos loved verse; and took so much delight in't,

That his prescriptions he resolved to write in't.

No opportunity he e'er let pass

Of writing the directions on his labels,

In dapper couplets—like *Gay's Fables*;Or rather like the lines in *Hudibras*.

Apothecary's verse! and where's the treason?

'Tis simple honest dealing;—not a crime;

When patients swallow physic without reason,

It is but fair to give a little rhyme.

He had a patient lying at death's door,
(Some three miles from the town, it might be four,)

To whom one evening Bolus sent an article,
In pharmacy, that's called cathartical,
And on the label of the stuff

He wrote verse,
Which one would think it clear enough

And terse :—

*" When taken,
To be well shaken."*

Next morning, early, Bolus rose ;
And to the patient's house he goes

Upon his pad,
Who a vile trick of stumbling had :
It was indeed a very sorry hack ;

But that's of course :

For what's expected from a horse,
With an apothecary on his back ?
Bolus arrived, and gave a double tap ;
Between a single and a double rap.

Knocks of this kind
Are given by gentlemen who teach to dance

By fiddlers and by opera-singers :
One loud, and then a little one behind,
As if the knocker fell by chance

Out of your fingers.

The servant lets him in with dismal face,
Long as a courtier's out of place—

Portending some disaster.

John's countenance as rueful looked and grim,
As if the apothecary had physicked him,

And not his master.

" Well how's the patient ?" Bolus said.

John shook his head.

" Indeed ?—hum !—ha !—that's very odd.

" He took the draught ?"—John gave a nod !

" Well—how ?—What then ?—Speak out, you dunce."

" Why then," says John, " we *shook* him once."

" Zounds ! shake a patient, man—a shake won't do."

" No Sir—and so we gave him two."

"Two shakes!—odds * * * * !

"'Twould make the patient worse."

"It did so, Sir—and so a third we tried."

"Well, and what then?"—"Then, Sir, my master—died."

THE FIG.

SOUTHEY.

JACOB, I do not love to see thy nose
Turned up in scornful curve at yonder pig ;
It would be well, my friend, if we, like him,
Were perfect in our kind ! and why despise
The sow-born grunter ? He is obstinate,
Thou answerest, ugly, and the filthiest beast
That banquets upon offal. Now, I pray you,
Hear the Pig's counsel.

Is he obstinate ?

We must not, Jacob, be deceived by words,
By sophist sounds. A democratic heart ?
He knows that his unmerciful drivers seek
Their profits and not his. He hath not learnt
That pigs were made for man, born to be brauned
And baconized ; that he must please to give
Just what his generous masters please to take,—
Perhaps his tusks—the weapons nature gave
For self-defence ; the general privilege
Perhaps——Hark ! Jacob, do'st thou hear that horn ?
Woe to the young posterity of pork !
Their enemy is at hand.

Again : Thou sayest

The Pig is ugly. Jacob, look at him !
Those eyes have taught the lover flattery.
His face. Nay, Jacob, Jacob, were it fair
To judge a lady in her dishabille ?
Fancy it drest, and with saltpetre rouged.
Behold his tail, my friend ; with curl like that
The wanton hop marries her stately spouse ;
So crisp in beauty, Amoretta's hair
Rings round her lover's soul the chains of love.
And what is beauty, but the aptitude

Of parts harmonious ? Give thy fancy scope,
 And thou wilt find that no imagined change
 Can beautify this beast. Place at his end
 The starry glories of the peacock's pride ;
 Give him the swan's white breast ; for his horn hoofs
 Shape such a foot and ancle, as the waves,
 Crowded in eager rivalry to kiss,
 When Venus from the enamoured sea arose :
 Jacob, thou can'st but make a monster of him.
 All alteration man could think would mar
 His Pig perfection !

The last charge—He lives
 A dirty life. Here I could shelter him,
 With noble and right reverend precedents ;
 And show by sanction of authority,
 That 'tis a very honourable thing
 To thrive by *dirty ways* ! But, let me rest
 On better ground the unanswerable defence.
 The Pig is a philosopher, who knows
 No prejudice. Dirt ! Jacob, what is dirt ?
 If matter, why the delicate dish that tempts
 An o'er gorged epicure to the last morsel,
 That stuffs him to the throat-gates, is no more.
 If matter be not, but, as sages say,
 Spirit is all, and all things visible
 Are one, the infinitely modified ;
 Think, Jacob, what that pig is, and the mire
 Wherein he stands knee deep ?

And there ! that breeze
 Pleads with me, and has won thee to the smile
 That speaks conviction. O'er yon blossomed field
 Of beans it came, and thoughts of bacon rise.

THE THREE BLACK CROWS.

DR. BYROM.*

Two honest tradesmen, meeting in the Strand,
 One took the other briskly by the hand ;

* John Byrom was an ingenious prose writer and poet ; he was born 1691, and died 1763.

"Hark ye," said he, "'tis an odd story this
 About the crows"—"I don't know what it is,"
 Replied his friend.—"No ! I'm surprised at that ;
 Where I come from it is the common chat ;
 But you shall hear : an odd affair indeed !
 And that it happened, they are all agreed :
 Not to detain you from a thing so strange,
 A gentleman, who lives not far from 'Change,
 This week, in short, as all the Alley knows,
 Taking a puke, has thrown up Three Black Crows !"
 "Impossible !"—"Nay, but 'tis really true ;
 I had it from good hands, and so may you"—
 "From whom, I pray ?"—So having named the man,
 Straight to inquire his curious comrade ran.
 "Sir, did you tell"—relating the affair—
 "Yes, Sir, I did ; and if 'tis worth your care,
 'Twas Mr. Such-a-one, who told it me.
 But, by-the-bye, 'twas *Two* black crows, not *Three*."
 Resolved to trace so wonderful an event,
 Quick to the third, the virtuoso went.
 "Sir," and so forth—"Why, yes, the thing is fact,
 Though in regard to number not exact ;
 It was not *Two* black crows, 'twas only *One* ;
 The truth of that you may depend upon :
 The gentleman himself told me the case."
 "Where may I find him ?"—"Why, in such a place."
 Away he went ; and, having found him out,
 "Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt."
 Then to his last informant he referred,
 And begged to know if true what he had heard ;
 "Did you, Sir, throw up a black crow ?"—"Not I"—
 "Bless me !—how people propagate a lie !—
 Black crows have been thrown up, *three, two, and one* ;
 And here, I find, all comes at last to *none* !
 Did you say nothing of a crow at all ?"—
 "Crow—crow—perhaps I might, now I recal
 The matter o'er." "And, pray, Sir, what was't ?"
 "Why, I was horrid sick, and at the last
 I did throw up, and told my neighbour so,
 Something that was—as *black*, Sir, as a crow."

THE BASHFUL MAN.

ANONYMOUS.

I LABOUR under a specious of distress, which, I fear, will at length drive me utterly from that society in which I am most ambitious to appear ; but I will give you a short sketch of my origin and present situation, by which you will be enabled to judge of my difficulties.

My father was a farmer of no great property, and with no other learning than that which he had acquired at a charity school ; but my mother being dead, and I an only child, he determined to give me that advantage which he fancied would have made him happy, viz. a learned education. I was sent to a country grammar school, and thence to the university, with a view of qualifying myself for holy orders. Here, having but small allowance from my father, and being naturally of a timid and bashful disposition, I had no opportunity of rubbing off that natural awkwardness, which is the cause of all my unhappiness, and which I now begin to fear can never be amended. You must know, that in my person I am tall and thin, with a fair complexion, and light flaxen hair ; but with such extreme susceptibility of shame, that, on the smallest subject of confusion, my blood all rushes into my cheeks, and I appear a perfect full-blown rose. The consciousness of this unhappy failing made me avoid society, and I became enamoured of a college life ; particularly when I reflected that the uncouth manners of my father's family were little calculated to improve my outward conduct ; I therefore had resolved on living at the university, and taking pupils, when two unexpected events greatly altered the posture of my affairs, viz. my father's death, and the arrival of a rich uncle from the Indies. This uncle also died a short time after his arrival, leaving me heir to all his property. And now behold me, at the age of twenty-five, well stocked with Latin, Greek, and mathematics, possessed of an ample fortune, but so awkward, and so unversed in every gentleman-like accomplishment, that I am pointed at by all who see me, as the *wealthy learned clown*. I have lately purchased an estate in the country, which abounds in what is called a fashionable neighbourhood ; and when you reflect upon my parentage and uncouth manners, you will hardly believe how much my com-

pany is courted by the surrounding families—especially by those who have marriageable daughters; from these gentlemen I have received familiar calls, and the most pressing invitations; and though I wished to accept their offered friendship, I have frequently excused myself upon the pretence of not being quite settled. The truth is, that when I have rode or walked, with full intention to return their several visits, my heart has failed me as I approached their gates, and I have frequently returned homeward, resolving to try again to-morrow. However, at length I determined to conquer my timidity, and three days ago accepted an invitation to dine this day with one whose easy manner left me no room to doubt a cordial welcome. Sir Thomas Friendly, who lives about two miles distant, is a baronet, with an estate of about two thousand pounds a year, adjoining to that I purchased; he has two sons, and five daughters, all grown up, and living with their mother at *Friendly-Hall*, dependent on their father. Conscious of my unpolished gait, I have for some time past taken lessons of a *professor* who “teaches grown gentlemen to dance,” and though I at first found wondrous difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of the mathematics was of prodigious use in teaching me the equilibrium of my body, and the due adjustment of the centre of gravity to the five positions. Having now acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to obey the Baronet’s invitation to a family dinner, not doubting that my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity; but alas! how vain are all the hopes of *theory* when unsupported by habitual *practice*! As I approached the house, a dinner bell alarmed my fears, lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality; inpressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson, as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery servants, who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw. At my first entrance, I summoned all my fortitude, and made my new-learned bow to Lady Friendly; but unfortunately, bringing my left foot to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of poor Sir Thomas, who had followed close upon my heels, to be the nomenclator of the family. The confusion this occasioned *me* is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge of my distress; and of that description the number is, I believe, very small. The Baronet’s politeness by degrees dissipated my concern, and I was astonished to see how far good

breeding could enable him to suppress his feelings, and to appear in perfect ease after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of her ladyship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness, till at length I ventured to join in the conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books of an elegant binding, I conceived Sir Thomas to be a man of literature, and ventured to give my opinion concerning the several editions of the Greek classics,—in which the Baronet's opinion exactly coincided with my own. To this subject I was led by observing an edition of *Xenophon*, in *sixteen volumes*, which, as I had never before heard of such a thing, greatly excited my curiosity, and I rose up to examine what it could be. Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and, as I supposed, willing to save me the trouble, rose to take down the book—which made me the more eager to prevent him; and, hastily laying my hand upon the first volume, I pulled it forcibly;—but lo! instead of books, a board, which by leather and gilding had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a Wedgewood inkstand that stood under it. In vain did Sir Thomas assure me there was no harm; I saw the ink streaming from an in-laid table on the Turkey carpet, and, scarce knowing what I did, attempted to stop its progress with my white cambric handkerchief. In the height of this confusion, we were informed that dinner was served up, and I with joy perceived that the bell which at first alarmed my fears, was only the half-hour dinner bell.

In walking through the hall, and suite of apartments, to the dining-room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat at the table betwixt Lady Friendly and her eldest daughter. Since the fall of the wooden *Xenophon*, my face had been continually burning like a fire-brand, and I was just beginning to recover myself, and to feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked-for accident rekindled all my heat and blushes. Having set my plate of soup too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my clothes, my black silk breeches were not stout enough to save me from the sudden effects of this painful fomentation, and for some moments my legs and thighs seemed stewing in a boiling cauldron; but, recollecting how Sir Tho-

mas had disguised *his torture*, when I trod upon his toe, I firmly bore my pain in silence, and sat with my lower extremities parboiled, amidst the stifled giggling of the ladies and servants. I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course, or the distress occasioned by being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that stood near me, spilling a sauce-boat, and knocking down a salt-seller ; rather let me hasten to the *second* course, where "fresh disasters overwhelmed me quite."

I had a piece of rich sweet pudding on my fork, when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon that stood near me ; in my haste, scarce knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth, hot as a burning coal : it was impossible to conceal my agony ; my eyes were starting from their sockets. At last, in spite of shame and resolution, I was obliged to drop the cause of torment on my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application ; one recommended oil, another water, but all agreed that *wine* was the best for drawing out fire ; and a glass of sherry was brought me from the sideboard, which I snatched up with eagerness : but oh, how shall I tell the sequel ! Whether the butler, by accident, mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, I am at a loss to conclude—but he gave me the strongest brandy, with which I filled my mouth already flayed and blistered. Totally unused to every kind of ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat, and palate as raw as beef, what could I do ? I could not swallow, and clapping my hands upon my mouth, the cursed liquor squirted through my nose and fingers, like a fountain, over all the dishes ; and I was crushed with bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants, and Lady Friendly chide her daughters ; for the measure of my shame, and their diversion, was not yet complete. To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration which the accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief, which was still wet in consequence of the fall of *Xenophon*, and covered all my features with streaks of ink in every direction. The Baronet himself could not support this shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh ; while I sprung from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace, which the most poignant sense of guilt could not have excited.

Thus, without having deviated from the path of moral rectitude, I am suffering torments like a "goblin d—ned." The lower half of me has been almost boiled, my tongue and mouth grilled; and I bear the mark of Cain on my forehead; yet these are but trifles to the everlasting shame which I must feel whenever this adventure shall be mentioned.

JOHN GILPIN'S JOURNEY.

COWPER.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown;
A train-band captain, eke, was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear—

"Tho' wedded we have been
" These twice ten tedious years, yet we
" No holiday have seen.

" To-morrow is our wedding-day;

" And we will then repair
" Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
" All in a chaise and pair.

" My sister, and my sister's child,
" Myself and children three,
" Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
" On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire

" Of woman-kind but one,—
" And you are she, my dearest dear!
" Therefore it shall be done.

" I am a linen-draper bold,

" As all the world doth know;
" And my good friend the callender
" Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mistress Gilpin, "That's well said;

" And, for that wine is dear,
" We will be furnish'd with our own—
" Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife ;
O'erjoy'd was he to find
That, tho' on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came—the chaise was brought ;
But, yet, was not allow'd
To drive up to the door; lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stay'd,
Where they did all get in ;
Six precious souls—and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip ! round went the wheels !
Were never folk so glad ;—
The stones did rattle, underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin, at his horse's side,
Seiz'd fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,—
But soon came down again.

For saddle-tree scarce reach'd had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came ; for loss of time,
Although it griev'd him sore,
Yet loss of pence full well he knew
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty, screaming, came down stairs,—
“ The wine is left behind ! ”

“ Good lack ! ” quoth he—“ yet bring it me,—
“ My leathern belt likewise,
“ In which I bear my trusty sword
“ When I do exercise.”

Now Mistress Gilpin, careful soul !
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she lov'd,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true ;

Then over all, that he might be
Equipp'd from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted, once again,
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot—
Which gall'd him in his seat.

“ So, fair and softly ! ” John he cried—
But John he cried in vain ;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
And, eke, with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought,
Away went hat and wig ;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung ;—
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said, or sung.

The dogs did bark—the children scream'd—
Up flew the windows all ;
And every soul cried out, " Well done !"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he ?
His fame soon spread around—
" He carries weight !"—" He rides a race !"
" 'Tis for a thousand pound !"

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view
How, in a trice, the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
(Most piteous to be seen !)
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But, still, he seem'd to carry weight,
With leathern girdle brac'd ;
For all might see the bottle necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
And till he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay.

And, there, he threw the wash about,
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife,
From balcony, espied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin ! here's the house"—
They all at once did cry ;
"The dinner waits ; and we are tir'd :"
Said Gilpin—"So am I."

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclin'd to tarry there ;—
For why ? his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So, like an arrow, swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong ;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend's the callender's
His horse at last stood still.

The callender, amaz'd to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him :

"What news ? what news ? your tidings tell ;
"Tell me you must and shall—
"Say why bare-headed you are come,—
"Or why you come at all ?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And lov'd a timely joke ;
And thus, unto the callender,
In merry guise he spoke :

"I came because your horse would come ;
"And, if I well forebode,
"My hat and wig will soon be here,—
"They are upon the road."

The callender, right glad to find
 His friend in merry pin,
 Return'd him not a single word,
 But to the house went in ;
 Whence strait he came with hat and wig ;—
 A wig that flow'd behind,—
 A hat not much the worse for wear ;—
 Each comely in its kind.
 He held them up; and in his turn,
 Thus show'd his ready wit,
 " My head is twice as big as your's,
 " They, therefore, needs must fit.
 " But let me scrape the dirt away
 " That hangs upon your face;
 " And stop and eat, for well you may
 " Be in a hungry case."
 Said John, " It is my wedding-day,
 " And all the world would stare,
 " If wife should dine at Edmonton,
 " And I should dine at Ware."
 So, turning to his horse, he said,
 " I am in haste to dine :
 " 'Twas for *your* pleasure you came here,
 " You shall go back for *mine*."
 Ah luckless speech, and bootless boast !
 For which he paid full dear ;
 For, while he spake, a braying ass
 Did sing most loud and clear ;
 Whereat his horse did snort, as he
 Had heard a lion roar,
 And gallop'd off, with all his might,
 As he had done before.
 Away went Gilpin, and away
 Went Gilpin's hat and wig !
 He lost them sooner than at first,
 For why ?—they were too big.
 Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
 Her husband posting down
 Into the country, far away,
 She pull'd out half a crown ;

And thus unto the youth she said
That drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be your's when you bring back
"My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain ;
Whom, in a trice, he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein ;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frighted more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels ;—
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumb'ring of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scamp'ring in the rear,
They rais'd the hue and cry :

"Stop thief ! Stop thief !—A highwayman !" .
Not one of them was mute ;
And all and each that pass'd that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike-gates again
Flew open in short space ;
The toll-men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too !
For he got first to town ;
Nor stopp'd, till where he first got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the king,
And Gilpin long live he ;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see !

THE STAMMERER: A COMIC ILLUSTRATION.

Altered from ALLAN RAMSAY, by JOHN THELWALL,
late Teacher of Elocution.*

Ramsay was, in his juvenile days, a Fellow of an Easy Club; the Members of which occasionally presented Papers and Dissertations on subjects of literature and morals; which furnished topics for the conversation of the evening. Allan being, as he himself acknowledges, "but an indifferent Orator, his friends would merrily allege that he was not so happy in prose as rhyme." It was therefore "carried in a vote," against which there was no opposition, "that on the night appointed for some lessons ON WIT," he should give *his* thoughts to the Society "in Verse." He accordingly produced a little poem, the major part of which is here presented; with some alterations, and additions.†

My easy friends, since ye think fit
This night to lucubrate on Wit;
An' since ye judge that I compose
More easily in rhyme than prose,
I'll give ye (be it right or wrong)
My simple judgment in a song.
But, first of all, I'll tell a tale
That with my case runs parallel.

There liv'd a manting lad in Fife
Who could not, for his very life,
Without a world of pause and splutter,
A syllable in speaking utter;
But (tho', in speech, so chain'd of tongue)
He never boggled at a song;
Would trill and carol, as he went,
With strength of voice and heart's content,
And rove, from strain to strain right oddly,
Thro' pious Hymn and theme ungodly.

One day his father's kiln he watch'd,
When 'chance the flames the fabric catch'd,

* This amiable and talented lecturer, after a life of great vicissitude, and many "hair-breadth 'scapes," died in 1834, at Bath, in the 70th year of his age, esteemed and respected by all who knew him.

† The highly-gifted author of the finest pastoral drama in the world, "The Gentle Shepherd," was born in Lanarkshire, and died at his house, "Ramsay Lodge," in Edinburgh, on the 7th of January, 1758, aged 72.

And smoke and blaze, their work pursuing,
 Threaten'd the Maltster's quick undoing.
 Off runs the boy, with hasty strides,
 To tell his daddy what betides
 At distance—ere he reach'd the door,
 His pipes set up a hideous roar :
 For Vocal Organs all could play,
 Tho' stammering Tongue lethargic lay.

His father, when he heard the voice,
 Stept out, an' cried—"What's all this noise ?"
 "D'—d'—d'—d'—d'—" strives the Boy ;
 But tongue and teeth all pass deny.
 He g'— g'— gapes and glowers about,
 But not a word can tumble out,
 An', be it fire, or be it murder,
 The stranded news can sail no further.
 The father, knowing his defect,
 Yet for the tidings all afret,
 The imprison'd freight from's throat to bring,
 Roar'd—"Sing, ye booby ! can't ye sing !"
 The charm was broke ;—the spells retire ;—
 "Daddy ! your kiln is all on fire !"
 Chaunted the boy ; and aid was brought
 To damp the flames and save the malt
 Now—ye'll allow there's wit in that—
 To tell a tale so very pat.

But Wit appears in many a shape ;
 Which some invent, and others ape.
 Some shew their wit in flashy clothes,
 An' some in quaint new-fangled oaths :
 There's crambo wit, in making rhyme ;
 An' dancing wit, in keeping time ;
 There's merry wit, in story-telling ;
 Learn'd wit, in grammar an' right spelling ;
 There's martial wit—(when did we lack it ?)—
 In trimming well a Frenchman's jacket.
 There's lawyer's wit, and wit politic :
 But what's the wit that makes the Critic ?
 Unless't be wit one's spleen to vend,
 And censure what we cannot mend.

But surely ye'll admit conclusion—
 There's sterling wit in Elocution,

If, borrowing a grace from song,
 We set at large the imprisoned tongue ;
 Bid all impediments defiance,
 That give to pregnant thought annoyance ;
 And, by piano's tuneful string,
 Teach folks to speak, as well as sing.

THE SONG OF SEVENTY.

From the "Bath Herald" of January, 1845.

ANONYMOUS.

I AM not old—I cannot be old,
 Though threescore years and ten
 Have wasted away, like a tale that is told,
 The lives of other men.

I am not old ; though friends and foes
 Alike have gone to their graves,
 And left me alone to my joys or my woes,
 As a rock in the midst of the waves :

I am not old,—I cannot be old,
 Though tottering, wrinkled, and gray ;
 Though my eyes are dim, and my marrow is cold,
 Call me not old to-day.

For, early memories round me throng,
 Old times, and manners, and men,
 As I look behind on my journey so long
 Of threescore years and ten ;

I look behind, and am once more young,
 Buoyant, and brave, and bold,
 And my heart can sing, as of yore it sung,
 Before they call'd me old.

I do not see her—the old wife there—
 Shrivell'd, and haggard, and gray,
 But I look on her blooming, and soft, and fair,
 As she was on her wedding-day :

I do not see you, daughters and sons,
 In the likeness of women and men,

But I kiss you now, as I kissed you once,
My fond little children then :

And, as my grandson rides on my knee,
Or plays with his hoop or kite,
I can well recollect I was merry as he—
The bright-eyed little wight :

'Tis not long since—it cannot be long—
My years so soon were spent,
Since I was a boy, both straight and strong,
Yet now am I feeble and bent.

A dream, a dream—it is all a dream !
A strange, sad dream, good sooth ;
For old as I am, and old as I seem,
My heart is full of youth :

Eye hath not seen, tongue hath not told,
And ear hath not heard it sung,
How buoyant and bold, though it seem to grow old.
Is the heart for ever young :

For ever young—though life's old age
Hath every nerve unstrung ;
The heart, the heart is a heritage
That keeps the old man young !

ENGLISH LIBERTY.—JUST APPRECIATION OF POWER.

COWPER.

—————We love
The king who loves the law, respects his bounds,
And reigns content within them ; him we serve
Freely and with delight, who leaves us free :
But, recollecting still that he is man,
We trust him not too far. King though he be,
And King in England, too, he may be weak,
And vain enough to be ambitious still ;
May exercise amiss his proper powers,
Or covet more than freemen choose to grant :
Beyond that mark is treason ! He is ours

To administer, to guard, to ado'rn the State,
 But not to war'p, or chan'ge it. We are his
 To serve him nobly in the common cause,
 True to the dea'th, but not to be his slav'es !
 Mark now the difference, ye that boast your love
 Of kings, between your lo'yalty and ou'rs.
 We love the ma'n, the paltry page'ant yo'u !
 W'e/ the chief patron of the commonwealth,
 Yo'u/ the regardless author of its wo'es ;
 W'e/ for the sake of liberty, a king,
 Yo'u/ chains and bondage for a tyrant's sa'ke !
 Our love is principle, and has its root
 In reason ; is judicious, manly, free ;
 Yours, a blind instinct, crouches to the rod,
 And licks the foot that treads it in the dust.
 Were kingship as true treasure as it SEEMS,
 Sterling, and worthy of a wise man's wi'sh,
 I would not be a king to be beloved
 Causeless, and daubed with undiscerning praise ;
*Where love is mere attachment to the throne,
 Not to the man who fills it as he ought !**
 'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower
 Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume ;
 And we are weeds without it ! All constraint,
 Except what wisdom lays on evil men,
Is evil ; hurts the faculties, impedes
 Their progress in the road of science, blinds
 The eyesight of discovery, and begets

* The suffering author of "The Task," himself a descendant of royalty, seems peculiarly fitted to sit in judgment on the legitimate power of kings. Well might Mr. Robert Chambers say of the *most popular poet of his generation*, that "he belonged emphatically to the aristocracy of England ;" for his father was the son of Spencer Cowper, one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, and brother to Lord Chancellor Cowper. His mother was allied to some of the noblest families in England, *being descended, by four different lines, from Henry III.* "This lofty lineage," continues Mr. Chambers, "cannot add to the lustre of the poet's fame, but it sheds additional grace on his piety and humility ;" and, in the following lines, the truly noble poet most beautifully alludes to the aristocracy of his origin :

"My boast is not that I deduce my birth
 From loins enthroned and rulers of the earth ;
 But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
 The son of parents passed into the skies !"

In those that suffer it a sordid mind,
 Bestial, a meagre intellect, unfit
 To be the tenant of man's noble form.
 Thee therefore still, blameworthy as thou art,
 With all thy loss of empire, and though squeezed
 By public exigence, till annual food
 Fails for the craving hunger of the State,—
 Thee I account still happy, and the chief
 Among the nations, seeing thou art free !
 My native nook of earth ! thy clime is rude,
 Replete with vapours, and disposes much
 All hearts to sadness, and *none more than mine !*
 Thine unadulterate manners are less soft
 And plausible than social life requires,
 And thou hast need of discipline and art
 To give thee what politer France receives
 From Nature's bounty—that humane address
 And sweetness, without which no pleasure is
 In converse ; either starved by cold reserve,
 Or flushed with fierce dispute, a senseless brawl.
 Yet, being free, I love thee : for the sake
 Of that one feature, can be well content,
 Disgraced as thou hast been, poor as thou art,
 To seek no sublunary rest beside.
*But once enslav'd, fare well ! I could endure
 Chains nowhere patiently ; and chains at home,
 Where I am free by birthright, not at all !*

MOLOCH, THE FALLEN ANGEL, TO THE IN-
 FERNAL POWERS, INCITING THEM TO RENEW
 THE WAR.*

MILTON.

My sentence is for open war. Of wiles,
 More unexpert, I boast not ; them, let those
 Contrive who need ; or when they need, not now,

* The three following selections from "The Paradise Lost" having been neglected to be inserted in their proper place, and their value as Rhetorical exercises being unquestionable, the Editor has no alternative but to place them at the end of his volume.

For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait
The signal to ascend, sit lingering here
Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of his tyranny, who reigns
By our delay?—No ; let us rather choose,
Arm'd with hell flames and fury, all at once
O'er heaven's high towers to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the torturer ; when, to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine, he shall hear
Infernal thunder ; and, for lightning, see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his angels ; and his throne itself
Mix'd with Tartarean sulphur and strange fire,
His own invented torments.—But perhaps
The way seems difficult and steep to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe.
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat ; descent or fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight
We sunk thus low? The ascent is easy then.
The event is fear'd. Should we again provoke
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
To our destruction ; if there be in hell
Fear to be worse destroy'd. What can be worse
Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, condemn'd
In this abhorred deep to utter woe ;
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end,
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
Inexorable, and the torturing hour,
Call us to penance ? More destroy'd than thus
We should be quite abolished, and expire.
What fear we then ? what doubt we to incense
His utmost ire ? which, to the height enrag'd,

Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential (happier far
Than miserable to have eternal being ;)
Or, if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
On this side nothing ; and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb his heaven,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
(Though inaccessible,) his fatal throne ;
Which, if not victory,—is yet revenge.

SPEECH OF BELIAL, ADVISING PEACE.

MILTON.

I SHOULD be much for open war, O Peers,
As not behind in hate ; if what was urged
Main reason to persuade immediate war,
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success ;
When he who most excels in feats of arms,
In what he counsels, and in what excels,
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what revenge ? the towers of heaven are fill'd
With armed watch, that render all access
Impregnable ? oft on the bordering deep
Incamp their legions ; or, with obscure wing,
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
Scorning surprise. Or, could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise
With blackest insurrection, to confound
Heaven's purest light—yet our great enemy,
All incorruptible, would on his throne
Sit unpolluted ; and the ethereal mould,
Incapable of stain, would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repuls'd our final hope
Is flat despair. We must exasperate

The almighty victor to spend all his rage,
 And that must end us : That must be our cure,
 To be no more. Sad cure ! for who would lose,
 Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
 Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
 To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost
 In the wide womb of uncreated night,
 Devoid of sense and motion ? And who knows,
 Let this be good, whether our angry foe
 Can give it, or will ever ! How he can,
 Is doubtful ; that he never will, is sure.
 Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
 Belike through impotence, or unaware,
 To give his enemies their wish, and end
 Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
 To punish endless ? Wherefore cease we then ?
 Say they who counsel war ; we are decreed,
 Reserv'd and destin'd to eternal woe :
 Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
 What can we suffer worse ? Is this then worse,
 Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms ?
 What ! when we fled amain, pursued and struck
 With heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought
 The deep to shelter us ? this hell then seem'd
 A refuge from those wounds ; or, when we lay
 Chain'd on the burning lake ! that sure was worse.
 What ! if the breath that kindled those grim fires,
 Awak'd, should blow them into sevenfold rage,
 And plunge us in the flames ! or, from above,
 Should intermitted vengeance arm again,
 His red right hand to plague us ? what ! if all
 Her stores were open'd, and this firmament
 Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
 Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall
 One day upon our heads ; while we, perhaps
 Designing or exhorting glorious war,
 Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurled,
 Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey
 Of wracking whirlwinds ; or for ever sunk
 Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains,
 There to converse with everlasting groans,

Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,
 Ages of hopeless end? This would be worse.—
 War, therefore, open or conceal'd, alike,
 My voice dissuades.

SATAN'S SOLILOQUY ON FIRST BEHOLDING THE SUN AND NEW-CREATED UNIVERSE.

MILTON.

O THOU! that, with surpassing glory crown'd,
 Look'st, from thy sole dominion, like the god
 Of this new world!* at whose sight all the stars
 Hide their diminish'd heads! to thee I call,—
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
 O Sun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams
 That bring to my remembrance from what state
 I fell:—how glorious once above thy sphere!
 Till pride, and worse ambition threw me down,
 Warring in heav'n against heav'n's matchless King.

Ah! wherefore?—He deserv'd no such return
 From me, whom he created what I was
 In that bright eminence, and with his good
 Upbraided none: nor was his service hard.
 What could be less than to afford him praise,—

* It will be recollected, that the preposition "of" is commonly pronounced as if it formed a component part of the word to which it belongs, and is sounded *uv*,—as the "goodness-*uv* God,"—"the injustice-*uv* the world;" and before a personal pronoun in the accusative or objective case, and when it *ends* a sentence, that it is pronounced *ov*;—for general purposes this information is ample, but there is a certain strikingly-solemn passage in the LITURGY which demands our special attention, and requires a *peculiar* pronunciation of the otherwise unimportant particle.

$\Delta \quad \therefore \quad \Delta \quad \Delta \quad \therefore \quad \Delta \quad \Delta \therefore \quad \Delta \therefore \quad \Delta \therefore \quad \Delta \therefore \quad \Delta$
 Instead of "God-*uv*/ God; Light-*uv*/ Light; Very God-*uv*/ Very God,
 (the usual manner of reading the extraordinary sentence) the utmost care
 should be taken to deliver it as impressively as possible, agreeably to the
 following marking :—" $\Delta \quad \Delta \therefore \quad \Delta \quad \Delta \therefore \quad \Delta \therefore \quad \Delta \therefore \quad \Delta \therefore \quad \Delta$
 God/ *ov* God/; Light/ *ov* Light/; Very God/ *ov*/
 $\Delta \therefore \quad \Delta$
 Very God." It will be borne in mind that *thesis* (Δ) is the heavy, and
arsis ($\therefore$) is the light, or unaccented syllable.

The easiest recompence ; and pay him thanks,
 How due ! Yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
 And wrought but malice. Lifted up so high,
 I disdain'd subjection, and thought one step higher
 Would set me highest, and, in a moment, quit
 The debt immense of endless gratitude,—
 So burthensome, still paying, still to owe—
 (Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd)
 And understood not that a grateful mind
 By owing owes not ; but still pays, at once
 Indebted and discharg'd. What burden then ? .

[Long pause here, and the voice and manner changed.]

O had his powerful destiny ordain'd
 Me some inferior angel, I had stood
 Then happy ; no unbounded hope had rais'd
 Ambition.—Yet, why not ?—Some other power,
 As great, might have aspir'd, and me, tho' mean,
 Drawn to his part : but other powers as great
 Fell not, but stand, unshaken ; from within
 Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.

Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand ?—
 Thou hadst. Whom hast thou then, or what to accuse,
 But heavn's free love, dealt equally to all ?
 —Be then his love accurs'd,—since, love, or hate,
 To me, alike, it deals eternal woe.
 —Nay, curs'd be thou ; since, against His, thy will
 Chose freely what it now so justly rues.

Me miserable ! which way shall I fly
 Infinite wrath, and infinite despair ?
 —Which way I fly is hell ; myself am hell ;
 And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep,
 Still threatening to devour me, opens wide,
 To which the hell I suffer seems a heav'n.

O, then, at last relent.—Is there no place
 Left for repentance ?—none for pardon left ?

None left but by submission ; and that word
 Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
 Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduc'd
 With other promises, and other vaunts

Than to submit :—boasting I could subdue
The Omnipotent.

Ah me ! they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain ;—
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of hell !
With diadem and sceptre high advanc'd,
The lower still I fall ; only supreme
In misery : such joy Ambition finds.

But say I could repent, and could obtain,
By act of grace, my former state,—how soon
Would height recal high thoughts ? how soon unsay
What feign'd submission swore ? Ease would recant
Vows made in pain as violent and void :
For never can true reconciliation grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep ;
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse,
And heavier fall : so should I purchase dear
Short intermission bought with double smart.
This knows my punisher : therefore as far
From granting He, as I from begging peace.—

All hope excluded thus, behold, instead
Of us, outcast, exil'd, his new delight,
Mankind, created ; and for him this world.
So farewell hope ; and, with hope, farewell fear ;
Farewell remorse : all good to me is lost ;—
Evil, be thou my good : by thee, at least
Divided empire with heaven's King I hold ;
By thee, and more than half, perhaps, will reign ;—
As man, ere long, and this new world shall know.

Tone and manner again changed.





